

# Collect My Stripez (feat. C.M.W. & Young Prod.)

## MC Eiht & Young Prod.

[eiht]  
(don't fuck around...)  
Geah  
In the mutherfuckin house  
To the 9 to the 6  
Compton in this bitch, uh  
And we in this muthafucka lookin' too greedy  
This goin' out to all the hub city players baby  
Check it out  
Gang way cause I'm nuthin but a killer  
A nigga that kill, that's real  
Eiht gon' steal to your  
Mutherfuckin jaw  
Fuck the southpaw  
We go knuckle to knuckle, i'ma watch your ass buckle (geah)  
It seems that you talk much trash but i'ma be like rockets  
Hard to dump on that ass (pop pop pop)  
Niggas lookin' faulty, you done fucked yourself this time  
With the notorious 1-59  
You goin be feelin kinda nervous when we pass you  
Your ride full of holes when we blast you  
Got no muthafuckin stripes at all  
Go toe to toe with the m.a. and they gon' fall sucker  
Better duck ah, i'ma buck ya  
Serve you like a clucker, punk muthafucka  
You can't hang with the greatest heavy weights  
Niggas on the run, lil hawk & bird, da foe and eiht  
So fool get your flip on, you're trip on  
Better skip on  
Before I get my clip on  
Geah, bitch, right  
And I'm just tryin' to collect my stripes  
(don't fuck around...)  
Nigga  
Eihthype in the house nigga  
Young prod in the house nigga  
Westside in the house[young prod]  
A east side ridah  
Gots to put it down for the goods  
I'm slangin'

G'd up, throwin up the hood (gangsta)  
The homies got problems  
Swerve in an all gold trey, dumpin' (geah)  
Leanin' out the window deuce-five, bust  
Givin a fuck like ike turner  
Corner, one times at the light  
In motion  
With my big homie on d's (c'mon)  
Since it's all about the hood  
I'm jumpin out with the heat, peep  
Hit that block and stop, I'm in traffic  
Breakin with the deuce-five strap  
Call me a classic  
A b.g. bustin caps for stripes  
But now it's drastic  
I wish I had a plastic glock  
And now we blastin  
Muthafucka brains and thangs  
Cause I'm a bastard  
It ain't nuthin but killin  
When you dealin with the evil side  
Caps get peeled  
And it's still to the g  
That's how it is  
Collectin' stripes[eiht]  
(don't fuck around...)  
Eihthype big baby, geah...  
And ain't nuthin but the killers in here  
Like I said once again my friend  
Niggas in this muthafucka lookin' too greedy  
Geah, watts up rat big baby  
We in the muthafuckin house, geahPunk mutherfuckers wanna act up  
How can you speak when you got no fuckin back up?  
I guess we got bitch niggas in the c.p.t.  
Tryin to represent but ain't worth nine cent  
Niggas need to get cut down to size  
Puttin permanent marks under they mutherfuckin eyes  
To be or not to be killed is the question  
When I lay slugs in they muthafuckin chest and  
You lookin silly - billy  
Don't hit that high note  
As I slit your throat  
Can't stand it, goddamnit!  
I'ma ram it  
Any time, any place like janet  
I'ma serve you like flow and mel's diner  
Then break your fragile-ass like some china  
Knick knack paddy wack, give a dog a bone  
Scaredy cats need to get that ass on

We rolls heads like bowling balls  
Serve your block with the glock like house calls (geah)  
So don't be fuckin with the crew when I'm buzzed  
Geah, right and I'm just tryin to collect my stripes Nigga, uh  
Eihthype in the muthafuckin house  
Like I said once again my friend  
It ain't over till the fat bitch spit  
And she ain't spittin shit  
Cause we ain't spittin' shit but the nina  
To the mutherfuckin six, y'know I'm sayin?  
Fuck all you fake-ass fools out there  
Cause we ain't nuthin but the true blue gangstas  
From the hub city y'know I'm sayin?  
West side hoo-ride all day  
Nigga and we don't play  
Eihthype in the muthafuckin house, erb

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