

## Fight

### "Geez Make the Hood Go Round"

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\* originally "Niggaz Make the Hood Go Round" on "We Come Strapped"

Geah

In your shit for the 94 shot muthafucka  
MC Eiht in the muthafuckin' house  
And that's how we goin' doin' the shit  
This goes out to all my G's, know I'm sayin', all my  
niggas  
For the 94 shot  
The funky ass hood mix  
So peep game

Let me take you on a muthafuckin' trip wayback  
When niggas that used to give their straps on ??? they  
packed (geah)  
Remember pops used to be an alcohol abuser (right)  
Remember when you wheeled the world around on  
your beach cruiser  
Remember moms waited on the County Check (geah)  
Thirteen, damn, need to pull a lick (that's right)  
Seen the bad influences on the block  
My homie handed me my first sack of bucks  
About the thousand muthafuckas on the street hanging  
(geah that's right)  
Tried to get their slang on definitely they bang on (what  
up homeboy?)  
Puttin' a sweat down a fool at the bus stop  
Wave your ass fast 'fore you hit the pop pop pop  
Hit the hood up everytime I go  
Tight Loc (that's right) O-B-G C-P-T (Compton)  
Disrespect the hood we put you down, geah  
Old school makes the hood go round, geah

Ain't nuthin' but the Eihthype gang, uh  
Ain't nuthin' but the homies got slang, uh (geah)  
I said peace to the homies got bang, uh (nigga)  
It ain't nuthin' but the Compton thang, uh

The hood done took under all kinds  
Got their mommas and their daddies

in their Caddies all strapped with 9's  
I guess it's back in the 70's caps got peel  
Afros ho's ??? bills  
And everybody's up on the gank (right)  
In the parking lot, shots went out at Soul Train (pop pop  
pop)  
You best believe they gon' playin' how they sayin'  
Back to protect like Goldie the Mack  
With their leather jackets and their fuckin' ??  
Shoot 'em up, shoot 'em up, yeah they got 'em (geah)  
And givin' a damn if they spent time in jail  
Grabs their 38 and bail from Adam 12  
A place where there's about a million crazy (right)  
Niggas and they ladies, havin' more babies (oh geah)  
Better watch y'all or yo' assess'll be losin  
Drive-by's be poured by smokin' robbers and cruisers,  
geah

Old school makes the hood go round, geah  
Old school makes the hood go round, geah  
It ain't nuthin' but the Compton thang, uh

Damn, One Time's dirty (say why)  
Just heard my O.G. homie got 30 (damn)  
And he gon' be a locked up for a long long time (geah)  
But I'm straight at ??? got my first 9, uh (right)  
Because thangs ain't the same no mo'  
Adam 12 held to turn into 5.0  
Niggas ain't playin' cause they shootin'  
Keep a grip on yo' shit cause niggas be lootin'  
Damn I thought I never see  
My O.G. on the wall R-I-P  
And for that I need your hood and wreck  
The enemy no friend of me, I blast with the Tec  
So gang way cause I'm goin' out with a fight  
The hood where is good to collect my stripes, geah  
That's the way it goes down (right)  
Peace to the deceased G's that made the hood go  
round, geah

Chorus...

And that's how it goes down in the 94 shot you know  
what I'm sayin'  
Geah, old school makes the hood go round  
The hood remix you know I'm sayin'  
MC Eiht, DJ Slip in the muthafuckin' house  
And that's how we do it for the 94 you know I'm sayin',  
geah  
Ain't nuthin' but them Compton muthafuckas, fool  
Slangin' them thangs

Make it a grip  
So don't trip or you'll get a fat lip  
Peace to the O.G. homeboys rest in peace you know I'm  
sayin', geah  
Old school makes the hood go round, geah...  
Geah, nigga  
That's right  
Geah

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