

Hi-C, Punk Shit

Yeah
Ready to slang 'em
Girls, I'm ready to bang 'em
So you know how we do it
I'm 'bout to step to it like this, you know

[VERSE 1: Hi-C]

Boom, nigga, I'ma drop the rock
For the punk-ass niggaz that's on my jock
One day I was caught in the mix
In a gang, it was four, five or six
Old bitch-ass niggaz get to go head up
Cause when I run I tear they ass up
I got slung to the ground, took one to the eye
But a Compton-ass nigga won't cry
So I dusted off my clothes and I ran to the Cutlass
Thought for a minute, said fuck this
On the way back to Compton went to get the gat
But they knew that day I'd be comin back
But I didn't go back on the same day
Cause a nigga ain't stupid, okay?
But a month down the line they ass'll be mine
They be chewin on a muthafuckin AK

[VERSE 2: Hi-C]

Once again Hi-C jumps on the scene
Killin all creeps if you know what I mean
Fool, so come on, bring your nine
But it ain't gon' help this time, punk
Cause you'll get smoked with a deuce-five
Take two to the eye, you won't stay alive
You keep poppin that gangsta mess
But you'll suck a gang of jock tryina fuck with the Skanless
I used to hit up my set on the walls
Niggaz run up, get kicked in the balls
My weight may be light but I swing 'em like Mighty Mike
If you think you can hang - syke
Cause my homies ain't no goddamn joke
Niggaz from the other side always get smoked
My hood you can't stop, so get off the jock
As I drop the muthafuckin rock