

Thicker Than Water

MC Eiht

Gyeah, Westside, somebody told me
They want some of that thug shit up in here
So I'ma take ya back down memory lane
And give ya some of that wicked shit

And I'ma do this right here
For all my CPT G's in the house
Check this out

As my life takes a twirl, I say fuck the world
'Cause sometimes it seems that it's all a bad dream
Pops must have fucked with moms on the scheme
But sooner or later he left our 2 man team but fuck him

Times done changed, I'm in the game
And I bring moms pain, 'cause the game is slangin caine
Cries from my eyes as I hits the street
Pounds in the chest the heart beats as I roll with heats

Pops wasn't around but for a minute or shit
Until he skipped across town with another bitch to stick
Stuck moms one more times then dropped a dime
And on top of that had a son same age mine

But, uhh, don't blame me, 'cause, Lord, I try not to
Have an attitude like "Fuck him until I die"
But now I rebel and 'cause moms hell
And hit the blocks, 'cause I'm into makin illegal mail
Gyeah

If you keep your hood tight, everything's gonna be alright
If you're down then you can ride with me
It's thicker than water, baby, me and you
It's thicker than water, baby, so what we gonna do

Now I runs with a gang that Hoo-Bangs for fame
And crosstown robberies know tha nickname
Leave 'em dead in they shoes as we servin' the blues
G's that pack tools pay dues to rule so it's cool

They dumps and we dumps back
Me and my G's and the 6-4 black layin 'em flat
Rata-tat-tat from the Gat and shit
We represent y'all hit the bricks when the pistols spit

And I had a straight bitch and shit, that's cool
I slang for cash while she hit the books in school
I live and die for the hood, she knew the rule
Love for this thug when the world would seem cruel

I crips where the enemies dwell but I'm no fool
Undercover drive off strapped with the tool
But I slipped then packed my clip
My hoodrat tripped and didn't scoop
But they still didn't shoot, gyeah

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I made it to Deuce-5, baby and that's luck
In this rap shit to try to make some bucks
Seems like the gang bang thang got tougher
A little bit younger but then bit rougher

They been tellin' me to watch out for jealousy
'Cause now a friend of me was a enemy
Strange the game done changed switched
Ain't that a bitch with the rivals makin' some change

In and outta lanes in the passenger seat
Me and you and our crew strapped with heat
Outta town runs for funs no beef
We all hit licks and blows the chronic leaf

But payback's a bitch in the end you know
And she sets up traps, 'cause she snatch for dough
Let it go no come up your last trick
'Cause my brother's got my back when the shit gets thick
Gyeah

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