

Fighting Gravity

"Goin' Out Like Geez"

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Geah

We in the muthafuckin house for the 94

Eihthype in the muthafuckin house

Geah

MC Eiht and DJ Slip in the muthafuckin house

Uh, Compton in the house, nigga

Compton in the house, fool

Compton in the house, bitch

Geah

You can nail me to the muthafuckin wall

You can bust me in the head with gatz

But punk ass nigga I'll be back, geah

You fucked up when you tried to blast on this trigger

Nigga then you smoke my ass with the

Fuckin blood runnin down my back

I pull the muthafuckin strap on the sneak attack, uh

Load the hollow points into the hot glock

Got my eyes on the crib at the end of the block

Don't give a fuck who's inside

His little sis' caught the fuckin slug so I jumps in the G-ride

Feelin cold as I look at the murder metal

Hear the sirens so I hit the mutherfuckin pedal

Tyres got to spinnin, I can see the smoke

Could barely catch my breath as I start to choke

Off the blood, from the 38 slug that was planted in my back

Damn that was wack

Dip through the back streets so I can slide out

The G-ride to my homie Chills to hide out

Dump the mutherfuckin glock, it was dirt'

Bammed on my nigga door, damn Chill heard me

He opened up the door and I fell straight in

Passed out for a second cause I lost my wind

Woke up to hear the mutherfuckin Breed and Chill

looked up and said:

"Damn Eiht you bleedin!"

Niggas they pulled the fuckin sneak attack

Fucked around and caught 2 to the fuckin back, geah

Niggas was buckin tried to put me down

Some punk muthafuckas from across town, uh
You won't be chalkin up one for your sorry set
Ain't dead yet
Just label me a deadly threat
Get Boom Bam on the mutherfuckin phone
Get the 19 shot cause nigga it's on
I know the spot where them punk niggas chill
Hit their hood with the big black steel
I do it my way like M.J.
Slam dunk these hollow points in you, punk
No time to think about it twice
Leave these muthafuckas in traps and scatter like
fuckin mice
Boom Bam meet me at the spot, I'm shot
I don't give a fuck they gon' get got
One time's on my dick, fuck it
Jump out, run through the alley to the bucket
Now the bullet starts to travel, I'm cold, I shiver
But fuck it like the mail man I'll deliver
I hoppes out the bucket and I'm bleedin bad
But fuck it don't sweat it cause I'm too damn mad
Don't give a damn of who's in the line of fire
Grabbed the 'K and kneeled down by the tyre
They bust at me and I bust back
Boom Bam bring up the rear with the fuckin Mac
I buck one in the chest he start to beg
"Let me live"
I slipped, caught one in the leg
My nigga Bam let the mutherfuckin Mac spit
Here comes Tha Chill over the fence, fuck this shit!
I grabbed the 'K and kicked in the front door
90 rounds spittin as I catch 2 more
But I don't give a fuck about these
Mark-ass niggas, we'll go out like G's

Come on
Compton in the house, nigga
Compton in the house, fool
Compton in the house, geah
Compton in the house, bitch

Eihthype in the muthafuckin house
For the 94, geah
My nigga Slip in the muthafuckin house
Half Ounce in the house
Niggas On The Run in the muthafuckin house
And this is going out to all the Compton G's, geah

