

King T

"2 G's From Compton"

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Say what

Tell me somethin

Where the gangstas at?

Where the hustlers at?

[King T]

Now relax your mind cause all the drinks is free

And get down with the sound of K-i-n-g

And MC Ren, I bet you're like, ""Where them niggas been?""

The backstreets of Compton checkin ends

Original residents, I'm off Caldwell and Kemp

About a hoe short from a pimp

With the gangsta walk limp

I tossed up the hat by the Raiders

Now I'm crocodile and alligator

Tryin to get my paper, man, they say King T was (?)

The alcoholic funk from Tha Liks, bust this

From Alondra to the top block of Central

I'm known for crackin niggas' dental

Loc, I'm like mental, my attitude starts to get mean

Now Ren's (?) with the King

What we gon' sing? Some old gangsta spiritual theme

Hell naw, lyrics gotta cling

[MC Ren]

Niggas be lovin em Compton niggas, put the West
Coast on the map

Now every bitch nigga and they mama tryin to rap

Go check the Real Nigga tree from the CPT

You got them Niggaz 4 Life and that muthafucka King T

The Villain be down with the King like Joey Simmons

Niggas in Compton'll make your ass see sparks like
Robin Givens

Or you can go for a ride in a trunk

While I'm hangin with the King while he's sittin on a tow-
truck

My big dick still live in khakis since day one

I got a gang of nigga shit, go and play one

My nigga still Tha Coolest, now we makin pussies hot

If you ain't from Compton, nigga gotta shake the spot

Got a big fuckin pot for me to piss in

Cause all the bomb shit a nigga make, hoes listen

Nigga, fuck shows, I don't have to be seen

You makin demos, I'ma make that cream

[CHORUS: both]

Watch the gangsta boogie, watch the hust

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