

## Finley Quaye

### "Niggaz Make the Hood Go Round"

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Geah  
Eihthype in the muthafuckin house  
MC Eiht, DJ Slip  
Half Ounce in the mutherfuckin house

It all starts in them muthafuckin streets  
with the shooting up, bang bang  
From the quiet neighbourhoods to them loc'd out  
Compton gangs  
From they mommas to they daddies to they grands  
Passed generations with rags in they fuckin' hands  
And living in Compton you can't deal with the hassle  
Uh, living in Compton one time's tryin' to gaffle  
Uh, living in Compton boy you better think fast  
Niggas ain't fuckin around, they'll put a slug in your ass  
Never givin a fuck goin' out like geez  
Slangin them keys, jackin naked body on D's  
Do or die is the motto that we strive to live  
Do a muthafuckin drive-by on your wife and kids  
From every hood to block to park to street  
You cross the wrong fuckin' line and your ass gets beat  
One for all, all for one is how we go down  
Niggaz make the muthafuckin hood go round

That's righ, geah  
Niggas make the hood... geah... go  
You know...

The hood done took under all kinds, yeah I know  
From my homies down in Watts to the G's in Chicago  
(hey what's up homeboy?)  
What's up? And everybody's up on the gank  
It don't matter how the fuckin blood splatter, long as  
get yo' bank  
Real G's come in all shapes and sizes  
Dottin' your eyeses, packin all kinda surprises  
The type of niggas that don't give a fuck about one  
time  
Fill they fuckin' car full of holes with this brand new 9  
(pop pop)  
And now your shit outta luck

Niggas ain't fuckin around when they hood starts  
throwing down (geah)  
Caps get peeled with this hot ass A.K.  
Ain't no stoppin' cause we poppin' punks on rainy days  
A place where there's about a million night stalkers  
Gangsta walkers, muthafuckin' shit talkers  
Throw your straps in the air when you hear the sound  
(yeah)  
Niggaz make the muthafuckin' hood go round

Geah  
Niggas make the hood... go  
You know

Damn the hood is kinda hot (say why)  
Just heard one of the fuckin homies got shot (shit)  
And we don't need it cause it's some shit that we just  
went through  
At Martin Luther King guess who we ran into  
The enemy, no friend of me, homies grab your straps  
(what's up?)  
In the waiting room it's time to peel some fuckin caps  
And ain't no losin cause we already lost  
The homie from the hood so they asses get tossed  
And ain't no cowards from my camp, so homie let's  
dump  
Fill they ass full of holes right after we stomp  
That's the way it happens, the way I'm sayin'  
Fool, niggas from the old school ain't playin (geah)  
You got beef? Muthafucka that's cool (you got beef?)  
Say hello to the mutherfuckin tool (what's up man?)  
We cap yo' ass so ya know you're goin' down  
Niggas make the mutherfuckin hood go round (geah)

Geah  
Niggas make the hood... go  
You know  
Geah  
Geah

And this is going out to all the real Compton niggas,  
geah  
You know what I'm saying  
And you can't stop the mutherfuckin' bum rush  
Half Ounce in the muthafuckin' house, geah  
And we puttin' it down for all the real Compton niggas  
y'know I'm sayin  
Ain't no faking homeboy  
Eihthype's in this bitch for the 94  
MC Eiht, DJ Slip, Boom Bam, Tha Chill,  
my homeboy D.U.I., Lil Hawk & Bird

Y'know I'm sayin, geah  
And this is how we doin in, you know I'm sayin  
And peace to all the real Compton city G's  
Yo Willie, take me outta here  
Yeah what's up, geah  
Eihthype's in this bitch

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