

## **Firm**

### **"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

