

Compton's Most Wanted "Straight Check'N Em"

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I'm in the gangsta stroll, so you better run hide
Fools on slide, so keep your kids inside
Explicit words in this rhyme I wrote
Ain't no jack move fool so please don't
Demonstrate your style is weak you can't compete
And just like a girl, get freaked
It's the big ninety-one and Eiht's coming
Compton criminal fool so start running
And please stop biting my stuff
As the rhyme gets rough you done had enough
Of the Eiht, the gangsta mack, the pimp hustla
And pistol whip a weak busta
Suckers run up and get slapped
Damn, I thought you was smarter then that
Then to dis the brother who is Compton stepping
Microphone is kept as the murder weapon
I'm straight Checkn 'Em

Check this out
Check this out
Check this out
Check this out

No shorts are taken, I give it to you long and slow
Hard fools, drop your guard
No your not prepared, your scared, no time to sleep
Cant bargain with your rap, cause its cheap
And if I have to show, like Rambro
And snap a neck with some Compton effect
And get buck wild sucker
And serve em all like cluckers
You just cant hang with your weak style
You slip right off a the pile
To me your just another pretender
So wave the white flag, boy surrender
And if you a female species
Tryin' to gank then girl you'll get these. Famous vapors,
walk in
Papers, see you later
You little crooked alligator
You gets no juice
And if you scheme on my team then I'll cut you loose

You can't handle the format
Punk, I'll use you as a doormat
I'm straight checkn em

Check this out
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Check this out
Check this out

I puts my foot down, so all the suckers get clowned
As the MC Eiht steps from the underground
A villain from the city under siege
Where the brothers jack, girlies skeeze
I'm breaking them off proper
And taking no B.S. from a copper
Fools on my tip keep sweating me
And trying to gank my Compton melody
You can't withstand the powerful blow
From a brother with a def wish
Others I smother and change their description
Wait a minute did I mention
That I flow punk fools with one swing
Bow down to the Compton king-
Pin, the record spins and that spells the end
For you my friend
I'm straight Checkn em

Check this out
Check this out
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Check this out

Lets get our scraps on boy
And the Eiht'll destroy
And play you just like a toy
Fools try and they can't hang cause they raps just simp
I thought so wimp
I'm blasting, peeling caps, making snaps
For the violence in my raps
Gotta pack tools cause fools don't wanna back on my
tip
Geah, but that's cool
I give em a count backwards ten to one
Then they tale is done
I give up no slack
Because a sucker tried to punk my style and call it wack
Now I'm back to attack
And give em hype, just like they finding for crack
So come on, come on, cause Eiht and Mike'll keep
deckn' em
Geah fool, straight checkn em

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