

# Under Attack

MC Eiht

Heeeyyy, uhh, half ounce in yo mouth  
Check it out, half ounce in the house

Bring the yellow tape nigga fosho,  
Playa hatas infiltrate us niggas hell no,  
Fools ready to die,  
Don't be afraid,  
Bring your gun and your sac 'causez we under attack

Takes no chances,  
End with up that least circumstances,  
Keeps a cool composure,  
One time's takin those glances,  
Who be's your enemy on the evilest team,  
Racketeerin all your c.r.e.a.m.,  
Havin your worst bad dreams,  
Pesos for all the amigos  
And the sistas,  
How ya likin us now,  
Competitas gon' bow,  
Ain't nothin' top dollar straight corner to corner,  
Keeps my hand in the pie like little jack horner,  
Soldiers on my left right ready to die,  
Infiltraters six feet keeps our head to the sky,  
Its a cold cruel world tryin to watch my back,  
Got these cold ass thugs ready to ride and jack,  
Shiit!! for the paper,  
Street dreams and all,  
Best be ready to hit the doo' when the one times call,  
Gots the picture it's still for the money son,  
And if you're bailin' through compton you betta bring a gun,

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I deliever my blow it could be fatal,  
Get yo ass smashed like potatoes and gravy,  
Maybe with some prctice you can fade me,  
But I doubt it, picked up the compton time  
And read about it, how my crew makes the front page  
In a rage, in a live concert blowin blunts on stage,  
People swingin' on a chasity and got the place packed  
To the maximum capacity, people comin from far and near,  
To get a glimpse of these gang-bangers, playas and pimps, check it out,  
When we roll we rolls thick like some nappy ass hair,  
Straight chronic smoke up in the air,  
So get it straight nigga,  
Boom-bam and eiht nigga, (geeyyaa),  
Peeped yo' game from the start nigga,  
We know you fake nigga,  
We gots to keep a close eye fools under our backs,  
Lock the gates sound the guns 'causez we under attack.

Chrous:2x

Verse3: mc eiht

Betta' watch out for the murder I wrote, black super spokes  
Black stars and a black leather coat, on a mission,  
Dead presidents I gots to stackin, enemies can't see the ya-ya  
In my jacket, best raise up before I set it off on g.p.,  
First rule if you tryin' to bring harm to me,  
Felony case catcher to the first degree,  
Like the ginger bread man y'all can't catch me,  
On the run stilla nigga held no jail cells,  
Keeps two steps ahead, no traces for feds,  
Phone taps instead, on the celluar phone,  
Dumb as fuck 'causez they don't know the number was called,  
Outta the country, d.a. on the payroll yall,  
Me and a little senortia on my side the black heater,  
Sweeter than the rest, paid pounds at gate sippin,  
While shippin to the u.s.a.,

Chrous:3x