

# Eazy-Duz-It

Eazy-E

Well I'm Eazy-E, I got bitches galore  
You may have a lot of bitches but I got much more  
Wit my super duper group coming out to shoot  
Eazy-E, muthafukas cold knocking the boots  
'Cause I'm a hip-hop thugster, I used to be a mugster  
If you heard Compton, you think I own a drugstore  
Getting stupid because I know how  
And if a sucker talks shit, I give him a (POW)  
8 ball sipping, the bitches are flipping  
Slow down, I hit a dipping, continue my tripping  
Hitting my switches, collect from my bitches  
The money that I make so I can add to my riches  
Fill my stash box and start rubbing my gat  
Feeling good as hell because my pockets are fat  
A hardcore villian cold roaming the streets  
And wit a homie like Dre just supplying the beats

Because I'm a gansta having fun  
Never leave the pad without packing a gun  
Hitting hard as fuk, I make you ask what was it  
Boy you should have known by now, Eazy duz it

I was knocking muthafukas out  
What's your name boy  
Funky, fresh Eazy-E  
Kick, kick that shit  
Where you from fool, Compton, yea

Rolling through the hood, cold tearing shit up  
Stick my head out the window and I say what's up  
To the niggaz on the corner cold bumping the box  
But you know that's an alibi for slanging the rocks  
A dice game started so I said what the fuk  
So I put my shit in park and had to try my luck  
Hard to roll wit my bitch jocking 24-7  
Rolled them muthafukas, ate 'em up, hit 11  
Got another point, I made a ten a fo'  
Was taking niggaz money and was itching for mo'  
Laughing in their faces and said you're all making me rich  
Then one punk got jealous, cold slap my bitch  
He pulled out his gat, I knew he wouldn't last  
So I said to myself, homeboy, you better think fast  
He shot [gunshots], I shot [gunshots]  
As you can see, I cold broke his ass (ha ha)

(Wait a minute, wait a minute, who does it)  
Muthafuking Eazy duz it  
But how does he do it  
Eazy duz it do it eazy  
That's what I'm doing  
STOP  
Man whatcha gonna do now

Now I'm a break it down just to tell a little story  
Straight out the box from the gangsta category  
About a sucker, a sucker muthafuka  
He's addicted, he's a smoker but in Compton called a clucker

he used to have a house car and golden rings  
But the cooky cooky crack took all those things  
he must of been starving 'cause he broke in my house  
Caught the nigga on the street and straight took his ass out  
Now I wanted for a murder that I had to commit  
Yea I went to jail but that wasn't shit  
Got to the station about a quarter of nine  
Call my bitch to get me out 'cause I was down for mine  
The bitch was a trip cold hung up the phone  
Now my only phone call was in the ganking zone  
All the things I did for her like keeping her rich  
I swear when I get out, I'm gonna kill the bitch  
Well by now you should know it was just my luck  
The baliff of the station was a neighborhood cluck  
I looked him straight in the eye and said what's up  
And said let's make a deal, you know I'll do you up  
Now back on the streets and my records are clean  
I creeped on my bitch wit my uzi machine  
Went to the house and kicked down the do'  
Unloaded like hell, cold smoked the ho

From around the way, born in '73  
Harcore B-boy named Eazy-E  
It's '88 now, '73's obselete  
A nigga wit a serious ass attitude and 100% street  
And if you all wanna hear some more  
In one way or the other, I'm a bad brother  
Word to the muthafuka