

"Shit! Rick!  
C'mon man! "

"Ricky! "  
"Help me! Help me! Somebody, help me! "  
"Ricky, Ricky! "  
"Ricky! "

Blood of a slave, heart of a giant  
Had to leave Aftermath, Dre said I was too defiant  
That was five years ago, look how fast it go  
Destroyin' Interscope, shot myself like Plaxico  
But fuck that, blaze one, where the matches yo?  
Hit the freeway and see how fast the Aston go  
Roll the window down, clip off the ashes so  
You can see all my diamonds and how much cash I blow  
How many bitches I fuck, how many cars I drive  
How many goons I got, count 'em and they all outside  
Niggas try to shut me up like Malcom  
But standin' in the window caine smoking was the outcome  
Sometimes I get a little stressed and pop a Valium  
Hit Hollywood late night and knock down a stallion  
So niggas think twice about my medallion or  
You'll hear Cuba Gooding yelling "Ricky! "  
My nostalgia is one hundred percent Compton and zero percent snitch  
Park a Bentley and the Phantom on blocks while I use the bitch  
Made the Cincinnati fitted more famous than Griffey did  
And just to think, several years ago they tried to split his wig  
Two to the chest, struck his heart, one hit his rib  
Then I blacked out, like a movie, all I could hear...

Feelin' all fucked up, woke up to a doctor  
All I could think about, was that the cops took my weed and my choppers  
They want me to sing, like Sinatra, I told the detective  
Get this clear like Belvedere vodka  
Them five shots created a monster  
Hell's Kitchen comin' straight out of Compton  
I seen Boyz in the Hood, Morris Chestnut was a actor  
2Pac was the real life "Ricky! "  
Then they shot down the nigga that shot him, I swear to God  
If I'm lying then Compton is New York and I'm Rakim  
I'm from where niggas get murdered over stock rims  
And punched in the jaw just for a cocked brim  
Nobody mama let the cops in, we ain't got no options  
Wanted to be a boxer, but I was boxed in  
Then my grandmother house went up for auction  
And that's what tipped [?], I'm goin' back to buy the block then  
Too many niggas locked in, dig up Cochran and defend all my niggas  
With they faith under stockings, rather face God then 25 with no options  
If Compton ain't the murder capital, we in the top ten  
Drive by with our face painted, like a clown  
With a tre-pound, forty shells bouncin' off the ground  
This how my living room sound, when my brother got shot down...