

## P.S. Phuk U 2

Eazy-E

This is Eazy motherfuckin' E, coming to you direct from the Penthouse  
And we chillin' in this motherfucker  
Yo Playa, spit

Break yourself hoes, you're in the presence of his Mackness  
Ruthless/Priority is back with another platinum package  
For the suckers who didn't think we was coming just like this  
Kiss my ass and watch a troop straight freak your bitch  
And get a ho back with a mack smooth controlling the mind  
And the body, be giving up the pussy a party  
See busta-ass niggas getting paid, but it ain't shit though  
Yeah you punk motherfuckers doing low but yo  
Witness a mack with strong back attack with no pity  
Getting fat off your bitch's titty  
Los Angeles Players of the Penthouse are worldwide  
Run but you can't hide, check your girl I'm sure to slide  
Run up and between and get a ho cause she's been asking for  
Don't disrespect us, she'll come back for more  
Never underestimate the power of a young troop  
Checking a fat grip and ain't on no head trip  
With suckers on the nut sack hanging from the hairs  
And bitches on the dick like my BVD underwear  
For a freak ain't jocking for any reason, so what?  
I'm a still hit some guts, get a nut, and a some cuts, sluta

If you do nothing, say nothing, you'll never be nothing  
And there's a sucker born every motherfuckin' minute  
Yo Quik, kick that shit

Now the suckers take a licking like a Timex  
Cause I'm a troop and I'm rolling like a Rolex  
And I'm your host with the most, Mr. Quik, Eazy-E  
(And the P-E-N-T-H-O-U-S-E) with something bumping for your stereo  
But sucker-ass niggas don't hear me though  
But funky is the password to make them fear me, though  
Cause I'm platinum-bound with that west coast sound  
And if you want to get down I got 17 rounds  
Claiming you peel caps, nigga I pull naps  
Of the next of the saps with that wack-ass cap  
Like these South Bronx niggas, starving like rats  
With songs more corny than Yo! MTV Raps  
How would you figure that a nigga like the Quik would show you slack?  
I'd rather put a fucking shank in your back  
Cause I'm the type of nigga that'll fuck your moms at gunpoint  
Off of Genuine Draft and a bud joint  
So if you're looking in The Source magazine and don't see me  
It's cause the fucking East Coast is the enemy  
But I got something that'll serve you right  
Nighty night motherfuckers (gunshot), sleep tight

Here comes another Penthouse Player, stepping on toes  
Tweed Cadillac out for the money, the mic, and the hoes  
Fade 'em my skinhead nigga

Now I'm a for sharp clothing and pose and be chosen  
I'll rock the mic, the stage, the party, and the hoes and  
Rolling suckers up in a zag like a spliff

Smoking 'em, like a new pimp cigarette  
It's been said that I'm a get fucked  
Or get fucked standing straight up  
It's something bout your face, make me want to slap it  
Something bout your eye, make me want to black it  
Call me "Earl Shibe," I'll dip you alive  
Spraypaint your posse for \$99.95  
The track stainless, the record of Tweed  
Don't confuse me, for your bitch or your homey  
Yeah I'm talking shit, only God can kill me  
Your rhymes don't thrill me, suck my sweet dick, Willy  
Yo, Larry Parker, where's my 3 million?  
I want a bus in ninet deuce fill in  
The P the P the C, pimp or die low  
Shake it up baby, it's coming back dope  
I ain't from Compton, I dwell in Los Angeles  
Heart of California, land of the scandalous

Now there you have it, Penthouse, true motherfuckin' players  
Kicking that pimp shit for '92  
And if you don't like it, fuck you