

## Fischer-Z

### "Compton 4 Death"

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Geah  
One two, one two, uh  
(Compton 4 death...)  
And how's the fuck we gon' doin' in this one  
Y'all don't hear me up in here  
Geah  
Half Ounce one time, stick'em  
Represent

Eight years ago a friend of mine  
Asked me to say some gangsta rhymes  
So I said this rhyme I'm about to say  
I grabbed the blunt and then it went this way  
Eiht bucked a nigga down to the ground  
And everybody heard about the Compton sound  
Criminals to drug - dealers grouped with skan'less  
hoes  
To the baby kids making the hood grow  
Can you feel me? Gotta make my pay!  
To the niggas that wanna kill me: I don't play!  
Walk this way, no foul play I'm N 2 deep  
One times make a nigga wanna play for keeps  
Sometimes makes me wanna holler  
How your homies from the same game wanna tame  
you for your dollar?  
Nuthin' to lose, I choose to get a rep  
Step, yep nigga, Compton 4 death, hit me

Compton 4 death...

Got a thousand for you bitches tryin' to handle this  
Representin' Eazy E's Compton city G's  
My buckshots put holes in your truck windows  
Another casket closed as the church choir blows  
Bitches gon' set you up on a fast trap  
Niggaz gon' pull up to pull a fast cap  
Gotta get your - mean green to spend  
Gotta get your mean green and blow weed my friend  
To the Westside connect with these gangsta threats  
Commence to represent them Compton streets  
My 44 mag slugs guaranteed to fly (boom boom)

The murder I wrote with intent to die  
To the pen cause I'ma do you in for the killin'  
Straight to hell and back, big black mack  
I'm strapped  
On the daily, Compton criminal, crazy just to get a rep  
Compton 4 death

Compton 4 death...  
Geah  
One two one two, stick'em  
Half Ounce in the house, c'mon  
One two one two, geah  
Half Ounce in the house, c'mon  
One two one two  
How the fuck we do it  
Represent

Follow E down the road to the terror dome  
A-Wax keep totin' my fucking chrome  
Takin you to the year two thou'  
How you like me now?  
Keep servin' you with the pow  
No time to think, my instinct's do or die  
When I ride for the West Side nuthin' but high  
Bitches don't cry  
It'll be some other sad love shit  
Cruise down the block, another hoodrat to hit  
Pay attention while I mention how I been payin' dues  
Since boulevard and corduroys and high school  
When bitches talk shit we straight pump  
When Bloods and Crips commence to chalk 'em  
Givin it to you, the real deal now you know  
Chills with me, a whole greenery to straight blow  
Sittin on top of the world, s'yep  
C.M.W. no love, Compton 4 death geah

One two one two stick'em  
Half Ounce in the house stick'em  
Compton in the house stick'em  
And all y'all butt-naked lick'em  
Geah  
And that's how the fuck we do it  
Representin' the West  
Geah

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