

The Game

"Still Cruisin"

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Like we always do about this time

Hey yo eazy

Eazy-E

1, 2, 3, and to the 4, eazy mutha fuckin e with the chrome to your dome, cruisin in my 6-4 rag top, I got a lot of juice a lot of fuckin block, now when I hit that switch I'm bouncin', more bounce to the ounce and im clownin', keep the gat in my lap 'cause I'm fully strapped for the car jackers, but no haps 'cause I pack a tech 9, plus a ak-47, send a one way ticket to my hell or maybe heaven, peep, nigga I don't sleep, bury muthafuckas in the concrete, you tried to creep kind of slow in the astro, but I peeped you niggas out in my left window, so I blast, and I blast, till I blast no more, yo they call the mutha fucka john doe

Chorus

Oh nigga E still cruisin, cruisin down the street in my 6-4

Oh nigga E still cruisin, cruisin down the street in my 6-4

Oh nigga E still cruisin, cruisin down the street in my 6-4

Oh nigga E still cruisin, cruisin down the (city of compton)

Game

1, 2, 3, and to the 4, pumps in the trunk of that cherry red 6-4, I'm riding with the ghost of eazy, hop in the leany, he watching for demons, nigga if you try me than I'm cocking the neenah, banging lucifer to give me reason to have a hundred thou cash brought down to the present, Ima make bail money this rap shit is a monopoly and I got property, that's get out of jail money, nigga I came from poverty, shoot outs gang banging and robbery's, car jacking snatch him out of his impala do that with or without the (gun cocking) on

the side of me, hop out the ride and empty the 4-5 into
his body, I'm not to be fucked with, whether I'm straight
out of compton or straight outta cashville on that young
buck shit, terrorizing whookid 24/7, until one of you
niggas put me with eazy in heaven

Chorus

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