

Tymes 4

"Tim Dog - Fuck Compton"

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Oh shit mutherfuckas step to the rear and cheer
'Cause Tim Dog is here
Let's get down to the nitty gritty
And talk about a bullshit city
Talking about niggaz from Compton
They're no comp and they truly ain't stomping
Tim Dog a black man's task
I'm so bad I'll whip Superman's ass
All you suckers that rif on the West Coast
I'll dis and spray your ass like a roach
Ya think you're cool wit your curls and your shades
I'll roll thick and you'll be yelling raid
One hard brother that lives in New York
Where brothers are hard and we don't have to talk
Shut your mouth before we come out stomping
Hey, yo Eazy

Fuck Compton...

(Why you dissing Eazy?)
'Cause the boy ain't shit
Chew him with tobacco, an' spit him in shit
I crush Ice Cube, I'm cool wit Ice T
But NWA ain't shit to me
Dre beating on Dee from Pump it Up
Step to the Dog and get fucked up
I'm simplistic, imperialistic, idealistic
And I'm kicking ballistics
Having that gang war
We want to know what you're fighting for
Fighting over colors?
All that gang shit is for dumb muthafuckas
But you go on thinking you're hard
Come to New York and we'll see who gets robbed
Take your jeri curls, take your black hats
Take your wack lyrics and your bullshit tracks
Now you're mad and you're thinking about stomping
Well I'm from the South Bronx

Fuck Compton...

Tim Dog and I'm the best from the East
And all this Compton shit must cease
So keep your eyes on the prize and
Don't jeopardize my arrive 'cause that's not wise
You really think that you can rhyme
Well come and get some of this loaded tech-nine
Bo bo bo shots are cold gunning
And you'll really be a hundred miles and running
You wanna play go ride in a sleigh
I'm so large I fuck Michel le'
In the bathroom we was boning
You shoulda heard how the bitch was moaning
Do do do do dooo do do do do do do
Shut the fuck up bitch, you can't sing
Ya sound like a kid playing on a swing (Fuck you)
I'm the man at hand to run the band
That's in command
You know who the fuck I am
Tim Dog, what's my muthafucking name
Tim Dog, that's my muthafucking game
So whether you think that I'm just a myth
That riff, the lift, the gift, the if, the fifth'
The shift, the spliff, that's in control, to hold
To fold, to bold and make an ache and take and fake
Wooh! and I'm still great

Fuck Compton...

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