

Fuc Your Hood

MC Eiht

Geah

Mc eiht and chill up in this bitch
The eihthype thugs up in this bitch, geah
Compton in this bitch
And we running this shit like last year my friend, geah
The killers, check it out

I gives a fuck where you from
Could give a mad fuck about your hood sign
Keep hittin' me up and you'll get tore up from the floor up (ping)
You fake niggas need to peep
You gone get hit talking that shit gone get yo' lip split
I reach under my seat for the heat
I bust a u-turn and see your ass dash 'cross the fuckin street
I see you a busta so I start to clown (right)
Cause if you was a g you would have stood yo' ground uh
But geah it's kinda difficult to stand
Your ground when them killers got a strap in his hand
Point it at yo' dome cause you got that wrong color on
You better be hitting that gate real fast or be a shot up ass
But i'ma still hit your block with it cocked
I give a fuck about nuthin, a 159 niggas dumpin (geah)
So don't look dumb
And don't act dumb when we come nigga, fuck where you from uh (geah)

Ain't nuthin' but the killers on this side (that's right)
Ain't nuthin' but the killers on that side (that's right)
Ain't nuthin' but the killers in the front, killers in the back
Strapped with macs

On a mission down compton boulevard (geah)
Some niggas rolling up slow looking too hard (they some bustas)
They some bustas (that's right)
And geah not to mention
My hood is on my hat if them fools payed attention (west side)
Hand on my 9 cause I go for broke (geah uh)
Peep out the corner of my eye through the endo smoke
But what do you know it's another gang story
Some fools done slipped and entered the wrong territory
I told fools about hitting me up with they signs
I guess I gotta hit they ass up with the fuckin 9
Pump 2 slugs in the side of their door
And they probably tryin' to figure what I'm dumpin for (geah)
You don't remember me? well I remember you!
When and your crew tried to roll through the fuckin loop
Now take 2 to your dome
And don't look dumb when we come nigga fuck where you from uh

Desert eagle in the stash and we swervin'
Me, bam, chill, little hawkin bird, da foe in the suburban (west side)
Six deep to the party
Putting out hits on niggas like mr. gotti (geah)
Leave the straps in the truck cause they'll goin pat down
We steps in with evil looks, you better scatter clown (geah what up)
Ain't nuthin but 159 to the 4
Punk motherfuckers what is you starin' for? (geah)
I guess it's time to start thumpin'

Open up to the truck
Come back with the mac and baby start dumpin'
You gone catch some slugs and watch this
Scenes look like some
Niggas in the mist
But I guess we got to of y'all
For all y'all, the funeral call
I don't give a damn where you from nigga, geah