

Streets Don't Love U

MC Eiht

Geah, It's 187 cause I'm back on the block
Quick to shoot first wit the gat that stay cocked
It's real gangsta shit nigga, It's on lock
West coast compton, The town that rock
Follow the cracked up roll down the compton block
Not school, But I'm the motherfuckin neighborhood jock
Whether ntv rock or chop ya in
But the team coast sported boy rude a flame
My name not household, I ain't pac
But on the underground fool, Yeah I'm on top
I don't play for the mainstream, Fuck around, Have you playin wit the red be
am
Fuck around, few shots leave ya gang green
Slumped over, front seat wit a cold lean
Fa sho, I be first in line to start static wit y'all
Have ya mama at the pad awaiting the call
West coast, West side, East side, We slide
Anywhere y'all want it, Nowhere to hide
Geah

Creep wit the sleeper, Wit the locust look up on my face
You six feet deeper, And you can't wake, Rain drop's fallin
These street's don't love you, But they can love you
They follow me though

Beef ain't a dvd, It's automatic
I'm gone off the hood life, So call me an addict
In the land where girls got plastic tits
Niggaz wit plastic grips ready to start shit
Who the fuck y'all wit? And where y'all from?
Hollows quick to follow the Philly stomp
How come y'all tryin to play the thug act?
Just the way that a copycat gon react
And the impact when the chambers slide back
In-Depth description of the carjack
And you know that tattoo when the arm's raised
The shots penetrate you and they don't graze
I just blaze, Just like school days
I run wit a frat of boys, We so crazed
Creepin, So amazing, We a little iraq when we start engaging
Any nigga I smack, My machine is raging
Gun tucked when I gotta fuckin rhyme on stage, Man

Been under the hood spell for so damn long
My life in the streets just can't be wrong
I'm hardcore, Motherfucker, Ain't no joke
I'm old school like a pimp, Likely to trip
No chip on ya shoulder, Likely to knock it off
Every motherfuckin rhyme you rock is soft
Burn, Weak niggaz, burn
Wannabe o.g., But you can't earn
Wanna see us flee, But you gon learn
Just wait, Sky free, See the wheels turn
Hustlas, Ridahs, Hoes, Ex-cons, Grown westside boys like lil jon
I'ma bang compton til the break of dawn
Late night hype, Mean bodies on the lawn
Former has been dickies sure ain't strong

But I'll jack for ya jewels and head straight to the pawn
Geah

[Chorus]