

# Killin Nigguz

MC Eiht

Do this muthafuckin' shit right though  
We in the muthafuckin' house  
Geah  
In the muthafuckin' house  
Niggas on the run in the muthafuckin' house  
Boom bam, tha chill  
Mc eiht in the house  
And we know your muthafuckin' residential spots, geah

I'm breakin' 'em off the proper chunks of the compton funk  
Hoo-bangin' with a pistol grip pump  
Buckin' shots in your body boy, buck  
For poppin' that lip service, now your lookin' nervous, uh  
Muthafuckas best to run and duck  
Cause that nigga named chill still don't give a fuck  
Niggas be gettin' shot up with the pistola  
Call me chill but not that nigga known as a cold chiller  
I got my heat on the front of the seat  
Fuck a cop, anybody killa when a nigga gone off the bop gun  
Niggas on the run, hah, click number 1  
Got them niggas steady swangin' and the bitches straight sprung  
So you best to bring your army, your posse, your gang  
And we can get in the street and throw them thangs  
Nigga figure he's bigger, dig a bigger ditch, ah  
Fool I'm holdin' the trigger  
Finger got the itch, uh, stitch  
Or better yet chalk 'em up  
I'm tearin' up body parts, makin' it smell like what the fuck?  
Don't be thinkin' you gon' catch a nigga slippin' with your shit nigga  
1-5-9 times up your head from this stone cold killin' nigga

Ain't nuthin' but them niggas that kill  
We ain't nuthin' but them niggas that kill...  
Boom bam in the house

Where you from nigga?

I'm from the c to the o to the m to the p to the t to the o to the n  
Niggas be poppin' that shit and I'll be sockin' 'em once up in they chin  
One hitter quitter, guaranteed sleeper  
Rock-a-bye bitch nigga, shit is getting deeper  
Bitch wanna know where us niggas that kill at  
Well, bring your ass to the west side of compton that's where we chill at  
Cause I don't give a fuck about dollars & sense  
I'm backin' my nigga eiht at hundred and fifty nine percent nigga  
Cause I swear to God I'm gonna kill quick  
Cause when you fuck with my nigga then it's some real shit  
So if you feel you wants to get something off of your back  
Come to the new muthafucka, that's where you'll find me at  
You best to watch your back  
Cause I be creepin' through your hood  
Every other night loaded with my fuckin' gat  
Just hopin' that I see you  
To blow a hole in your ass so big that I can peep through  
Cause when we cool, we calm, we just chillin' niggas  
Geah, cause we them killin' niggas

Don't be slippin' on this side of town  
Where the notorious, victorious, put that ass down  
And i'ma clown like krusty when I bust this  
You can't let off cause that shit is too rusty  
Better be breakin' like trigga when I pull my trigga  
Nigga how'd you figure?  
You better be diggin a bigger ditch  
Fo' sho' just watch that ass get popped  
I'll make you jump ship then quickly sets up shop  
Geah, fool  
Original baby gangsta  
I'ma pull  
My shit  
Then watch - it spit  
Ooh, the fire  
The hollow points flyin'  
Hear the screams of your bitch  
While you dyin' (geah)  
Lysin' on your back  
Tryin' to get ? ? ? ?  
Never seen a man cry  
Until he seems dead  
As I pump 2 more slugs up in that ass  
Better dash before your dead  
By these killin' niggas

Geah  
In the muthafuckin' house  
The eihthype thugs, uh  
Just them killas niggas know I'm sayin'  
? ? ? ? ? to the 9-6  
We're back full of tricks for your bitch-ass nigga uh  
Don't fuck around know I'm sayin'  
C'mon sayin'  
Geah, true blue thugs from the muthafuckin' steets