

Fight

"Drugs & Killin"

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Geah, uh
In the muthafuckin house
Is you with me...
For the 9 to the 6
Bitch
Eihthype in the house
The thug niggas in the house
Compton in this bitch, uh
Is you with me?
Is you with me?
Cause these niggas...

I was raised on the fucked up side of town
Moms used to make me wear hand-me-downs
Pops wasn't around, nigga pulled a skip to my loot
In the midst of the shit what the fuck to do?
No Mercedes Benz (that's right)
Moms used to cluck a lotta fuckin ends (that's right)
But a young nigga needs the green in this day and age
Phones my seven man crew, grabs the 12 gauge
But now fools tryin to trip
My little homie named Sis say you best not slip (watch
out)
I hear some fools say you got too much shit
I look at them niggas and say you don't know who you
fucking with
Just watch your back for them skan'less pack of niggas
On me and my seven man crew, they wanna pull the
trigger
But we on a quest for niggas that's dealin (that's right)
Son, it's either drugs or killin, c'mon

Is you with me? Is you with me?
Cause these niggas straight killin for life
Geah

Damn they done got my nigga (shit)
But before he killed off he told me who pulled the
trigger
(geah, right)
Lying in my arms dying, what is this?

And I'm thinkin' I gots to handle my business
Gots to get my hands on my gat
But my G's say: nigga please we'll handle that! (we got that!)

As they procede to put the hit down
I hooks up with this big boss across town (ping)
He pullin' all kinds of schemes to get the green like robbin trains
But now me flips all them snips to gets to stacking caine
Sets up shot on your block to clock ends (that's right)
And I heard your big homey went straight to the pen
I heard One Time done found his straps
Snatch one of my little locos for the murder rap (check it out)
We gon' get you out cause ain't no stoppin
Something just got to be poppin from all this drugs and killin

Is you with me? Is you with me?
Cause these niggas straight killin for life...

Eihthype in the house
Compton in the house
Geah, nigga

10 years passed and I got fat pockets
Niggas be trippin I grabs the Glock and then I quickly lock it
Business is boomin and the birds still flying south
I guess it's time to get my muthafuckin homie out
Moms is tryin to tell me to quit
And my girl is gettin pissed cause she's tired of the shit
I got fools at my back door tryin to buck
But I'm that killin-ass nigga who don't give a fuck
Now my long time rival is tryin to break me down
Done kidnapped my man, goddamn
He said he want the keys
But that punk-ass nigga can't get none of these (pop pop pop)
To get my homie back I bust his cap
And now my homie in the pen is back on the map (geah)
My crew's back on swoll and we chillin
We rolls around and we get top billin
Geah, back on top, don't know if I'ma stop
This muthafuckin' drugs and killin

Is you with me? Is you with me?
Cause these niggas straight killing for life...

Geah
Is you with me?
Geah
Uh, c'mon y'all geah

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