

# Goin' Out Like Geez

## MC Eiht

Geah  
We in the muthafuckin house for the 94  
Eihthype in the muthafuckin house  
Geah  
MC Eiht and DJ Slip in the muthafuckin house  
Uh, Compton in the house, nigga  
Compton in the house, fool  
Compton in the house, bitch  
Geah  
You can nail me to the muthafuckin wall  
You can bust me in the head with gatz  
But punk ass nigga I'll be back, geah  
You fucked up when you tried to blast on this trigger  
Nigga didn't smoke my ass with the  
Fuckin blood runnin down my back  
I pull the muthafuckin strap on the sneak attack, uh  
Load the hollow points into the hot Glock  
Got my eyes on the crib at the end of the block  
Don't give a fuck who's inside  
His little sis' caught the fuckin slug so I jumps in the G-ride  
Feelin cold as I look at the murder metal  
Hear the sirens so I hit the mutherfuckin pedal  
Tyres got to spinnin, I can see the smoke  
Could barely catch my breath as I start to choke  
Off the blood, from the 38 slug that was planted in my back  
Damn that was wack  
Dip through the back streets so I can slide out  
The G-ride to my homie Chills to hide out  
Dump the mutherfuckin Glock, it was dirty  
Bammed on my nigga door, damn Chill heard me  
He opened up the door and I fell straight in  
Passed out for a second cause I lost my wind  
Woke up to hear the mutherfuckin weed and Chill looked up and said:  
"Damn Eiht you bleedin!"  
Niggas they pulled the fuckin sneak attack  
Fucked around and caught 2 to the fuckin back, geah  
Niggas was buckin tried to put me down  
Some punk muthafuckas from across town, uh  
You won't be chalkin up one for your sorry set  
Ain't dead yet  
Just label me a deadly threat  
Get Boom Bam on the mutherfuckin phone

Get the 19 shot cause nigga it's on  
I know the spot where them punk niggas chill  
Hit their hood with the big black steel  
I do it my way like M.J  
Slam dunk these hollow points in you, punk  
No time to think about it twice  
Leave these muthafuckas in traps and scattered like fuckin mice  
Boom Bam meet me at the spot, I'm shot  
I don't give a fuck they gon' get got  
One time's on my dick, fuck it  
Jump out, run through the alley to the bucket  
Now the bullet starts to travel, I caught a shiver  
But fuck it like the mail man I'll deliver  
I hoppes out the bucket and I'm bleedin bad  
But fuck it don't sweat it cause I'm too damn mad  
Don't give a damn of who's in the line of fire  
Grabbed the 'K and kneeled down by the tyre  
They bust at me and I bust back  
Boom Bam bring up the rear with the fuckin Mac  
I buck one in the chest he start to beg  
"Let me live"  
I slipped, caught one in the leg  
My nigga Bam let the mutherfuckin Mac spit  
Here comes Tha Chill over the fence, fuck this shit!  
I grabbed the 'K and kicked in the front door  
90 rounds spittin as I catch 2 more  
But I don't give a fuck about these  
Mark-ass niggas, we'll go out like G's  
Come on  
Compton in the house, nigga  
Compton in the house, fool  
Compton in the house, geah  
Compton in the house, bitchEihthype in the muthafuckin house  
For the 94, geah  
My nigga Slip in the muthafuckin house  
Half Ounce in the house  
Niggas On The Run in the muthafuckin house  
And this is going out to all the Compton G's, geah

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>