

Compton's Most Wanted "Raised in Compton"

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Compton is the place that I touched down
I opened my eyes to realize I was dark brown
And right there in the ghetto that color costs
Brothers smothered by the streets meaning we're lost
I grew up in a place where it was go for your own
Don't get caught after dark roaming the danger zone
Cause it was hell at the age of twelve
As my Compton black brothers were in and out of jail
Years went on, I played with the school crap
Made it half way, it didn't pay, so I said fuck that
Cause right then it was the cash I was after
The street had a beat so I was caught up in the rapture
It said sell, sell, sell
And after that it was jail, jail, jail
I also kept a nine as my toy
I was only fifteen, so boys will be boys
So by sixteen I was hip to the groove
And fucking any stupid black bitch that move
And on top of that I was down for the hood
If you from Compton you know that the hood is where
its good
So load up the gats and its down the avenue
I'm kinda fucked up so I guess I'll kill a few
Punk niggas trying to scheme on my tip
Geah I'm selling the cavi and I'm checkin' a grip
But now the high rolling days been cancelled
Damn, they kidnapped my homie for ransom
But that's an everyday thing that's what the news play
One times cant do shit so why the fuck do you pay
And this goes out to all those niggas that know what's
popping
Fool that's when your raised in Compton

He would grow up to be nothing but a hoodlum
Either in jail, or someone would shoot him
He would grow up to be nothing but a hoodlum
Either in jail, or someone would shoot him

Drug wars, you got the pushers and the pimps
And to make things worse you got the bustas and the
wimps
Gank bitches trying to scheme on my money

Sucker punks jack, now ain't that funny
But I'm a young nigga, with a respectable rep
But my brothers gangbangin', I guess I'll follow in his
footsteps
Claiming a set, jacking a brother
Beating a bitch, you dis the hood I'll put you six feet
under
Who gives a fuck if its wrong, no time for thinking
Just think of the bud and the eight ball drinking
So now its time to show my loyalty
Shoot up my enemy territory
And my brothers got my back they wont trip
And I'm in it to win it so I won't slip
It was like we had a gangbang rally
A thousand motherfucking thuggish niggas in the alley
So while we waited to peel a cap
The suckers crept, damn, shot me in the back
So now I bail in a wheelchair, no more stomping
Raised in Compton
Geah, y'know what I'm sayin'?
MC Eiht and Compton's Most Wanted putting niggas to
rest
Side by each, y'know what I'm saying? Putting em down
Cause Compton is the place with the base
And if you don't like it take two to the face
MC Eiht, and I'm outta here

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