

## Fischer-Z

### "Automatic"

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(Intro)

Geah

Hoo-Bangin in the house c'mon

Geah

Eihthype in the house c'mon

Geah

And I'm representin

Real Compton City G's on this one

My nigga [??] in the house

We gon set it off like this

(Verse 1)

Y'all niggas wanna toss on me

Throw sum

Get ready for the hot one here it come

Y'all scream like bitches scheme my riches

Too suspicious my Glock rocks to your jaw

Nigga just too vicious land of the lost

Who's the boss get tossed have you seen her

My Nina, she's catchin a misdemeanor

My rep gets bigger my finger on the trigger

I cocks the hammer back like 'fucks you nigga!'

I let loose shells fly like the [?spruise-goose?]

Push weight protects mine, much juice

I hoo-bangs with a gang and slangs caine

Fuck what you tryin to get nigga, it's my thang!

[??] cops more white and hit claims

I serves everything from white to mary jane

I'm hittin the one times with a fake last thing

Just to keep my ass on the streets, in the game, it's  
automatic

(Chorus)

I represent the hoodrats and the B.G's

The niggas on the corner whop white to make cheese

If you want some then niggas bring static

It's automatic

(Verse 2)

You need to get at me, I'm the G

Locin and provokin dips blocks with cavi

Search a ki' cross the street and smash out  
The '63 bounce back to the same route  
You fools best get the fuck off my cold tales  
Gang tales of how the fuckin dead body smells  
Late night horror shows in jail cells  
Represent where you from no one to tell  
Life ain't nuthin but the hood and snaps  
Hoodrats carry work with straps in they laps  
Quarter niggas with nicknames play craps  
Enemies tryin to cross the front line  
Get capped nuthin but escape, uh  
Second flat my gat let loose like 'Rat-a-tat-tat'  
The underground hero guess y'all is back  
My custom, my khaki suit and a blue cap, automatic

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

I make it difficult for a nigga to find me  
Crazy-ass Hoo-Bangin G's behind me  
You're fucked up for that last time fo' sho'  
Now you know, two in your door, four to the floor  
Any nigga wanna bring it-bring  
I guarantee your ass will hear the glock sing  
Quick to hit out like [name] the street king  
Shells ricochet up your body, ping ping  
Eazy don't come to [??] pound  
West to the chest  
Is the best get-coast  
On the contrary I shots down your post  
You're gettin next to me, uh, too close  
Close down your whole block froze down  
Infiltrators end up-no sound  
You sorry muthafuckas here's your showdown  
Eiht caught a hot one now I'm county-bound, automatic

(Chorus)

(Outro)

Geah  
Eihtype in the house c'mon  
Geah  
Hoo-Bang in the house c'mon  
Y'all know how the fuck we do it  
Y'all know how the fuck we're livin  
Real Compton G's  
I said them real Compton G's  
My nigga 'Fredwreck' and 'Julio G' on the beat  
Y'all know how the fuck we do this  
Hoo-Bangin affiliates till we die nigga  
Compton till we rest

You know we're the best  
The WEST (westside)  
YES!  
WESTSIDE!  
Geah

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