

MC Eiht f/ Tha Chill

"We Made It '04"

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[Intro: MC Eiht]

Geah! Geah!

Fresh out the hood, We made it

This gangsta shit, We paid it

G-g-g-g-geah, Cmon

[Verse 1: MC Eiht]

I'ma keep yellin compton for life

Although the ghetto bring a motherfucker stress to
strife

At night, hear the gunshots, somebody dyin

Murder on the front line, mama be cryin

It's her firstborn, all the lines been torn

How long will mama only son should mourn?

To the streets is my motherfuckin lord to sworn

Out the do' when I hear my fuckin o.g.'s horn

To the homie 6 feet, a little liquor we pourin

Down the ave statin where the girls be whorin

One times is hot on the trail

Destined to stack us in the county jail

Police ain't a friend to me, pop at the enemy

Fire out the hole life smoke at the chimney

There's so many young souls lost

The hood life you gon pay at a high cost

[Chorus: MC Eiht] + [Tha Chill]

[We made it] Fresh out the hood, We made it

These motherfuckin dues, Homeboy we paid it

[We made it] This gangsta shit, We made it

These motherfuckin dues, Homeboy we paid it

[We made it] Fresh out the hood, we made it

These motherfuckin dues, Homeboy we paid it

[We made it] Homeboy, We made it, This motherfuckin
gangsta

[Verse 2: Tha Chill]

I remember when it all started, Runnin around actin
retarded

Jumpin out on anybody livin life cold hearted

I'll hold him while you sock 'em up

Go in his pockets cause you know we don't give a fuck

Nigga what? This Compton, breaded and branded,
sets landed
But fools be softies and I can't understand it
We went from small change to big change
Flipped up the game and remain the same
Blow weed, get dope, and chase all the hoes
Fresh white tee, slammin 6 tre dough
And stay ready to kick up dust
Cause it's a rumor in the city they gon spit at us
So they had to be ready for niggaz to rock steady
Can't get caught without it, So don't sweat me
But these fools is fake and gold plated
Livin outdated while I'm laughin, Screamin out we
made it

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: MC Eiht]

I'm out the ragtop 6 tre, dub's in the sky
Blunt gettin me high, it's do or die
Reminiscing on how we used to laugh and joke
Goin half on the o.e. lookin for smoke
I was the getaway driver, you rolled shotgun
Motherfuckers surrounded the car, you shot one
In broad day light, whenever we took flight
I'ma revenge the death boy with all my might
Hand me a light so I can spark up the blunt
Smoke until my finger tips then go on a hunt
Best not stunt, I'ma stay low key
Creep up when you comin out slowly
Wit the rag round my face, you don't know me
I'm a neighborhood menace to my enemy
Geah, it's just the way we are
If you wit your homies, still shoot up the car

[Chorus]

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