

## H.W.A. "The Conflict"

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[Verse 1]

Motherfuck, coming off soft  
Cover homes that's about to go off  
Like a rocket, like water in a socket  
But harder, like your dick  
Digging in them guts, better yet  
Stuck up the butt, 'cause that's how you like it  
Rather than mine, Eazy or Dre's  
Yella, you're a bi, and you go both ways  
Bitch, motherfucker, goddam bi  
Get out your tissue, 'cause I'm a make your ass cry  
Yeah, I called you a bitch, and you know it, too  
Pimple faced sucker, fuck you!  
You don't get no respect from your own damn crew  
So what the fuck you want from my hoe troop?  
They call you a pussy, a punk, and a fag  
So a hoe put a label on your sissy ass

[Chorus]

Contagion, confusion and chaos  
Miss me with that  
The Conflict, Conflict  
The Conflict, Conflict  
(2X)

[Verse 2]

Now let me tell you about a lying MC  
He goes by the name of Eazy motherfucking E  
He says he's a woman beater, but he's not a pussy  
eater  
Hold on for a second while I sip on my 2 liter  
Motherfuck the art of sucking dick  
That little ass nigga suck a hell of a clit  
My panties hit the ground, his head went down  
Stuck his tongue up my pussy and he couldn't hear a  
sound  
But then again, you know I wasn't bothered  
'Cause all I said was suck it harder, suck it harder  
He was sucking my pussy, and licking my pearl  
I'm running my fingers through his Jerry Curl  
The goddam shit was all in my nails

It was sticky and gummy, with a fucked up smell  
The curl activator made me sick  
I'm just wondering if he curled the dick?  
Now Ren, you're a sad ass case  
A black motherfucker with an ugly face  
Hard capping around like you're getting some ends  
You can't pull a bitch unless you're driving a Benz  
In case you didn't notice, down the way  
You're the unknown member of NWA  
They got your ass there just to fill a space  
Because they needed that look of a monster face

[Chorus]  
(4X)

[Verse 3]  
Hold up, I've got something else to say  
It's about this man they call Dr. Dre  
It was something about you I couldn't pinpoint  
But it came to me when I smoked that joint  
I know your ass is strange, it's not quite right  
You proved it to me by fighting a bitch that night  
You picked up a chair, and bashed her head  
Had it been me, your ass'd been dead  
Throwing a nose, called your ass out  
Michelle A, know what I'm talking about?  
No more lies is the name of that hit  
You're talking loud, but you ain't saying shit  
Try to come back with that old ass rap  
Fuck the police, boy your ass should be slapped  
You need to take lessons from a pimp producer  
Dre, you ain't nothing but a motherfucking loser

[Chorus]  
(repeat and fade)

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