

## lii Tha Hood Way

MC Eiht

When I hear the words: murda murda, I concern a  
Slug in your burden brain  
Niggas heard of me  
From here to eternity  
Fuck hell cause I can feel the earth burn in me  
Now we can meet, we can greet, we can see, we can eat  
We can hold court in the street  
Whatcha wanna do?  
I just ate, it's a quarter to 8  
I'm in section 8 with mc eiht and a 38 (yeah)  
And I'm ready to ride for this shit  
Muthafucka done invested his life in this shit  
And we ain't losin' rather take a penitentiary chance  
And ? ? your house like some blue and red ends  
Make you dance like holyfield  
And we'll rob you like lennox lewis  
And you can't do nuthin' to us (nuthin')  
Spent my life with the west rollies  
A few of 'em still gangbangin in they 40's, what  
Violatin parolies

Ye-ye-ye-e  
Gangstas make the world go round  
And stayin' down in the y-2-k  
That's what they say  
It's hoo-bang muthafucka and we don't play  
Eiht, cube and mack: iii tha hood way, geah  
I said...

Mack 10 is the lick, west side is the click (yeah)  
I can't get enough of this gangsta shit  
So I drag my 5-7 down the shores and the skate  
? ? ? ? play some vibrate for humpin' section 8  
I stay g'd up and down, it's the bumper when it's late  
With my hair bitch-braid sportin' murder one shades  
It's the heat bringer, king inglewood swinger  
And fuck every nigga that ain't a hoo-banger (hoo-banger!)  
No color lines make dimes, it's color blind  
And I ain't trippin' cause your rag ain't bright as mine  
Let's rock t-birds up, sew up the place  
Get on the paper chase and let us smoke our free base  
I'm a straight go-getter, grinded till I'm rich  
I stay down and dirty and screamin' fuck a bitch (fuck you bitch!)  
Me, eiht and don mega off the hook together  
It's iii tha hood way and hoo-bang forever, what

Chorus...

Three niggas, three time felons with three strikes (yeah)  
Three times equal 9's, khakis and knives  
Roll on swings as I bumps the flashlight  
Nice off I flip to the hard, my shit's tight  
Small nigga in the backseat with loc's  
Tryin' to come up on cash cause we downer at last  
Gun smoke, my tramp 8's start to spittin'  
Put the hood I scream loud, give a fuck who I'm hittin'  
West side compton, hoo-bang' fo' sho'

Put they work for my g's, six feet below  
The murda show, muthafuckas ride with me  
There's one life to live so I cops the key  
Once upon a time in the projects with heat  
Slangin' my shit: you don't work, you don't eat  
You can take this boy out tha hood  
But you can't take the hood out a nigga  
Hand stays on the trigga, geah

Chorus...

Iii tha hood way ye-yey (fo' sho')  
Iii tha hood way ye-yey (for the 9-9 fool)  
Iii tha hood way ye-yey (you know how tha fuck we do it)  
Iii tha hood way ye-yey (hoo-bangin' fo' life!)  
Yeah (geah)  
Geah  
The compton shit  
Mc eiht (tha criminal shit)  
For your ass  
Ice cube (dumpin' out the trey)  
Dumpin' out the rag seven  
Mack 10 (givin' yo' ass just what you need)  
That thug shit  
West side hoo-bangin' gangstas  
Compton fo' life  
Geah  
Babeeeee...