

Mc Eiht "Must Be Murder"

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Geah

Yo, hoo-bangin' niggas officials for the year 2g
I want y'all niggas to say hello to the bad nigga, uh
Hoo-bangin', what's up

Geah

Ya know this ? ? ? muthafucka's life ain't shit
Right here
Creepin' up on your ass
For the year 2g
Must be murder

Nighttime vision, my hot nine catching you while you
sleep
It's critical nigga, it's too deep
Fuck, your talk is cheap, paid to sweep
Ya know this killa nigga from the west side of the street
Old school fool, pack choose the rules
Confrontation, confront blazing tool
My mighty black sword is ready to duel
No sympathy when punishment's include
Back the fuck up, niggas, I act up
Homerun-hitter, the quick nine-spitter
When my mind starts playing tricks and flashbacks
Of seein porno flicks, done criminal acts
Y'all ain't touching my squad
Run the whole yard, anybody disguised, pulling your
card
Mock my life, nigga, it's too hard
Ready for battle in the streets, you get scarred

Must - be murder

Hoo-bangin' for life ain't no joke

Must be murder

Reppin' the west, so watch the gun smoke

I know my momma be praying her lord save me
I bail the street with the strap, the homie daily
You're crazy, y'all ain't from my spot, so push
Before your dead body's recovered, multiple shots
You speak by your weak position, thinkin' you're strong
You're wrong, nigga, watch my killa ambition
Touch ya, hoo-bang niggas who ride

Who roll on your side ready to die
Who lights up your life with hot flames
Real straight game, thug life's the game
Gettin' it, never pretending since the beginning
Niggas like me keeps the world spinnin'
I ain't done yet, enemies don't tempt me
Unload episodes until my clip empty
Y'all ain't gettin' the front line
Your front line, you can save conversation with my nine

Chorus...

Criminal mind, but this time a west coast loc
Can't stand a compton nigga slangin' slugs like fuckin
coke
Money made the illegal way, I roll the regal way
Brown paper bag full of baggies to maintain
Just can't stay away from hood niggas
Hood bitches, hood towns and hood sounds
Fuck anybody who disrespect get chin-checked
Fly like a eagle, the hollows hit the deck
Expect the worst in the hood if you gon' kick it
Doors open, murder show, go get your ticket
Sly, slick and wicked, bullets ready to rico-
chet off your body, they toe tag, they stick it
The guns ready to straight catch ya
Murder was the case, trying to hide my face
Evil as they come
I clicks the fuckin' nine gun, y'all fools best to run

Chorus...

Geah
Hoo-bangin's official
You know how the fuck we do it
Real niggas
In the y2k
Doin' what the fuck we gotta do
Y'all niggas perpetrating
You know, keep it thug over here
You know, keep it thug right here, hoo-bangin' official
Y'all niggas is just like us
Real niggas on the block is how we keep it
Never fakin' the funk
4-5's and 9's catchin' you, nigga
Till the day we die, fool
Geah
Compton, nigga
Geah

