

"Let 'em in"  
"Johnson, you're different from the other colors in here"  
"You read books, play chess, write poetry"  
"But I don't believe you have any regret whatsoever for taking a man's life"  
"Man recognizes his mistakes is ready to seek God's forgiveness"  
"Yeah, I read your bible, warden"  
"And?"

[Verse 1: MC Eiht]

I was raised in compton, What the fuck, Cause?  
A nigga in the hood is always stuck  
I'm tryin ta chase dead prez like Larenz Tate  
But do it in dog mind-state  
It's 187 on whoever don't stop  
Throw away the strap right after the pop pop  
Then ride shotgun, Pass me the handgun  
I still yell out compton, Shoot and run  
2 is double the trouble  
Double up the work on game gon bubble  
Couple of loco's from the westside, Homes  
Dope in the coolo, Hand on chromes  
One-time, Hoodrats, And beef wit the enemy  
Niggaz puffin so much, We smoke like a chimney  
Little b.g.'s mane, Givin us the scoop  
4 deep, Tryin to creep, Lights off in the coupe  
[There they go, There they go]  
We squash that in a jiffey  
Creep up and shoot in the car just like 50  
Click go empty, And it's back to the block  
Cause CPT boys so hard knock  
Lock up the work, Sell what it's worth  
From the days of way back, The days of my birth  
I'm so damn cold  
One blunt in my hand, My bitch in a chokehold  
The hood taught me lessons that can't be told  
Whatever you push out, I'll come back eightfold  
Sold out? Never, It's compton forever  
No one can do it better  
Geah, I doubt that  
When the guns come out, Y'all could go flat  
Now you could fuck all the chat and get a rat-a-tat-tat  
Pat down ya pockets like we did in high school  
You represent the hood, Always the first rule  
I been all around the globe  
Hop doggin for the hub like my name was kobe  
Sirens, Flashlights, stroll lights  
One-time, They never stop at a gunfight  
2 compton motherfuckers

[Chorus 1: MC Eiht]

Geah, G-g-g-geah  
It's 2 compton motherfuckers, 2 compton muh'fuckas  
Geah, G-g-g-geah, G-g-g-geah, Nigga  
It's 2 compton motherfuckers  
G-g-geah, G-g-geah, 2 compton motherfuckers

[Verse 2: MC Eiht]

Strapped, Come out, Fall to ya knees  
A blunt get lit then you beg a nigga please  
One squeeze, I could silence the weeds  
Another victim how the story reads  
I needs no praise, Compton I was raised  
Just bump some of my shit bitch and just blaze  
Gimme a hit, Tilt, Yeah nigga what's crackin?  
Some play too big, Nigga what's the actin?  
I start callin out names  
And commence to rob yo ass like Jess James  
Me and Tha Chill backseat Boom Bam  
3 the hood way, So nigga god damn  
Slam, Dub dub dub  
Let the gangstas run it in the fuckin hub  
Wit a slug nose, a little penleton  
Gauranteed to shoot the club up right before it close

[Chorus 2: MC Eiht]

It's compton muh-fucka, G-g-geah, G-g-g-geah  
It's compton muh-fucka, Geah, It's compton, G-g-geah, G-g-g-geah  
It's compton muh-fucka, Geah  
Want it gang, G-g-g-geah, It's compton muh-fucka  
Gotta fuckin get it, Geah, G-g-g-geah

[Verse 3: Big2daboy]

I'm comin straight outta compton most wanted grimy nigga wit a attitude  
6 shots still standing, I'm well known for mashin fools  
I get in the blues with or without the true  
Bitches screws loose and I just use from outta ya shoes  
Busta, ya street punks ain't ready for Big  
2 D-A and MC Eiht, You're under dig  
2 compton muh'fucka from compton muh'fucka  
This to the westside these boys poppin muh'fucka  
Like german pistols gon be rippin through ya tissue  
It's real in the city, Little homies'll get you  
Fuckers, When the guns come out, Y'all niggaz better run  
Cause i'm a soldier at war and this is where i'm from  
The land of the lost wit me, Gotta protect ya own  
And get hit wit the buck thangs, Homie  
Drive through dealin at the funeral home  
Call Adams or Palmer, ya dead and ya gone  
Muh'fucka

[Chorus 3: MC Eiht]

2 compton muh'fuckaz, Geah, G-g-g-geah  
It's 2 compton muh'fuckaz, G-g-g-geah  
G-g-geah, 2 compton muh'fuckaz, It's 2 compton muh'fuckaz  
Geah