

## Mc Eiht "Dayz of '89"

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Geah  
Some of that thug shit  
Hoo-bangin' gangstas in the house  
Representin' for the west  
Compton one time  
Check this out, uh

Geah  
Hoo-bangin' in the house  
We gon' do it like this  
Compton in the house  
For all the thug niggas out there  
Life ain't nuthin' but money and hot nines  
Crooked hoes, keepin hid from one...  
Check me out

Somebody help me out the ghetto  
Cause there's some things I just can't let go, uh  
My mind takes a twirl  
Lord, I try to cope with it, but I scream: fucks the world!  
Young nigga with dreams of schemes for the cash  
But then awaken to the sounds of late nite gun blasts  
My moms told my ass: hit the floor!  
Before the hot ones echo through the window  
Damn, why the fuck it's - my block  
Graffiti lookin' greedy and niggas who slangin' rock  
Fo' sho', I wanna be like that, fuck mike  
Unless mike was on the corner with a strap at night  
Gettin harrassed by the cops cause he's tryin' to make  
some dough  
So he can push up from a caddy and dumps the pinto  
So everybody in the hood can cops the lleyo  
And I can collect the cash flow

Chrous:

Life ain't nuthin' but money and hot nines  
Crooked hoes, keepin hid from one-time  
You got your strap uh, I got mine  
Takin you back to the time of '89

Pops sendin money in lines from out of state

But too late, I'm on the corner now way past eight  
Better they be on the look out for dark head lights  
Or get caught up in a twist of a long kiss goodnight  
Love the days of gettin paid with the cavi I clock  
When I roam the hard knocks are the court down block  
Turnin tide, now you bitch niggas wanna trip  
With a year-old cutlass and a bag full of grips  
Still dips the hood, stay true is what they tell me  
Fuck you bitch-ass niggas, know the nina never fail me  
Lord, forgive me cause sometimes I can't deal  
With the pressures from the hood where the mentality  
to kill  
Protects me and my kids next, that's real  
Jealous-ass bitches cause y'all gots no skrilla  
Time will reveal  
I be damned if I let y'all niggas stop my next meal

Chorus...

Now I sits in late nite spots and clock chips  
With a bag of chips eatin loaded up extra clips  
Watch out for the knock at the do'  
Throw your money through the mail and pick up the  
damn blow  
Quickly now, don't let the po-po show  
Or I'm hitted to the spot where the moon don't blow  
Life's a bitch, life's not a dance  
Life's too short for my ass to try to chance  
Last place niggas get caught for the fuckin dollars  
Have your ass on g.r. while I dip impalas  
Blue-collar niggas sellin to white-collar fools  
But I don't givin a fuck, y'all know cash rules  
Pay ya dues, stay true to the street  
Get your money, man, fo' sho' packs my heat  
Told by the g'z that talk is cheap  
But y'all know since the days I'm in too deep  
C'mon

Chorus...

Hoo-bangin' in the house, c'mon  
You know the fuck we regulate  
For all the thug niggas out there  
Thug niggas on the block  
Compton to the fullest  
Hoo-bangin' till I die, nigga  
Check this out

Chorus...

Geah

Compton  
Geah  
Hoo-bangin' to the fullest  
Geah

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