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Fire Water Burn
"Wanted"

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Just like a prisoner, because I'm brown with some black skin
A fugitive, running cause I just won't give in.
and its hard when it's black on black.
Gotta blast another brother trying to scheme on my stack.
For me to be a busta, oh no.
Police is hunting a brother like an animal.
So I play my cards right, watch my back.
Because the enemy is scheming, trying to kick a rat pack.
Straight up, a gangsta, ain't got time for faking.
Label me a pusher, dead presidents I'm making.
A brother who's young, got the neighbourhood sprung.
Police riding my tip, if they catch me I'm hung.
But no, I don't sleep as they creep. Take a peep out the scene,
cause they trying to stop the flow of my green.
So I keep stepping, and bailing hard because a brother is up on it.
Catch me if you can cause fool, Eiht is wanted.

I lace up my kicks, because a brother's on the run.
Chase me down with a gun, because my lyrics weigh a ton.
Now I'm sweating cause you're sweating me big time.
Hang me up by a rope for my murder rhyme.
No shorts given, thats how I'm living in the 91.
Slide my car in, and smoking with my Mike gun.
pop off 2 lyrics so they can slack up.
If it gets too deep Mike's got the back up.
Packin' tools, droppin' fools, I'm from Compton
so that should be your first rule.
Here comes the pick of the weak, so dont sneek.
If you do, Eiht'll take 2 to your cheek.
So don't get uptight if you a victim.
Got a gang of gangsta rhymes so let me kick em.
Geah, I can't be stopped, cause I'm up on it.
And a brother like Eiht's still wanted.

So now I break faster, not because I want to, cause I got

ta.
Now your homies after me because I grabbed my mike and shot a-
nother sucker dead, lyrics straight to your head.
Cannot bite, no. The Compton cyco.
Quick on the gank, so you might get shanked.
And I dont need a gatt just to jack your bank.
Another stick-up kid just got crazy.
Try to double cross the Eiht you'll be pushing up daisies.
Or you can get the backwash
from the 40 thats poured on the ground, so I clown.
So your mad, but your bad and you press your luck.
But you still wanna nag, yeah you'll get stuck.
So who's got the Compton funk?
And it's illegal if you bump it too loud in your trunk.
So now you know that Eiht's your top rap dealer.
But you a punk ass New Jack squeeler.
Thats why I'm wanted.

Tha odds against me. So now its time to break.
Seconds tick off the clock so I don't fake.
I gots to keep on steppin, dont run outta breath.
Cause if I slow down punk it might spell death.
I confuse the mark, throw him off the trail.
This aint no picnic punk you picked hell.
Better known as Rambro, not afraid.
Mike T starts the gatt, Eihts a hand grenade.
And who's got the 411?
Just can't do me punk your getting done.
Eiht is the nigga eating them up.
Yeah thats my cue so I start kicking but.
And you don't want to witness the Compton rage.
Trapped just like a rat in a snake cage.
Boy you diss the crew, geah you flaunt it.
Now I hunt you down because your wanted.

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