

Fire Water Burn

"Straight Check'N Em"

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[Introducing..]

I'm in the gangsta stroll, so you better run hide
Fools on slide, so keep your kids inside.
Explicit words in this rhyme I wrote.
Aint no jack move fool so please don't
demonstrate your style is weak you can't compete
and just like a girl, get freaked.
It's the big 91 and Eiht's coming.
Compton criminal fool so start running.
And please stop biting my stuff,
as the rhyme gets rough you done had enough
of the Eiht, the gangsta mack, the pimp hustla.
And pistol whip a weak busta.
Suckers run up and get slapped.
Damn, I thought you was smarter then that.
Then to dis the brother who is Compton stepping.
Microphone is kept as the murder weapon.
I'm straight Checkn 'Em.

(scratching: Check this out... X4)

No shorts are taken, I give it to you long and slow.
Hard fools, drop your gaurd.
No your not prepared, your scared, no time to sleep.
Cant bargain with your rap, cause its cheap.
And if I have to show, like Rambro,
and snap a neck with some Compton effect.
And get buck wild sucker.
And serve em all like cluckers.
You just cant hang with your weak style.
You slip right off a the pile.
To me your just another pretender.
So wave the white flag, boy surrender.
And if you a female species.
Tryin to gank then girl you'll get these. Famous
vapours, walk in
papers, see you later
You little crooked alligator.
You gets no juice,
and if you scheme on my team then I'll cut you loose.
You can't handle the format.

Punk, I'll use you as a doormat.
I'm straight checkn em.

(scratching)

I puts my foot down, so all the suckers get clowned.
as the MC Eiht steps from the underground.
A villain from the city under seige.
Where the brothers jack, girlies skeeze.
I'm breaking them off proper.
And taking no B.S. from a copper.
Fools on my tip keep sweating me.
And trying to gank my Compton melody.
You can't withstand the powerful blow.
From a brother with a def wish [huh?].
Others I smother and change their description.
Wait a minute did I mention
that I flow punk fools with one swing.
Bow down to the Compton king-
pin, the record spins and that spells the end
for you my friend.
I'm straight Checkn em.

(scratching)

Lets get our scraps on boy
and the Eiht'll destroy.
And play you just like a toy.
Fools try and they can't hang cause they raps just simp.
I thought so wimp.
I'm blasting, peeling caps, making snaps
for the violence in my raps.
gotta pack tools cause fools don't wanna back on my
tip
geah, but thats cool.
I give em a count backwards 10 to 1.
Then they tale is done.
I give up no slack
because a sucker tried to punk my style and call it
wack.
Now I'm back to attack.
And give em hype, just like they feinding for crack.
So come on, come on, cause Eiht and Mike'll keep
deckn' em.
Geah fool, straight checkn em.

(scratching)

