

# Mc Eiht, Wavin The Pistol

[Chorus: x2]

Anytime y'all wanna go  
Motherfuckers, just let us know  
Wherever you at, we kick in the do'  
And start wavin the pistol

[Verse 1]

I'm a nigga, still struggle in the Compton streets  
West coast all day til my life's complete  
Like my homie W.C., you don't work, you don't eat  
Try to drown out the gunshots wit loud beats  
True son of the ghetto, No doubt I'ma ball  
Live my life reckless like it snow tomorrow  
I win any fuckin shoot 'em up contest  
It's no disputin which side's the best  
Have gun, niggaz will travel  
Stay up on it, motherfucker till they slam the gavel  
We slang, we jack, We do drive-bys  
We fuck wit hoodrats and always stay high  
Some shit that we go through  
Finger pointing, motherfucker like we know you  
Compton, motherfucker, hard act to follow  
And ya pride hard to swallow, like love from the hollow

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Eiht motherfucker, Always so hood  
Catch me in the streets cause nigga it's all good  
Only heavy bodyguard I roll wit is the metal  
Like a stunt driver when I'm pushin the pedal  
Knuckle to knuckle, Don't buckle bob and weave  
Reveal the compton tat up under my sleeve  
Behind it wit the trigger finger like I was steve  
Got the whole town talkin like I was fuckin eve  
I'm a product of the pre N.W.A  
Wit the quality product tryin to double my pay  
To live and die in compton and L.A  
It's about one victim like everyday  
Fist fight in the liquor store parking lot  
Shoot a nigga when he sit up in ya parking spot  
Little hustle tryin to make a lot  
Like a little bg and his first spot  
Geah

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

You got guns, We got straps  
We true to these murder raps, We peel caps  
We ain't snitches motherfucker, We just take the charge  
That's why I skip bail, Then ran, I'm still at large  
These hood niggaz televise game for sale  
Wannabe motherfuckers in the game should tell  
Compton, We gained much respect  
You better duck down when the shells eject  
And ya little frail chest or vest won't protect  
From this true westside compton connect  
On ya front porch, Play connect the red dots  
Like a photographer aiming for head shots  
04, you get eight the hard way  
Even in broad day, the sound of ricochet  
This ain't denzel on the set, it's been hell  
E wit the four-o federal mail

Geah

[Chorus x2]