

## Mc Eiht "Late Nite Hype"

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Geah  
Compton  
Geah  
Where we from?  
All day...  
The weeest side...  
All day  
Nigga  
We from the west side  
(1-5-9)  
All the time

I gots to get mine so i'ma take your  
I do what I gotta do, kick in some back doors (geah)  
You don't work, you don't eat is the scene  
A nigga like myself got to get me some green  
I heard a nigga say: I got a little business trick  
So smooth your momma won't know your tryin' to make  
a grip  
I said: what's that?  
He said: don't worry bout that!  
Just grab this muthafuckin' gat and stick it behind your  
back  
Where the fuck was we going I wondered, didn't give a  
damn  
Because the hood took me under  
Stick the gat behind my back with an extra clip  
My nigga said: e just watch your back and you best not  
slip!  
I said: homie you don't know me  
Don't you see saliva drippin' from my mouth? I'm too  
hungry!  
Jump in the bucket, fuck it!  
Take a look back at the crib then hit the pedal to put in  
my bid  
We in the bucket, best believe we gon' doing some  
lootin'  
We got straps in our laps, we gon' be doing some  
shootin'  
Headed to the west side  
To start some shit, fired up the blunt  
To get my head buzzed to pull the hit

Now I'm ready to cook  
Take the strap on my back and I take another look  
I'm ready to do some muthafuckin trippin'  
I'm ready to hit your mutherfuckin block  
With it cocked, catch you slippin, we in the bucket jettin'  
Must be nearin the spot because I'm sweatin (ah,  
damn!)

My nigga peeped and said:  
E sit back under the seat as he reached,  
Pulled out the mac (yeah it's on)  
Hit a couple of corners slow then he killed the lights  
(geah)

Grabs my strap cause tonight's the fuckin night  
I guess this is where the plot thickens  
Niggas fix, niggas pluck and fuck like some damn  
chickens  
Fools just best stay hid  
Ain't no shame  
On the corner like caine, we might be poppin off some  
damn kids  
Jump out with the strap  
Niggas caught off guard  
Slipping hard  
Running for the damn backyard (run run run)  
Somebody got two keys behind a damn door  
I look at my nigga and say: what we waiting for?  
He said: I'm waiting on you  
I said: no shit? then step aside  
And watch this muthafuckin 9 spit  
Ready to leave dead bodies on the curb  
I'm gon' be sitting on fat - when I get them birds  
Not thinking, nobody can do me  
Through the back door, I know it's looking like a fuckin'  
movie (geah)

Big boss man behind the chair and he's scared as fuck  
Pop in clip number two and I commence to bust (pop  
pop pop)  
Not giving a damn  
Mentality's do or die  
Hollow points hit the chair as the feather fly  
I hear him scream out loud homey you dirty!  
I tell him: shut the fuck up! where's the birds?  
I grabs the suitcase  
It's good (that's right)  
Unloads my strap like a real g should  
Like santa claus with a sack full of goods  
I'm heading  
Back to the hood  
I'm back with a mac  
In the front seat of the benz and I'm flossin'  
Niggas get in my way and I'm tossin'

Not from shaolin but I'm down with the cream  
They sayin' shame on a nigga, know what I mean?  
Geah but I'm just that type  
The niggas gon' pop you on the late nite hype

West side...  
Geah  
Where we from...  
The west side...  
Geah  
C'mon  
C'mon y'all  
1-5-9 all the time...  
C'mon y'all  
Compton in this bitch  
Eihthype...  
Ya know  
Just like last year I said my friend  
Geah  
Bitches sing!  
Come on  
Geah

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