

Geah

We in the house for the 93 shot
MC Eiht you know I'm sayin'
Ain't no fakin' the funk
It ain't nuthin' but a Compton thang
And this one is goin' out to all my homeboys rest in peace
Geah

A crooked childhood it's what the way I am
It's got me in the state where I don't give a damn, geah
Somebody helped me
But now they don't hear me though
I guess I be another victim of the ghetto
Ain't no escaping cause I'm way too young
Pops is dealin'
And on top of that got moms sprung
Screamin' of the top
Pops never figured
Daddy go down by the hands of another man
Now my pops is goin' that ain't no good
Gotta follow in the footsteps of the homies from the hood
And where's the role model?
Brothers putting brew
In my damn baby bottle, geah
And through all the stress and the pain
They all drew my mind insane
So I guess I gotta do what so I ain't finished
I grew up to be a streiht up menace, geah

Now I'm of age
And living in the projects
Gettin' paid of the clucks in the county checks
I finish fresh outta High School
Never did I wonder
That - the hood - would take me under
Geah, I'm kickin' it with the homies and it's like that
Off to the corner store owned by the dirty rats
See a freak in the right lane so I comes with a Mac
I stole van, trust a trick, pulls a jack from the back
Now he gots the strap to my homies head
Sayin' playin' cool and don't be a fool