

Finley Quaye**"Dayz of '89"**

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Geah
Some of that thug shit
Hoo-Bangin' Gangsta's in the house
Representin' for the West
Compton one time
Check this out, uh
Geah
Hoo-Bangin' in the house
We gon' do it like this
Compton in the house
For all the thug niggas out there
Life ain't nuthin' but money and hot 9's
Crooked hoes, keepin' hid from one...
Check me out

Somebody help me out the ghetto
Cause there's some things I just
Can't let go, uh
My mind takes a twirl
Lord, I try to cope with it
But I scream: fucks the world!
Young nigga with dreams of schemes
For the cash but then awaken
To the sounds of late nite gun blasts (boo-yaa!)
My moms told my ass: hit the floor!
Before the hot ones echo through the window
Damn, what the fuck it's - my block
Graffiti lookin' greedy and niggas who slangin' rock
Fo' sho'
I wanna be like that, fuck Mike
Unless Mike
Was on the corner with a strap at night
Gettin harrassed
By the cops cause he's tryin' to make some dough
So he can push up from a Caddy and dumps the Pinto
So everybody in the hood can cops the llello
And I can collect the - cash flow

Life ain't nuthin' but money and hot 9's
Crooked ho's, keepin' hid from One-Time
You got your strap uh, I got mine

Takin' you back to the time of '89

Pops sendin money in lines
From out of state, but too late
I'm on the corner now way past eight
Better they be on the look out
For dark head lights
Or get caught up
In a twist of a long kiss goodnight
Love the days of gettin paid
With the cavi I cluck
When I roam the hard knocks
Are the court down block
Turnin' tide
Now you bitch niggas - wanna trip
With a year-old Cutlass
And a bag full of grips
Still dips the hood, stay true
Is what they tell me, fuck you bitch-ass niggas
Know the nina never fail me
Lord, forgive me cause sometimes I can't deal
With the pressures from the hood
Where the mentality to kill
Protects me and my kids next, that's real
Jealous-ass bitches cause y'all gots no skrill
Time will reveal
I be damned if I
Let y'all niggas stop my next meal

Chorus...

Now I sits in late nite spots and cluck chips
With a bag of chips eatin loaded up extra clips
Watch out for the knock at the do'
Throw your money through the mail and pick up the
damn blow
Quickly now, don't let the po-po show
Or I'm hitted
To the spot where the moon don't blow
Life's a bitch (uh)
Life's not a dance
Life's too short for my ass to try to chance
Last place niggas get caught with the fuckin dollars
Have your ass on G.R. while I dip Impalas
Blue-collar niggas sellin to white-collar fools
But I don't givin a fuck, y'all know cash rules
Pay your dues, stay true
To the street
Get your money, man
Fo' sho' packs my heat
Told by the G's that talk is cheap

But y'all know since the days I'm in too deep
C'mon

Chorus...

Hoo-Bangin' in the house, c'mon
You know the fuck we regulate
For all the thug niggas out there
Thug niggas on the block
Compton to the fullest
Hoo-Bangin' till I die, nigga
Check this out

Chorus...

Geah
Compton
Geah
Hoo-Bangin' to the fullest
Geah

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