

## Compton's Most Wanted "Rhymes Too Funky Pt. 1"

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Who's playing all that damn loud-ass music out there?  
(With the funky piano...) --> Chuck D  
Turn that shit down, man  
Don't you know I'm tryin to get some sleep here?  
(With the funky piano...) --> Chuck D  
Huh?  
What you say?  
I'll go upside your goddamn head, man  
If you don't put that goddamn music down, man  
(With the funky piano...) --> Chuck D  
Woman, call 911 to get these niggas off this goddamn  
street  
I got to sleep now

(Compton's in the house)  
(Yeah)

[ VERSE 1: MC Eiht ]

Yeah, killin off suckers, it's me  
You're stupid tryin to take me for some punk MC?  
I'm here to tax dollars, raps not cheap  
Compton's Most Wanted, punk, rollin four deep  
Gats that I'm packin, sucker better put it back  
I'm slappin dumb girls cause my rhymes on hit  
But on the smooth tip, kickin that butt  
Had too much St. Ides, and started throwin it up  
Super lyricist, yeah, cold in fact  
I'm sprayin all you faggot fake MC jacks  
Boy, I smack and rack and pack and stack  
To smash all the sucker MC's in a war-like attack  
So Chill (What's up?)  
Tell these punk fools that they ran out of luck  
(Hey yo Eiht) What's up?  
(Boy, I think you said enough)  
Chill, I ain't said shit until I call a punk's bluff  
Put you on to punishment, Eiht is like your father  
Wanna beg? Sucker, don't bother  
Last-place MC's think you can handle this?  
(1-2-3) Sock em smooth through the canvas  
It's time to start pumpin, know what I'm sayin  
Yeah, I got the picture, I commence the sprayin

[ VERSE 2: Tha Chill ]

Boy, hold up, Tha Chill's on the stage  
C.M.W. is like a Hub City army brigade  
Give no slack to no plack or no punk new jack  
Get racked like that because your rhymes are wack  
So hit me with your best shot, and boy, you see  
How Tha Chill and the Eiht drop punk MC's  
But credit's never due to you suckers that be fakin it  
Call it a jack, but yo, I'm just takin it  
Your money, your gold, your fortune, and your fame  
So hang it up, because you got no game  
So just let up, I'm gettin fed up  
You're talkin trash, punk, just shut up  
Leave it to Tha Chill, yeah, I take care of business  
(That's bet, cause Eiht is the witness)  
A super hype mellow Compton cold chillin lyricist  
Like a scary movie suckers play fearin this  
In fact you're a pole caught in thick asphalt  
But diss my down posse, yo, I'm droppin the dogs  
So just chill as Tha Chill explains  
When it comes to gettin over I know all the game  
So suckers don't jock me like a backstreet junkie  
Cause C.M.W.'s cold runnin it, rhymes too funky

C.M.W. - is that you, man?

(Yeah!)

Keep on playin that shit, man

I like that shit, man

Woman, cancel that 911 call

They ain't comin anyway, this is Compton

Man, that shit was gonna sound good in my T-Bird,  
man

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