

# Jus Lyke Compton

DJ Quik

Finally out the motherfuckin' C P T  
Off to other cities and shit, no longer just an underground hit  
Moving thangs, a local nigga made good  
And made a name off of making tapes for niggaz in the hood  
And now, let me tell a little story  
About the places that I been to and the shit that I been through  
Like fightin' and shootouts and bangin' and shit  
All because a nigga made a hit, check it

Nineteen ninety one, it was double or nothin' that a nigga would hit  
Then we broke out with the fonky shit  
About bitches and niggaz and gettin' drunken off that bud  
I was doing the shit they hadn't heard of  
But foolish was I to think that it wasn't no other cities like this  
And that they didn't like this  
That Compton was the home of a foot in yo ass, where you got blast  
And now that's just a thing of the past

Let me tell ya why firsthand, we did a show up in Oakland  
And niggaz was kickin' up sand, to them bangin' ain't nothin' new  
And slangin' ain't nothin' new  
And for every nigga we done shot they done shot two  
Straight through and on since the sixties before I was born  
Families of young niggaz mourn  
So I'm just letting you know  
That if ya plan to take a trip to the bay keep your hand on the clip

Because Oakland  
(It's jus lyke Compton)  
Yeah, I'm telling y'all Oakland  
(It's jus lyke Compton for y'all)

Moving on to St. Louis, where the country is fucked  
With gold teeth ain't hey mouth, but they still know what's up  
Where it's hot as a motherfucker, hot enough to make ya cuss  
That's why I kept my ass on the bus  
But later on, when it cooled off we came down  
And met a couple of friends, who put us up on the St. Louis cap  
The Smith Center, with Big Bob, Little Steve, Tojo, Biss and Rich  
And a couple of bitches

Then they took us to a man named Gus in a store  
He put me down with a herringbone and shoes galore  
That's when I started thinking that this wasn't like home  
But then they had to prove me wrong  
'Cuz later that night after we did the show  
We went back to the after set, and wouldn't ya know  
Yeah, Bloods and Crips start scrapping and shootin' in Missouri?  
Damn, how could this happen?

Now St. Louis  
(It's jus lyke Compton)  
Yeah y'all, St. Louis  
(It's jus lyke Compton for y'all)

I don't think they know, they too crazy for their own good  
They need to stop watchin' that Colors and Boyz in the Hood

Too busy claiming Sixties, tryin' to be raw  
And never ever seen the Shaw  
But now, back to the story that I'm tellin'  
We packed up the tour bus one more time and started bailin'  
When we arrived I saw red and blue sweat suits  
When I'm thinkin' 'bout horse donkey and cowboy boots

I guess Texas ain't no different from the rest  
And San Antonio, was just waitin' to put us to the test  
And before it was over the shit got deep  
A nigga got shot in the face, and was dead in the street  
Then they came in the club thinkin' of scrappin'  
Little did they know that we was packin'  
Yeah, we was puttin' 'em down and squaring the rest, shit  
I even had to wear the bulletproof vest

Now San Antonio  
(It's jus lyke Compton)  
Yeah, San Antonio  
(It's jus lyke Compton for y'all)

After a month on the road  
We came home and I can safely say  
That L.A. is a much better place to stay  
How could a bunch of niggaz in a town like this  
Have such a big influence on niggaz so far away?  
But still my story ain't over 'cuz I got one more to tell  
And the people of Colorado, they know it well  
It was all in the news and if you don't remember  
I had this show I did in Denver

With a punk ass promoter in a bunk ass skating rink  
Bitches was loving it, but niggaz was shovin' and shit  
To the front of the stage to throw their gang signs  
But I'm getting paid so I didn't pay it no mind  
Then I poured out my brew onto their face and chest  
Then they start throwin' soda, and fuckin' up my guests  
When it was over two niggaz needed stitches  
Got cracked in they jaw for being punk ass bitches

Now Denver  
(It's jus lyke Compton)  
Yeah y'all, Denver  
(They wanna be like Compton, bitch)

And ya know that Oakland  
(It's jus lyke Compton)  
Yeah y'all, St. Louis  
(It's jus lyke Compton)

Uh-huh, San Antonio  
(It's jus lyke Compton)  
Yeah, and Denver  
(They wanna be like Compton, punk ass niggaz)  
I thought ya knew  
(Yeah)