

# Compton Compton

The Game

Uhh, uhh, gangsta gangsta yeah  
Uhh, uhh, it's gangsta gangsta yeah  
Uhh, uhh, shit I'm livin gangsta gangsta shit  
Yeah

I'm from Compton, Compton, Murderville  
You heard these niggaz is gangsters, and they kill  
Rob and steal, my niggaz will peel at will  
For real they real, niggaz gon' feel this steel

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Walk with me through the ghetto where the packs get sold  
And them niggaz sellin the work ain't half as old  
as the fiends and the hippies, same ones smokin since the 60's  
Everybody yellin gimme, gimme  
Every nigga in the hood, one hand on his jimmy  
Other hand grip the semi, c'mon walk with me  
Every ten houses, one got 'caine for sale  
And I give you a dope track like my name Phar-rell  
And you can get that stainless steel  
Walk in my Chuck Taylors for a day, if you think it ain't f'real  
When I buy rocks homey baguettes on my ring  
And only neighborhood watch is my Tecno Marine  
Keep a (Mac) on the block, I ain't talkin 'bout Beans  
QB in the hood and I'm far from Queens  
The boys in the hood is always hard  
So come through and get smoked like a Cuban cigar

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I'm from Compton, Compton, a block from hell  
And you can come get a bird for eleven  
And we ain't got a penny for the reverand, a dime for a witness  
Only (Church's) in the hood sell chicken (ba-KAW)  
Every nigga in the hood sell chickens move work like city buses  
You fuckin with the Hub City Hustler  
The vans on the block won't touch us, the streets my home  
So I move weight on the block like I'm Moses Malone  
Bring the guns anywhere I roam, go with the chrome  
And I hit all my shots, like I'm in the A.I. zone  
And mob like Al Capone through N.W.A.'s home  
Homes like Ed Jones will cripple your team up  
In the home of Dr. Dre, Venus and Serena  
Where 14-year-olds pack ninas and drive Beamers  
We ball up subpeonas, take niggaz to the cleaners  
And you know what I'm talkin about if y'all seen where..

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We drug dealin, but niggaz is squealin (fuck you rats)  
What more can I say, just kill 'em  
Fuck 'em, the gun bust 'em, we just knock on wood  
Now is this under-stooooooooood?  
I mostly George when I whip, my supply is good  
The man behind the bricks, I'm supplyin the hood  
Catch bodies like Pistol Pete passes on the wood  
Benz parked by the fence, brick stashed in the hood  
Top work by the inch, I bag it, it's gone  
Ask Quik, we rock more than microphones  
Some niggaz ball, some niggaz do what we do  
And other niggaz sing for Cash Money like TQ  
The block will heat and sink you (hey dude)  
Cali ain't all palm trees, purple haze and sea dude  
Lose your life tryin to get these jewels  
I keep the 40 cal wrapped in chrome like R2-D2

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