

Fifth Dimension

"We Made It"

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* appears on the "clean version" of the album

[MC Eiht]

Hehe

Hey Chill, man

Remember back in '87 when the homies was chillin at
the high school?

[Tha Chill MC]

He

Yeah, you're talkin 'bout way back then, huh?

When homies was like hangin and bangin back then

[MC Eiht]

Couldn't face the facts

Homies was gettin rolled on and taken out

[Tha Chill MC]

Geah man

I know what you're talkin about, man

Won't you like it, kick the old school

[VERSE 1: MC Eiht]

Let me take a trip back down memory lane

To explain how I attained the name

Of a Compton criminal, part time player

Fresh off the streets turned cool rhyme sayer

Had to get away from the gangs and crime

Didn't learn my lesson young, Eiht was doin some time

For a GTA, grand theft auto

I musta was buzzed off the chicken bottle

Took a look at my life, how the style was goin

I was stuck in my tracks and yo, it wasn't flowin

Time went by, as my life progressed

I was handed a class 1 MC test

Could I fly straight and make it in the big leagues?

I guess the army was out cause I smoked big [edited]

Took a chance and said what the hell can I loose?

Be a MC or jailed sportin county blues

It was a rough ride, suckers clowned and gave me
trouble

Heard a pimp popped, stopped, there's a busted
bubble
I got dissed, ganked, laughed, shanked, stuck
In street terms (Eiht was down on his luck)
I got deep into it, had the fools like peepin
Word up punk, ain't no sleepin
It's dedicted to all them sorry clowns that hated
CMW's rollin, geah (we made it)

[VERSE 2: Tha Chill MC]

Yo, take a chill pill, Chill's about to speak, so hand a
Mike straight snatches innocent bystanders
My childhood was good, had not troubles at home
I was young in age but in the mind I was grown
Just like a outcast on my family tree
Said I'd be from a gang and run with the E
Jackin and fightin was first priority
LP lock down on a young minority
My lifestyle was based on the color of a rag
Just like a one way ticket to a bodybag
It ain't the image I had, it's the image you get
When you don't take nothin and you're down for the set
I had to play my cards right because my style was in
cue
And proof to the suckers that Tha C ain't souped
They didn't believe I'd turn out for the best
To come out of a hole and come out fresh
Some still don't accept how I came up on it
Now the only thing I claim is Compton's Most Wanted
I sized up, wised up from doin the dirt
Get a clap, killin suckers puttin in work
Took the right road cause on the strength I'm proud to
be black
And you can't be proud if your ass is jack
If it's a doubt you can't get out, boy, save it
Tha Chill know what's up and yo (we made it)

[VERSE 3: MC Eiht]

It's hard tryin to make a name for yourself
And if there's suckers with beef, it really don't help
They try to knock E for the hard style that I'm givin
Can't rap themselves so they offer criticism
Forget that, cause I won't come up short for nobody
Promotin no violence, just promotin hype parties
It takes a lot to be a dope rapper
It don't take jack to be a toe-tapper
Quite difficult, there's a lot of troubles involved
In fact, a lot of questions left unsolved
Do the right thing, forget about a g-a-n-g
Cause you might lose your life for the s-e-t
All this dealin, killin, stealin

To E, boy, is straight up illin
As you can see, who gives a damn how you're livin
Because in this world there's all takin and no givin
Word, homie, I don't get it
Bangin and slangin, claimin that you're with it
I know times is hard but they ain't that hard
Think it over before the man pulls your card
You stink, why don't you rethink
In fact, think it over while you're havin a drink
Before you sell out thinkin you can't fade it
Eiht know what's up and yo (we made it)

[VERSE 4: Tha Chill MC]

Now is it really worth your effort and time
To put yourself to it and make a cool rhyme?
It's easier said than done, so don't get dissed
Put your life on the line because you're takin a risk
Think about it and come to a conclusion
That's how E came up with the style we're usin
To make a party pump, better bump
And take and slay a MC chump
The message I bring is easy to adapt
Get the hell off the streets before they peel your cap
Locked down maximum, no, not minimum
Get hip to Tha C, program it in your system
Boy, I heard you jack by holdin a gat
Come on, now tell me, what is that?
You're thinkin was it really right
To take a life, who gave you the right?
Damn, this stuff is kinda funny
Possessions of dope, that's how you make your money
Tryin to make a livin by slingin lleyo
Boys on the tip, that's why you suckers got to lay low
In the end, who really wins, my friend?
To late, one way ride to the pen
The streets is the only way for pay, don't even say it
Cause Tha Chill know what's poppin and yo (we made it)

[MC Eiht]

Hahahahaha
Peep this out
I'd like to send a shout out to my partner in rhyme, Tha
Chill MC

[Tha Chill MC]

Word em up, homie
Hey yo, I'm gonna send this out to the downest, the MC
Eiht

[MC Eiht]

CMW
We made it
And we outta here
Peace out

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