

The Reign

MC Eiht

Im on the 9 1 Chevrolet crawl
Heading west where the motherfucking sun fall
West up yall like my nigga Dub
I keep it level to the 13s dont rub
38 snub if a nigga got beef
Ashtray roaches of some fucking chronic leaf
Grief gon come to some unlucky mother
We in so deep but I keeps my brother
Only the rap tales and niggas with high bails
Make sure the herb weigh right on the scales
Smoking in the city for real its no play
Smoke in the air and west this way
We come strapped so niggas a take flight
Or rather fuck around with a rat ass type
Yeah authentic words from the pen
Flow to the pad and yeah do it again
Yeah

Baby its on you probably wonder why its taking so long
Bitch have my money niggas they tote straps
Compton all day west coast on the map

Niggas slang shit just the make ends grow
Fast money come nigga fast money go
Out spot light how I like my ho
Clyde Bonnie bitch on a one time show
Stay down for your nigga Im headed back to jail
Money on the books mean the product sells
Hell thats the motherfucking life I lead
Nigga on the run a ho and good weed
Music to drive by in the cd player
Words pronounced clear from the hood rhymes sayer
Pay your dues which way you chose
Im west with it nigga so yeah thats good news
Bitches sing the blues if she know Eight lines
Maybe she know a nigga thats just like mines
Trying to get mines we fines
Its hard like I need a scene sometimes
And uh

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