

Compton's Most Wanted "Duck Sick"

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(You was jealous, it's all your fault) --> Milk Dee
(What's up, punk?)
(You was jealous, it's all your fault)
(Pretty soon it's a homie you're grievin)
(You was jealous, it's all your fault)
(Got beef? What a pity)
(You was jealous, it's all your fault)

[VERSE 1: MC Eiht]

Back for the payback, black, you came up shorter
Geah, your ass is out, Eiht wrote a-
Nother funky rap about your jealous conflict
How you diss C.M.W, boy, you ain't said shit
Your senses should tell ya: kick it, don't be a hero
Equipped to whip is Eiht, unlike a zero
I gotta hitcha, or get witcha
Sit down, clown, I commence to paint a picture
Hm, it's kinda funny, but yet somewhat amazing
Take you serious? I think about it while I'm blazing
Only then will my reaction show
How I chill and let my tempo flow
Too sorry is the name for your rap
No competition, dissin, boy, you need to be slapped
Eiht ain't no punk, so learn it quick
Oh yes, p.s., C.M.W., and you can get my duck sick

You can get the duck sick

You can get my duck sick

You can get the duck sick

[VERSE 2: Tha Chill]

I don't believe it, how the hell'd you get on wax?
Makin demos on your tape deck tracks
You did a show, and I heard it was wack
You tossed our records, think I tossed right back
You got the nerve, tryin to go down like a trooper
In better words, you go down like King Cooper
So stop your little dissing, saying that I can't handle
I put your lights out, you have to rap by a candle
Go head up punk, or sell out, I know you must've

Heard the word, new jack, I'm not a buster
Always down to bust a record, a party, know what I
mean?
But unlike yourself, sucker, I do it for cream
So period, end of story, don't even bore
Me, Tha Chill MC, claim to gory
So that's it, the Eiht and Chill is the shit
(Chill) Word, and you can get the duck sick

You can get the duck sick

Yo, you can get my - duck sick

You can get the duck sick

Geah - get the duck sick
You can get the duck sick

Get the duck sick
Word up

You can get the duck sick

[VERSE 3: MC Eiht]

Wait a minute, hold up, punk, I know you're kiddin
Sayin E can't hang, you're bullshittin
I'm not a rookie, meaning a beginner
If fakin was a sin, you'd be a sinner
Load up my mic and gat, start gunnin
Fresh off the Compton streets, so start runnin
You come across like a two-bit sucker
Tryin to compare with a hard mutphafucka
Punk, they call me Eiht, so give me respect
I heard you did a show on your Mom's tape deck
Fool, you fucked up smooth tryin to diss
A victim of a violent crime on the list
So wake up and smell the bud', you little pupils
Tryin to go head up, punk, you got no scruples
Conflict you pick, you're sick
You can't fade us, but yo, you can get the E's duck sick

You can get the duck sick

Geah, you can get the E's duck sick

You can get the duck sick

School em

[VERSE 4: Tha Chill]

Now, who got you hip to be a rapper?

You sorry jack-ass (You punk whipper snapper)
Just take a step back, and boy, start peepin
On Eiht and Chill (Geah, ain't no sleepin)
Quiet as it's kept, the news'll spread like AIDS
Hip-Hop, C.M.W. gets paid
Always down to dunk the funk
Or clownin down a weak-ass punk
The beef you got, to Chill, don't mean shit
Just a test I have to pass to show I'm on hit
And Tha Chill's on hit, legit
With the E I don't quit
I grab a chair and a whip
Like a lion, suckers I'm tamin
Peel a cap and snap on the mic, because I'm gamin
So watch me rip, cause you suckers is on a ego tip
Stupid suckers, yo you can get Chill's duck sick

You can get the duck sick

What you say, E?
Get the duck sick

Get the duck sick

Yo, who want the duck sick now?
My man Unknown want the duck sick, E
My man DJ Slip want the duck sick
Word em up, Mike we be boomin on the boards want
the duck sick
My Deejays Ant C and Mike T want the duck sick

You guys are sick

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