

## Fischer-Z

### "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 skrilla  
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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