Geah
Thug shit, check this out
Compton, geah
I don't think they heard me on this one
I said: compton, nigga!
That's how we doin it
Regulating for all the gangstas
West side, nigga, hoo-bangin' gangstas, you know I'm sayin'
Check this out
I said I dig into yo' body, you catch the flatline
Comtpon, where we from, nigga?
Compton, all day, nigga
We gon' start it like this
Check this out

Way back 4-4's seven years in the pen .38 with wooden handles and a fifth with gin Let me begin, before the days of committin sins I was a lil' knucklehead getting courted in Till I die c.p.t., y'all can't budge me Kill a nigga for the neighborhood, can't judge me I'm lettin' the fire spit, y'all fools catchin' some slugs I regulate, servin' you way that straight thug You know if you're slippin' you get laid up in the mud Take over your spot, pushin' china white and bud The devious, the mind blowin', the over-throwin Christmas everyday in the hood, I keep it snowin It's hot like that where I'm from You bitches tryin to test, you meet the m-1 From sun up, nigga, to sun down I pull out, your gat go down Bitches, I run town, what up?

## Geah

I said I dig into yo' body, you catch the flatline...

Y'all start runnin' and screamin' and pushin' And yellin' and slippin' and duckin' When you see the tec-9 buckin' Stagger them motherfuckers, make em wish they hid Spittin, call me the ghetto fuckin' billy the kid You be layin on your back tryin' to catch yo' breath Life starts to flash, now you're nearing death What's left, bitch? you see the glock starts tickin' Die, as I blast one more you stop kickin' Flee the scene to my next to akin Call back to the house, so they fly in ends Just made a real close trip to the pen And in another town I start the same trend I sets up shot 'cause your ass is done Hoo-bang all day, my uzi weighs a ton Ain't no fun if you don't want none Ricochet off your shoulder blade, nigga, you're numb C'mon, geah

My mind got me caught in a twist, I can't cope I reminisce on the days in the hood slangin' dope

Certain territories yo' ass couldn't float And if you caught slippin', then fool, that's all she wrote I like the life while dippin' blocks with heats I'm ready in a second to stop yo' heartbeat Fuckin' around in the hood, smokin' with hoes Violators hit the blocks, we hittin' the floors Y'all ain't caught us slippin', only wasted your ammo We dips back through, dumps with the 4-4Hollows come out the dark chamber Express my anger, never run from danger Servin mo' yayo, dash from the ranger Die by the hand of the unknown stranger My position is stick, situation is thick I ride with real muthafuckas and hit licks The compton lunatic, way too sick Conflict you pick, hear the 9 click, c'mon

## Geah

Comtpon gangsters all day Hoo-bangin' affiliates You catch the flatline