

Kasino F/ Nite % Day

"8 Ball"

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"Kick that shit!" -> Flavor Flav
{*scratched*} "City of Compton!"
{*scratched*} "City of Compton!" {*echoes*}

Cool kickin ass {*scratch*} cool kickin ass {*scratch*}
Cool kickin ass {*scratch*} "Kich that shit!"

"Pull up a chair.." -> Rakim {*echoes*}

[Verse One: Eazy-E]

I don't drink brass monkey, like to be funky
Nickname Eazy-E yo' 8 ball junkie
Bass drum kickin, to show my shit
Rappin holdin my dick boy, I don't quit
Crowd rockin motherfucker from around the way
I got a six-shooter, yo' mean I'm brave
Rollin through the hood, to find the boys
to kick dust and cuss, crank up some noise
Police on my drawers, I have to pause
40 ounce in my lap and it's freezin my balls
I hook a right turn and let the boys go past
then I say to myself, "They can kiss my ass!"
Hip to get drunk got the 8 in my lips
Put in the old tape Marvin Gaye's greatest hits
Turn the shit up had the bass cold whompin
Cruisin through the Eastside, South of Compton
See a big ass, and I say word
I took a look at the face, and the bitch was to the curb
Hoes on my tip for the title I'm holdin
Eazy-E's fucked up and got the 8 ball rollin

I, was.. "Cool kickin ass"

I, was.. "Raised in L.A."

I, was.. "Cruisin down the street in my six-fo'" -> Eazy
{ "Too, much, posse!" -> Flavor Flav }

[Verse Two: Eazy-E]

Ridin on Slausson lookin for Crenshaw
Turned down the sound, to ditch the law
Stopped at a light and had a fit
cause a Mexican almost wrecked my shit

Flipped his ass off, put it to the floor
Bottle was empty so I went to the store
Nigga on tilt cause I was drunk
See a sissy-ass punk, had to go in my trunk
Reached inside cause it's like that
Came back out with a silver gat
Fired at the punk, and it was all because
I had to show the nigga what time it was
Pulled out the jammy and like a mirage
a sissy like that got out of Dodge
Sucka on me cause the title I'm holdin
Eazy-E's fucked up and got the 8 ball rollin

"Fuck it up y'all!" -> repeat 6X
{"YEAH!!!", *guitar riff* -> Beastie Boys}

[Verse Three: Eazy-E]

Olde English 800 cause that's my brand
Take it in a bottle, 40, quart, or can
Drink it like a madman, yes I do
Fuck the police and a 502
Stepped in the party, I was drunk as hell
Three bitches already said, "Eric yo' breath smells!"
40 ounce in hand, that's what I got
"Yo man you see Eazy earlin in the parkin lot?"
Stepped on your foot, cold dissed yo' hoe
Asked her to dance and she said, "Hell no!"
Called her a bitch cause that's the rule
"Bitch, who you callin a bitch?!"
Boys in the hood tryin to keep me cool
You tell my homeboy you wanna kick my butt
I walked in your face and we get 'em up
I start droppin the dogs, and wathc you fold
Just dumb full of cum, got knocked out cold
"Made you look sick you snotty-nosed prick!"
Now your fly bitch is all over his dick!"
Punk got dropped cause the title I'm holdin
Eazy-E's fucked up and got the 8 ball rollin

"Stomp a mudhole in your ass!" -> Flavor Flav
"Stomp a mudhole in your ass, BITCH!" -> Flav

[Verse Four: Eazy-E]

Pass the brew motherfucker while I tear shit up
and y'all listen up close to roll call
Eazy-E's in the place I got money and juice
Rendezvous with me and we make the deuce
Dre makes the beats so god damn funky
Do the Olde 8, fuck the brass monkey
Ice Cube writes the rhymes, that I say
Hail to the niggaz from C.I.A.

Crazy D is down and in effect
We make hardcore jams, so fuck respect
Make a toast punky-punk to the title I'm holdin
Eazy-E's fucked up and got the 8 ball rollin

{*scratched*} "City of Compton!"
{*scratched*} "City of Compton!" {*echoes*}

{*scratched*} "City of Compton!" {*scratched to
end*}

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