

Compton's Most Wanted "Def Wish"

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Yeah, the MC Eiht's in the motherfuckin'
House, you know what I'm sayin'?
The Compton maniac, here to break your ass
Something off real proper, you know what I'm sayin',
damn

Suckers, I go for broke so don't choke on the smoke
'Cause if I hit the chronic, Eiht starts the rap bionic
So enough with that punk shit, with your fucked up
lyrics
You can't shoot the gift like it should be shot
Gots no hearts, punk ass marks, don't start, you'll get
got
And at the end of the trail is what's left
Is a sucker motherfucker who done simped to death

So if ya got static, go and gather up your army
You'll be a short ass punk trying to harm me
I bet you sorry MC's never seen this
A sucker punk hung up by his penis
So watch out for a sucker on the gank
'Cause while Compton's lynchin', I'm takin' money to
the bank
And it's the MC Eiht on your shit list
Commence to killin' you off, you got's your def wish

I'll make you famous, now when I go for my gun
You start shooting, then you are dead

Phase two, it's the brother who be taxin'
Runnin' over punks like my brother Bo Jackson
As your card's on freeze frame your chicken
It's the Eiht double M and I'll keep stickin'
All that pay back shit is in effect
'Cause I'm the type a brother who'll blast your ass,
check
So if your bitin' my lyrics, then fool you'll pay
As you commence to say 'em, you'll get tooth decay

So give up to the Compton psycho
Bitin' me Quik will mean you get the duck sick quick
Not a funny man, but still I gives surprises

Lyrics are deadly plagues, the death toll rises
So now your shit outta luck with your rhyme scheme
And now I hunt your punk ass in your bad dreams
Another victory on my list, one more punk ass fool with
a def wish

[Incomprehensible] right on time
I'll make you famous, now when I go for my gun
You start shooting [Incomprehensible], then you are
dead

Now say your prayers, because it's difficult to get with
this
I'll haunt your studio, become your ghost lyricist
No mistakes I make, so don't fake
You's as sorry as fuck, so jump your ass out a cake
Don't try to bargain with the maniac maestro
On the stage I'm in a rage with a gangsta show

The capital E, the capital I, the capital H, the capital T,
down MC
Mike T is the partner down with me
Suckers got static, here goes the G-A-T
So take a step up and play for the rhythm
From Compton boy and this is what I give 'em
A blast from the gat just for talkin' that junk
Feel like handlin' the business might smoke the punk

I run the nine one, fool, so get hip to my ways
And don't be no hero like in the western days
At sundown, you'll press your luck and try to shoot me
Grab your davey Crocket, I'll grab my gangsta Uzi
And after all that, you'll still be R.I.P.
If you fuck with me, fool, there's your def wish

Yeah, you know what I'm sayin'?
MC Eiht steppin' to the motherfuckin' 91
My DJ mike T's in the motherfuckin' house
Down with the DJ Bolo, and Unknown, yeah

Right on time, I'll make you famous, then you are dead

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