

Fight

"Streiht Up Menace"

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Geah
We in the house for the 93 shot
MC Eiht you know I'm sayin'
Ain't no fakin' the funk
It ain't nuthin' but a Compton thang
And this one is goin' out to all my homeboys rest in
peace
Geah

A crooked childhood it's what the way I am
It's got me in the state where I don't give a damn, geah
Somebody helped me
But now they don't hear me though
I guess I be another victim of the ghetto
Ain't no escaping cause I'm way too young
Pops is dealin'
And on top of that got moms sprung
Screamin' of the top
Pops never figured
Daddy go down by the hands of another man
Now my pops is goin' that ain't no good
Gotta follow in the footsteps of the homies from the
hood
And where's the role model?
Brothers putting brew
In my damn baby bottle, geah
And through all the stress and the pain
They all drew my mind insane
So I guess I gotta do what so I ain't finished
I grew up to be a streiht up menace, geah

Now I'm of age
And living in the projects
Gettin' paid of the clucks in the county checks
I finish fresh outta High School
Never did I wonder
That - the hood - would take me under
Geah, I'm kickin' it with the homies and it's like that
Off to the corner store owned by the dirty rats
See a freak in the right lane so I comes with a Mac
I stole van, trust a trick, pulls a jack from the back

Now he gets the strap to my homies head
Sayin' playin' cool and don't be a fool
He shot my G in the damn head
I'd caught one in the shoulder if I didn't bail I was dead
Now I'm laying in the hospital bed
Thinkin' about that fool who shot my homie and my
eyes are bloodshot red
Geah, punk fools I ain't finished
Be on the lookout for the streiht up menace, geah

Uh
What's up ya'll
Streih't up menace
Geah
Streih't up menace
Geah

I'm N 2 deep
I had to kill another brother and I just can't sleep
One Time's tryin' to do a smooth - creep
And on top of that
Fools after me for diggin' one of that hoodrats
I ain't got time for the female story
Fools want me got to come to my territory
And ain't no you can get out this
Fools come and they get done on their own risk
What is it all about?
Should I leave or should I stay? Cause I don't wanna
punk out
Or what should I do?
My homies say the hood
Where it's good homeboy I thought you knew
So in the process to show the hood my best
No time to react caught 2 in the chest
Now look who's down I guess I'm finished
I guess I'll die like a streiht up menace, geah

Uh
What's up y'all
Streih't up menace
Geah
Somebody help me out
Cause I'm a streih't up menace
In the house for the 93 shot
And Half Ounce Production's in full effect, geah
Peace to N-O-T-R
And all my homies that rest in peace
Cause it ain't nuthin' but a Compton thang
And we out

