

# Niggaz My Height Don't Fight

Eazy-E

"Gimmie this, gimmie that, gimmie this, gimmie that  
Bitch, step back and stop tryna jack."  
"But mister dopeman, dopeman, can I get a hit?"  
"No, ho, but you can get my duck sick."

But let me finish my story as I was sayin'  
I told you lil locs ain't playin'  
Gotta roll with the punches  
Can't help the travellin' bunches  
Now, ain't that somethin'  
Just a case a few niggas try to trip  
Bone-out, put on my ski-mask and come back blastin'  
Cause niggas my height don't fight  
My name is Eazy-E, you're motherfuckin' right  
They must to thought I was a busta  
You're wearin' your bullet-proof vest  
So what's next?  
I got my nine filled up with teflon  
And don't let me hit the wetbomb  
So what ya wanna do?  
The red, white and blue  
I got some for you, too  
Cause it gonna be on when I'm kickin' down doors  
So say hello to my new 44

I'm a type of nigga  
That smokes motherfuckers  
That smokes motherfuckers  
I don't give a fuck fuck  
Smoke mothafuckaz  
I'mma smoke motherfuckers  
Cause I'm the "E"

So you can kiss my black ass  
Fuck the White House, it ain't my house  
So you can burn the motherfuckers down for all I care  
Cause t-shirts and khakies is all I wear  
I'm from the city where they show no pity for a punk ass mark in the park  
Blow his brains out, stuff him in the bushes  
Take his gat, leave his ass for the rats  
And let me hit that Cisco  
I got a 187 on my pistol  
Wanted by the L.A.P.D.K  
For puttin' in work out my tray  
Because the president never sent  
One damn dime to my residence  
I'm goin' crazy like 1980  
I need my ends, fuck you, pay me  
Or I'mma have to get the strap  
My Nutty O.G. buddy Big Black  
I make you shit in your pants and shake like Jell-O  
So tell all my homies said hello

I'm a type of nigga  
That smokes motherfuckers  
That smokes motherfuckers  
I don't give a fuck

Smoke motherfuckers  
Smoke motherfuckers  
Like it ain't no thang

You can't check a checker  
But when you wanna try let me know  
I got the strecher on stand-by  
Starvin' for a nigga like you  
That thinks his heart is much bigger than a trigger  
So I can show how to put in work:  
The Ruthless network drive-by experts  
Straight outta Compton, kickin' up dust  
The place where guns don't get a chance to rust  
I warned them and they still approached me  
Now I got two more golf-hats for my trophy  
I got a brand new trend, it's killin' men  
Who is that?  
That's my little friend

I don't give a fuck  
I don't give a fuck  
I don't give a fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck  
I don't give a fuck  
I don't give a fuck  
Smoke motherfuckers like it ain't no thang