

## **Bone Thugs N Harmony F/Phil Collins**

### **"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 hustlers get paid  
And watch all these freaks get played  
Two gees from Compton, originals from back in the  
days  
Lowridin 64's and rag treys

[ MC Ren ]

Niggas in the streets bump my shit in parking lots  
While they fuckin in backseats from Riverside to Watts  
Me and the King, nigga, ain't nothin nice  
Niggas Hollywood, turnin into hoes like Heidi Fleiss  
Butt-naked like they hot from some sherm  
Kissin groupie-bitches with a mouth full of sperm  
While Ren help the King lay claim to a city  
Cause niggas tryin to rule sound shitty  
I'm dedicatin this to Compton niggas inside  
Y'all can bump this when you niggas wanna ride  
You niggas ain't knowin I got vaxines for wackness  
Niggas close by that make yo ass fade to blackness  
So nigga, the Villain be droppin shit like this and I slide  
I got my bitch, the King's on my side  
It shouldn't have to be like that  
But it's where you're from, not where you're at

[ King T ]

Another heartless attack, there's a cool locomotive on  
the track  
Cavi vocab by the batch, I serve it like crack  
What, they huddle up for the double up, Bombay  
I do this shit all day  
What the dizzneal, these fiends who stressin  
They think I'm from the Westside with no connections  
I run it in perfection, protection be the Tec-9 fully  
Kick rocks or get popped by the bully  
The Aftermath terror begins soon as I grace the throne  
Don't fuck with the microphone, leave it alone  
Man, check this six-foot gangsta baritone spark  
From ( ? ) down to Kelly Park  
It's respected, we keep the dancefloors hectic (here it  
is)  
I know it's not what you expected (but it's square biz)  
Locs from Hub City, Capone and Frank Nitty  
Gets down with a brand-new Compton sound

[ CHORUS ]

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