

2nd II None f/ Mausberg

"Make 'Em Understand"

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[KK]

Now break me down if you can, but the black still gon'
remain the same
I'll just be trippin' off of suckers while I do my thang
Yes, I gots to hustle up to stack my end
This do-or-die situation that I'm in I'm gon' win
Can't let no hoes in my business
If a hooker got game, she'll find a way to twist it
Havin' me - in a spot, and straight stabbin' me -
in the back, where the K can't see
I'ma be what I can dogg, that's all I can be
Whether I'm rappin' on these songs or bangin' up in
them streets
Livin' day by day, and never by the minute
Too much shit goin' on for this nigga to be up in it
Crossed up, in the wrong place with the right color
And right takes at the wrong time
While I'm runnin' in this race, hot damn, what can I do?
I guess young black still keep ridin' true

[Chorus: Mausberg]

Now when you niggaz get to trippin'
and hopin' that we slippin' (gotta make 'em
understand)
Break they backs now (gotta make 'em understand)
Cock me back now (gotta make 'em understand) - boo-
ya
Now when you niggaz get to trippin' 'cause we stackin'
our chips
Graduated from brown herb to the finest shit
(Gotta make 'em understand) - break they backs now
(Gotta make 'em understand) - pound-pound

[Gangsta D]

Gangsta D, sippin' Gin and Mystic
I'm 'bout to break off Captain-Save-A-Triznick
Cause niggaz like you I can't stand my man
Flossin' for a hoe, walkin' hand in hand
And talkin' to my bitch about me, nigga that ain't cool
You love to give a hoe good news
Fuckin' with my business got his name erased

Cause pimpin' was the reason and murder was the case
I gots to keep the 'P' in my pimpin' baby
And can't no funky cock hoe fade me
Bet a bitch pay me, 'cause I serves her well
She love to get butt naked at the motel
See we party to the plus in my neighborhood
Crack the hoes, hustle-hustle 'cause the game is good

[DJ Quik talking]
Oh, so we make crossover records now huh?
It's Compton city streets for life nigga, check your sources

[Chorus: Mausberg]
All you grip trippin' hoes, see your game exposed
You fuckin' with some pros and we stay on our toes
(Gotta make 'em understand) - cock me back now
(Gotta make 'em understand) - boo-ya
You see them hoes think we slippin' 'cause we lettin'
'em kick it
But they ain't knowin' once I finish, the homie 'bout to hit it
(Gotta make 'em understand) - break they backs now
(Gotta make 'em understand) - pound-pound

[Mausberg]
Now I be dippin' down the block puffin' a pimp
Marinatin', never jumpin' out of character for a bitch
You want her? - you can have her, 'cause I ain't 'bout that bullshit
One less hoe callin' my house, blowin' up my hip
That's real shit, take the game and soak it
Fuckin' lowlife bitch that's only happy when she loaded
Havin' yac attacks, fiendin' for grub from T.G.I.
But comin' at The Realest babay, you'll get the bye-bye
Cause I'm too solid to let a hoe infiltrate
A nigga like me don't believe in hard breaks
I'm from Compton, all my doggs known for stompin'
Checkin' you haters before you start sayin' somethin'
The 220 in effect with Mausberg
We be doin' shit that most real niggaz only heard
I'll go about from the East to the South
We be spittin' game, that we know it, no doubt

[Chorus: Mausberg]
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