

## Tha Liks

# "Straight Outta Compton"

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[MC Eiht]

Geah

C'mon

Geah

Straight outta Compton, crazy muthafucka named Eiht,  
fool (geah)

From the gang called C-M-W

When I'm called off, I got a sawed off (boom boom!)

Squeeze the trigger, and bodies are hauled off

You too boy, if you fuck with me

One Time's gon' after come and get me

Off your ass, that's how I'm goin' out (geah)

With a gat (c'mon, uh!)

Gots pointed at (geah)

Niggas start to mumble, they wanna rumble

Mix 'em and cook 'em in a pot like gumbo (geah)

Goin' out on a muthafucka like that

with a strap, that's pointed at your ass

So give it up smooth

Ain't no tellin' when I'm down for a jack move

Here's a murder rap to keep you dancin'

With a crime record like Charles Manson (c'mon)

Tec-9 is my muthafuckin' tool

Don't make me act the gangsta fool

Cause me and you can go toe to toe, no maybe (that's  
right)

Knockin' niggas out the hood daily

Yo weekly, monthly, yearly

Until them mark-ass fools see clearly

that I'm down, it's the capital C-P-T

Marks can't fuck with me!

So when I'm in your neighbourhood, you better duck

Cause Eiht Loc, is crazy as fuck

As I leave, believe I'm bustin'

But when I come back, fool (c'mon)

Geah you know it's Compton

[King Tee]

Straight outta Compton

Another crazy-ass nigga

Punks I smoke, yo, my rep gets bigger  
I'm a bad muthafucka and you know this  
But these mark-ass niggas want show this  
But I don't give a fuck, I'ma make my snaps  
If not from the records to jack in and craps  
Like burglary, the definition is jackin'  
But when illegally armed it's called packin'  
I shoot a muthafucka in a minute  
Find a good piece of pussy, and go up in it  
So if you're at my show in the front row  
I'ma call you a bitch, or a dirty-ass hoe  
You'll probably get mad like a bitch is supposed to  
But that shows you slut, don't get close to  
a crazy muthafucker from the street  
Attitude legit because I'm tearin' up shit  
King Tee controls the automatic  
for any dumb muthafucker, who want static  
Not the right hand cause I'm the hand itself  
Every time, I pull an A.K. off my shelf  
Security is maximum and that's the law  
K-I-N-G Tee and I'm raw  
See, cause I'm the muthafuckin' baller  
And double baller tossin' up the ???  
Ah, that ain't a place without a clue  
And once their ass is in the scope, their ass is through  
Look, you might take it as nigga simple  
But a nigga like T is on a gangsta tip  
Straight outta Compton

[Dre'sta]

Straight outta Compton  
Another brother that'll smother your mother  
And make your bitch think I love her  
Dangerous  
Muthafucka raise in hell  
And if I ever get caught  
I make bail  
See I don't give a fuck nigga  
That's the problem  
I see a muthafuckin' cop I don't dodge him  
But I'm smart  
Lay low, creep a while  
And when I see a punk pass  
I smile  
To me it's kinda funny  
The attitude showin' nigga drivin'  
But don't know where the fuck he goin' just rollin'  
Lookin' for my lil' nigga Eazy  
I just blast, they never seize him  
Ruthless; never seen like a shadow in the dark  
Except when I unload

And with the strap I blast, no hesitation  
You hear the screams of the one  
Who caught the last penetration  
Feel a little gust of wind and I'm jettin'  
But leave a memory no one'll be forgettin'  
But what about the bitch who got shot? Fuck her!  
You think I give a fuck about a bitch? I ain't a sucker!  
This is the autobiography of the D  
And if you try to fuck with me  
You'll be taken, by a stupid-ass nigga that I'll smother  
Beggin' like a muthafucka  
Straight outta Compton

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