

Figures On A Beach

"Killin Nigguz"

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Do this muthafuckin' shit right though
We in the muthafuckin' house
Geah
In the muthafuckin' house
Niggas On The Run in the muthafuckin' house
Boom Bam, Tha Chill
MC Eiht in the house
And we know your muthafuckin' residential spots, geah

[THA CHILL]

I'm breakin 'em off the proper chunks of the Compton
funk
Hoo-bangin' with a pistol grip pump
Buckin' shots in your body boy, buck
For poppin' that lip service, now your lookin' nervous,
uh
Muthafuckas best to run and duck
Cause that nigga named Chill still don't give a fuck
Niggas be gettin' shot up with the pistola
Call me Chill but not that nigga known as a cold chiller
I got my heat on the front of the seat
Fuck a cop, anybody killa when a nigga gone off the
bop gun
Niggas On The Run, hah, click number 1
Got them niggas steady swangin' and the bitches
straight sprung
So you best to bring your army, your posse, your gang
And we can get in the street and throw them thangs
Nigga figure he's bigger, dig a bigger ditch, ah
Fool I'm holdin' the trigger
Finger got the itch, uh, stitch
Or better yet chalk 'em up
I'm tearin' up body parts, makin' it smell like what the
fuck?
Don't be thinkin' you gon' catch a nigga slippin' with
your shit nigga
1-5-9 times up your head from this stone cold killin'
nigga

Ain't nuthin' but them niggas that kill
We ain't nuthin' but them niggas that kill...

Boom Bam in the house

Where you from nigga?

[BOOM BAM]

I'm from the C to the O to the M to the P to the T to the O
to the N

Niggas be poppin' that shit and I'll be sockin 'em once
up in they chin

One hitter quitter, guaranteed sleeper

Rock-a-bye bitch nigga, shit is getting deeper

Bitch wanna know where us niggas that kill at

Well, bring your ass to the West Side of Compton that's
where we chill at

Cause I don't give a fuck about Dollars & Sense

I'm backin' my nigga Eiht at hundred and fifty nine
percent nigga

Cause I swear to god I'm gonna kill Quick

Cause when you fuck with my nigga then it's some real
shit

So if you feel you wants to get something off of your
back

Come to the new muthafucka, that's where you'll find
me at

You best to watch your back

Cause I be creepin' through your hood

Every other night loaded with my fuckin' gat

Just hopin' that I see you

To blow a hole in your ass so big that I can peep
through

Cause when we cool, we calm, we just chillin' niggas

Geah, cause we them killin' niggas

Chorus...

[EIHT]

Don't be slippin' on this side of town

Where the notorious, victorious, put that ass down

And I'ma clown like Krusty when I bust this

You can't let off cause that shit is too rusty

Better be breakin' like Trigga when I pull my trigga

Nigga how'd you figure?

You better be diggin a bigger ditch

Fo' sho' just watch that ass get popped

I'll make you jump ship then quickly sets up shop

Geah, fool

Original Baby Gangsta

I'ma pull

My shit

Then watch - it spit

Ooh, the fire

The hollow points flyin'
Hear the screams of your bitch
While you dyin' (geah)
Lyin' on your back
Tryin' to get ????
Never seen a man cry
Until he seems dead
As I pump 2 more slugs up in that ass
Better dash before your dead
By these killin' niggas

Chorus...

Geah
In the muthafuckin' house
The Eihthype thugs, uh
Just them killas niggas know I'm sayin'
????? to the 9-6
We're back full of tricks for your bitch-ass nigga uh
Don't fuck around know I'm sayin'
C'mon sayin'
Geah, True Blue Thugs from the muthafuckin' steets

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