

## Return Fire

MC Eiht

Geah  
Brrrrr stick 'em hahaha stick 'em...  
Half ounce one time stick 'em  
Geah  
You know how the fuck we do it, c'mon  
Y'all remember that old school shit, geah  
Get 'em  
C'mon

Your block is mine bitch back up  
We run the whole fucking world chips stack up (chin chin)  
We've been  
Gettin in where we fit in since the old days  
L.t.d.'s rode bopping the o'jays  
Gun place, crime place, one time swoop  
Strawberries in the back - at the 70's coupe  
Giving head like a chicken plucked  
Four niggas one bitch, everybody fucking  
From selling my  
Crack on the corner, packing, bailing my straps  
Got a  
Million reasons so it be's the killin season, moves the crowd  
As the bullets hit with no names  
Connects the dots echos through the ghetto hot  
Flies like an eagle  
Becomes the strap by the motherfuckin regal  
Tinted windows  
Tyres spin fast up out yo' set  
Next week right back to see who we can get  
You want yo' chin checked (ping)  
Fools just gimme a car  
We got yo' ass when we see you r.i.p. on the wall  
The way I'm livin don't give no hail low  
One times I stay low  
Want pay no compton, no play no  
Hit the round when we start blastin  
Out the back door  
Before they send the ? ? ? ? in (get up)  
We niggas fo' hire  
Bustin (boom)  
We bust back (boom), return the fire, get' em

Brrrrrrrr stick 'em hahaha stick'em...  
Half ounce one time stick 'em  
Geah

Bails around twelve o'clock  
Roam my block with the glock  
Keeps the world nicely stash  
From neighbourhood watch  
Walks the rocks  
Dope fiends makes my pay  
Late nite hype to fiends so they walk this way  
24 is the delivery  
And if you want that bomb shit come and spend with me  
Killas been with me  
Two top tree (geah)

Cars deep from the streets a diploma  
Endo aroma  
In a coma trauma center, slugs hit your body  
Mentality's too sick when we leave the party  
Makes to clean ghetto way got yo' spot on quire  
Shootin a sheriff, we wired so you best not try it  
In my life time I find a fuckin need  
To be paper down red bones chronic weed  
With speed  
A nigga commits to - cluck his dope  
One time's trying to stop the paper chase fo' sho'  
Oh no ain't no escaping of the ghetto bird  
As they fly in fast the 5-0 swerve  
Niggas need to listen: pay attention  
For the money on a mission  
Niggas fo' hire 'turn the fire, geah

(chorus)

Feds gettin closer  
I'm peepin  
My girl touched me on my shoulder (wake up)  
While I'm sleeping  
They creepin  
No worry, grabs the stash and ? ? ? ? ?  
No assistance pick up excepts the cash  
Baby keep yo' head down low  
Tear gas through the window, hits the floor  
Grabs the mask - to the face, you know the s-k clan  
You grabs to with two mill, the glock in my hand  
Tear gas make a nigga weaker  
Feds talkin much shit on the loud speaker  
To the lexus jeep  
I heard this: she put to keep up  
Told my baby duck down cause I'm about to sweep up  
Whole lotta niggas in my damn way  
Guarantee to keep spittin  
This is payback day  
Makes my pay  
Fast getaway (geah)  
Niggas fo' hire  
Bust back we return the fire (get 'em)

Half ounce one time  
Stick 'em  
Eihthype one time  
Geah  
Stick 'em