

Fifth Dimension

"This is Compton 2000"

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(Compton's in the house)

[Chill]

You know what time it is
Youknowmsayin
O.G.'s in this shit
CMW back in yo ass one time
It's part 2, bitch
You better bag yo hoe ass up and recognize real game
in yo face
What

[VERSE 1: Chill]

Make a right on Alondra and see my name on the wall
Tha Chill MC, remember me, from the land of the small
Creepy crawlin, so I'm thuggin till my eyes shut tight
Scandalous shit that I see, so the scandalous shit that I
write
I know the world got a ghetto, but see, I'm speakin on
mine
One-time, rat bitches, greedy niggas on the grind
Hub City, boy, I love it, wouldn't trade jack for it
Only half-employed, the other half ain't bored
They credit-scamming, panhandling, lley-slanging,
gangbanging
Hangin to get the chips, haters flappin they lips
Trip if I have to, hook and I know that I could
Hooked up, meet with every set, spread love through
every hood
But there's too many beefs to be callin some shots
Tryin to plug the [Name], Tragniews and Nutty Blocks
Niggas done died for they turf, doin life for they turf
Puttin work in, they close the curtain, the judges are
adjourned
And it's probably the same where y'll at
Fools losin they whole life on both ends of the straps
I'm low key, still in the City and gon' keep it jumpin
Bitch, they call me Tha Chill, and yo, this is Compton

(Compton's in the house)

(Compton's in the house)

[Boom Bam]
This is Compton
(Compton's in the house)
This is Compton

[VERSE 2: Boom Bam]
C-o-m-p-t-o-n
That's where I'm from, my friend
That's the place where all that gangsta shit started
Rest in peace to my dearly departed
Smoked in the line of duty, no mystery
Now you see why Compton's makin history?
Heard you was dissin me, talkin about killin me
Shit, I don't think you muthafuckas feelin me
We here to take the crown back
Cause most of you high profile suckers sound wack
In fact, you lackin the skills that's needed
You must be too drunk or you must be too weeded
Enemies get defeated, and that's a fact
Thousands of Westsider niggas got my back
So come strong, bring it on and catch a stompin
Muthafucka, this is Compton

(Compton's in the house)

[MC Eiht]
Geah
Compton, nigga
Geah
Compton all day, come on
Geah

(Compton's in the house)

[VERSE 3: MC Eiht]
Remember the days when I used to tote a deuce-five
heater
Coppin the fat sacks of stress in Watts off Alameda
Young nigga from the hood, love the hood life, son
Compton - bail through, better bring a gun
My nigga Todd from the Park to nigga on cue
Battle ground was the ghetto down in Tragniew
Ballers, skeezers, no age limit matters
When the one-times hit the block, knuckleheads all
scatter
Hittin the fence down the alley with a ass full of cavi
One house downtown that'd love to have me
With a swap meet up the block to get gear when I'm
loc'in
Liqor sto' right next do' to get papers, we smokin
Fo' deep in a fo' do' bucket with fo' heats

Add fo' mo', that's 16 slugs sweepin your street
Who say Compton niggas can't get no pussy and
scratch?
When it's a gang of fuckin cluckheads and a pack of
hoodrats
This is Compton

[*DJ Mike T scratches*]
(The might Mike T is now..)
(Compton's Most Wanted, punk, rollin fo' deep)
(Tha Chill is ready, so pass me the sack)
(Compton's Most Wanted, punk, rollin fo' deep)
(Eiht is back again with power after hour)
(Compton's Most Wanted, punk, rollin fo' deep)
(Slip plays the drums, the SP 1200)
(Compton's Most Wanted, punk, rollin fo' deep)
(Compton's)
(Compton's in the house)

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