

## Fire Water Burn "I Give Up Nuthin"

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[ VERSE 1: MC Eiht ]

Don't nobody move, look at the Westside rulin Never hot on the spot, cause Eiht keeps coolin Doin my part, company charts, keepin it smart Cause I give it my heart Hard to understand why the fools keep trippin Ladies on my jock, cause they want me to take a dip in The ocean, geah, I cause commotion Cancel your promotion, rub my lyrics in a potion You laugh and it's good to be a teacher To be sweated by a sucker who's weaker Compton is the city, you want us to description Eiht and Chill puttin suckers in a painfull position So back up, slack up, before I just tack up Any soft new jack, I just rack up Throwin up the 'W' as I bail Eiht is down as fuck - no, hard as hell I give up nothin

## [ VERSE 2: MC Eiht ]

I caught you, give up the confession Eiht'll put your ass in a state of depression You're kinda angry cause you're jocked by none Try to voice your opinion, get smoked by the gun Conflict you pick, you dick Your strategy apalls with a subordinate clog Despite the fact that I'm a criminal Deliver the wild cause I'm the pinnacle Just like a hologram to find out that you're hollow MC Eiht is the leader you follow Rhymes that flow, I never practice Pray for help, but you suckers try to whack this I stake my claim in the lyrics of humanity Put me on a stand and I'm claimin insanity The boy brutalize another soft-ass punk Need to calm my being nervous, so I hit the blunt I give up nothin

[ VERSE 3: MC Eiht ] I gotta get you hot in the last verse Complication of styles that are bust, it gets worse Suckers on the tip with a fool attitude
Slow your roll, don't make me get rude
Cause if I get rude, I proceed to start jackin
Never sweatin it, I'm known for packin
I see you're kinda nervous cause I'm representin
Compton
What do you want, before I start stompin
Take a sec, so you can witness the sound
Never half-step in my path, because yo, I am down
I'm more than a MC, a assassin
In other words, Eiht is a black Charles Manson
Waxin up suckers with the lyrics of one breath
Kill em off till there's no one left
I give up nothin

Eiht, the rider, the partner, the back-up Yo Slip, blow the beat, so we can stack-up

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