

Nobody Beat Us

MC Eiht

Geah! G-g-geah! G-g-g-geah! G-g-g-g-geah!
Cmon, It's compton!
G-g-g-geah, It's compton!
Uh, Dub I-N-C

Who in the fuck can y'all call along to represent?
Disrespect the west and he talkin shit
Til the casket drops, boy I don't quit
Wit the hammer cocked back, boy too legit
That's gangsta, the only thing I'm wit
Compton hoodrats, every word I spit
And ain't nothin but lowlives, girl go buy jeans
Try to find her a hood star, bitch got big dreams
Man, her and the homegirl fuckin teens
Tryin to make it to hood rich by all means
A true west coaster, gun, no holster
Wit the gang bang signs thrown up at my poster
There's so many motherfuckin in love thugs
Got quick to spit love arrows, no slugs
We ain't doin nothin but shootin up in the clubs
West coast niggaz, wrong fools to rub

Geah, Geah, Geah, Geah
It's compton
Dub I-N-C, Uh, Dub I-N-C

In the middle of the street, Let the strap commence
Tryin to fuck wit the best side, It's so nonsense
It's obvious I got the best of you
What's left is the breath of the all star shoot
It's all for the money, What would you do?
Sell out for the shit? Real g's stay true
To my real street rhymers, Reppin lifetimers
Niggaz still strugglin, Fuck them hill climbers
We ain't tryin to outshine, Speak the outline
I could say it last time, The hood is mine
And I gotta deal wit so many jealous-ass fools
Still smilin in my face man, We ain't cool
You ain't earn no respect boy, Follow the rules
Bitches tellin me eiht don't be so cruel
Geah, That's just the way we live
Don't worry, Cause I got extra shots to give

Geah, Geah, Geah
Dub I-N-C, Cmon it's compton
Geah, Geah
Nobody beat us kid, Nobody beat us kid

Man I can't stop and I won't stop
Reppin dub s til the casket drops
And if y'all fearin the west, Best call the cops
Symbolize wearin hood bandannas in drops
Homeboys, Make some noise, Ya guns pop
Hoodrats in the summer shorts, Skirts, And tops
Barroom brawls, Backs against walls
Wit a bail of 20 g's, Bitch make some calls
And i'ma stay so hood

Street stripes ain't talkin so I knock on wood
Nigga, I fight the power, Black steel in the hour
Even motherfucker who spit it could never get it
And I'm wit that, As a matter of fact
One hand over the dash, Stop the blowback
Catch a blow, Jack, Oh no, It's not a act
While you face down, Ya bitch givin the bozack

Geah, G-g-g-g-geah, It's compton
G-g-g-g-geah, Uh, Nobody beat us kid
Nobody beat us kid

To the West, you know how the fuck we do
Uh, nobody beat us kid, nobody beat us kid
Geah, original, CM Dub, geah
Nobody beat us kid, Nobody beat us kid