

We Come Strapped

MC Eiht

Geah

We in the muthafuckin house

Eihthype in the muthafuckin house

C.m.w. back in this muthafucka

Geah, the most wanted muthafuckas in compton, y'know I'm sayin'?

And can't nobody can compare

So niggas beware cause eihthype's runnin' this bitch

Geah

Run muthafuckas run

I got the muthafuckin gun and I'm ready to blast on your mark-ass

We shoot first then take names later

No one can fade a crooked ass scheming alligator

No one can stop us cause we quick to catch the fever of the flavor

Punk fool nuthin can save you

You crossed the line boy you slipped

Nuthin' to lose, shootin at your friend as I'm poppin' in another clip

You try to scream but it don't do no good

Too many killin niggas from my hood, fool uh

Too many drive-by's no one can point or pull the trigger

Too many muthafuckin loc'ed ass young niggas

We bail deep and it's an everyday thang, them fifth's

We slang a game of mutherfuckin compton gang

I gots to peel your fuckin cap, nigga

We come strapped

One more hit on your hood muthafucka ain't no bullshittin'

Better scatter that ass over the fence before the 9 start spittin

And gather up your fuckin kids

1-8-7's for my homies who got stuck with lifetime bids

I'll cap that ass up in the car

When your rollin the streets the gats get blasted by n.o.t.r.

Don't try to hang with the fire power it's a slaughter

We bust caps on your awake at the funeral parlour

You get the short end of the stick

Rollin with a click and the way we role, muthafucka it's thick

And my brain is sayin' kill so nigga you're stuck

I like the sound of the 'k when it start to buck

Ain't no damn playin', ain't no rhyme sayin'

One more point for the hood when my gat start sprayin'

We gots to peel your fuckin cap, geah

We come strapped

Night time hits the fuckin streets

Loadin up the clips and we ready to kill rollin the gangsta beats

One time try to run a make on my plates

Routine jack but jack is too fuckin late

Put the strap up in my lap

Hopin these muthafuckas don't trip, slip pass me the extra clip

I hit the mutherfuckin volume up on the dash

So no tittle-tattle can hear the muthafuckin blast

I give him one to the dome

As the cop start to drop I'm sayin to myself damn it's on

I guess the blunt made me do it

Knew the other times would be comin so I grabbed the strap and threw it

Hit the corner fast, hit the fuckin gas

Be on the lookout cause they coming to tap my ass

We gots to peel they fuckin cap
That's the way we get 'em muthafucka cause you know
We come strapped

Geah
Nigga
In the muthafuckin house
Eihthype in the muthafuckin house nigga
So stay the fuck back
Niggas on the run in the muthafuckin house
Lil' hawk & bird in the muthafuckin house

Stick'em
Geah, we in the muthafuckin house
Nigga
Stay the fuck down clown
Cause ain't no love ho
In the 94
Eihthype, half ounce in this bitch
C.m.w. in this bitch
Geah