

Niggaz Make the Hood Go Round

MC Eiht

Geah
Eihthype in the muthafuckin house
Mc eiht, dj slip
Half ounce in the mutherfuckin house It all starts in them muthafuckin streets
With the shooting up, bang bang
From the quiet neighbourhoods to them loc'd out compton gangs
From they mommas to they daddies to they grands
Passed generations with rags in they fuckin' hands
And living in compton you can't deal with the hassle
Uh, living in compton one time's tryin' to gaffle
Uh, living in compton boy you better think fast
Niggas ain't fuckin around, they'll put a slug in your ass
Never givin a fuck goin' out like geez
Slangin them keys, jackin naked body on d's
Do or die is the motto that we strive to live
Do a muthafuckin drive-by on your wife and kids
From every hood to block to park to street
You cross the wrong fuckin' line and your ass gets beat
One for all, all for one is how we go down
Niggaz make the muthafuckin hood go round That's righ, geah
Niggas make the hood... geah... go
You know...
The hood done took under all kinds, yeah I know
From my homies down in watts to the g's in chicago
(hey what's up homeboy?)
What's up? and everybody's up on the gank
It don't matter how the fuckin blood splatter, long as get yo' bank
Real g's come in all shapes and sizes
Dottin' your eyeses, packin all kinda surprises
The type of niggas that don't give a fuck about one time
Fill they fuckin' car full of holes with this brand new 9 (pop pop)
And now your shit outta luck
Niggas ain't fuckin around when they hood starts throwing down (geah)
Caps get peeled with this hot ass a.k.
Ain't no stoppin' cause we poppin' punks on rainy days
A place where there's about a million night stalkers
Gangsta walkers, muthafuckin' shit talkers
Throw your straps in the air when you hear the sound (yeah)
Niggaz make the muthafuckin' hood go round
Geah
Niggas make the hood... go
You know Damn the hood is kinda hot (say why)

Just heard one of the fuckin homies got shot (shit)
And we don't need it cause it's some shit that we just went through
At martin luther king guess who we ran into
The enemy, no friend of me, homies grab your straps (what's up?)
In the waiting room it's time to peel some fuckin caps
And ain't no losin cause we already lost
The homie from the hood so they asses get tossed
And ain't no cowards from my camp, so homie let's dump
Fill they ass full of holes right after we stomp
That's the way it happens, the way I'm sayin'
Fool, niggas from the old school ain't playin (geah)
You got beef? muthafucka that's cool (you got beef?)
Say hello to the mutherfuckin tool (what's up man?)
We cap yo' ass so ya know you're goin' down
Niggas make the mutherfuckin hood go round (geah)Geah
Niggas make the hood... go
You know
Geah
GeahAnd this is going out to all the real compton niggas, geah
You know what I'm saying
And you can't stop the mutherfuckin' bum rush
Half ounce in the muthafuckin' house, geah
And we puttin' it down for all the real compton niggas y'know I'm sayin
Ain't no faking homeboy
Eihthype's in this bitch for the 94
Mc eih, dj slip, boom bam, tha chill,
My homeboy d.u.i., lil hawk & bird
Y'know I'm sayin, geah
And this is how we doin in, you know I'm sayin
And peace to all the real compton city g's
Yo willie, take me outta here
Yeah what's up, geah
Eihthype's in this bitch

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