

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]