

## **Compton's Most Wanted "Driveby Miss Daisy"**

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Picture a nigga on the warpath  
And he'll spread terror through the city  
And leave a trail of blood baths  
And to those that know, he's not a phony  
But tonight he'll get his vengence on the fool  
Who killed his homey

Don't give a fuck, he'll take you smooth on out  
'Cause the hood is where it's good is what its about  
Geah, don't wanna squable, through down or even kick  
him  
Just pull the fucking trigger 'cause to him your just a  
victim

Jumped in the car, ash traces of dub  
Hit a couple of corners and pulls up at the bud  
Spot where it's hot, yeah boy he knows it  
But before he does the killing, he's got to get loaded

Throws up the set, then he bones out quick  
Then he spits at a bitch just for riding his dick  
Now he's at the curb and yeah he gots the feeling  
He tells his homey, "G, let's get ready for the killing"

Little did he know Miss. Daisy's in the kitchen  
Standing cooking chicken, 9 started clicking  
Ran up to the back of the house like releigh races  
Just like a train robbery, bandanas on their faces

He heres this fucking little voice in his brain  
And its saying don't kill, we're all in the same gang  
He tells it back, that ain't the gang I'm in  
Because the gang I'm in is like in it to win

So he killed off the sucker right there he didn't stop  
Ran through the rooms and went pop pop pop  
The explanation for this, he must was crazy  
I guess that's why he had to drive by Miss. Daisy

And now the driveby, say hello to my little friend  
You die, mutherfucker

Check out the high rolling, young balling, pimp mack,  
daddy  
Drive a 190E, ain't got no time for a caddy  
He got snaps because he jacked a nigga  
But he fucked up smooth and didn't pull the trigger  
Now there's a contract for your head on a platter  
If there's somebody with you they'll kill them too it don't  
matter

Now your laying low at your girlfriend's crib  
And your thinking of the shiesty shit that you did  
Now you got balls and you pull another jack  
Another and another, your pockets on fat

Dont give a fuck if he spends time in jail  
Just load up the 9 with the hollow point shells  
So nows he's on a mission, to kill or be killed  
Since somebody's got to do it and the shoes are to be  
filled

So now it's 12 o'clock and it's time for a jack  
Not even thinking it was time for payback  
And yeah, you spot a fool who'll get the rag pack  
Rolling close behind while you blase a 20 sack

He stops at a light on Elandra and Central  
Jump the fuck out put the gun to the window, it's kinda  
simple  
But you know how it deal and what the fuck was in store  
It was the same punk who you tried to jack before

And he won't give up shit, point blank hesitation  
Innocent Miss. Daisy at the mobile gas station  
His 9 went click, your 9 went clack  
Miss. Daisy tried to run but got a shell in her back  
The explanation for this he must was crazy  
I guess that's why he had to driveby Miss. Daisy

And now the driveby, I'm gonna get you mutherfucker  
Say hello to my little friend, so long, have a good trip  
You die mutherfucker

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