

Hey yo, remember that shit Eazy did a while back
Motherfuckers said it wasn't gonna work
That crazy shit, yeah the stupid shit, man
That shit was dope.

Hey yo Eazy!

Wassup?

Hey man why don't you come off the piano for a minute and
bust this crazy shit

Woke up quick at about noon

Just thought that I had to be in Compton soon

I gotta get drunk before the day begins

Before my mother starts bitchin' about my friends

About to go and damn near went blind

Young niggas at the pad throwin' up gang signs

Ran in the house and grabbed my clip

With the MAC-10 on the side of my hip

Bailed outside and pointed my weapon

Just as I thought, the fools kept steppin'

Jumped in the fo' hit the juice on my ride

I got front back and side to side

Then I let the Alpine play

Bumpin' new shit by NWA

It was "Gangsta Gangsta" at the top of the list

Then I played my own shit, it went somethin' like this:

Cruisin' down the street in my six-fo'

Jockin' the bitches, slappin' the hoes

Went to the park to get the scoop

Knuckleheads out there cold shootin' some hoops

A car pulls up, who can it be?

A fresh El Camino rolling Kilo G

He rolls down his window and he started to say

It's all about makin' that GTA

'Cause the boys in the hood are always hard

You come talkin' that trash we'll pull your card

Knowin' nothin' in life but to be legit

Don't quote me boy, 'cause I ain't sayin' shit

Yo, man!

Get the fuck out!

Pump that beat!

Motherfucker, say what?

Donald B's in the place to give me the pace

He said my man JD is on freebase

The boy JD was a friend of mine

'Til I caught him in my car tryin' to steal a Alpine

Chased him up the street to call a truce

The silly motherfucker pull out a "deuce-deuce"

Little did he know I had a loaded 12-gauge

One sucker dead, LA Times front page

'Cause the boys in the hood are always hard

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Yo, Leroy!

Beer drinking, breath stinking, sniffing glue

Bored as hell and I wanna get ill

So I went to a spot where my homeboys chill

The fellows out there, makin' that dollar

I pulled up in my 6-4 Impala

They greet me with a 40 and I start drinkin'
And from the 8-ball my breath starts stinkin'
Left to get my girl, to rock that body
Before I left I hit the Bacardi
Went to her house to get her out of the pad
Dumb hoe says somethin' that made me mad
She said somethin' that I couldn't believe
So I grabbed the stupid bitch by her nappy ass weave
She started talkin' shit, wouldn't you know?
Reached back like a pimp and slapped the hoe
Her father jumped up and he started to shout
So I threw a right-cross and knocked his old ass out
'Cause the boys in the hood are always hard
You come talkin' that trash we'll pull your card
Knowin' nothin' in life but to be legit
Don't quote me boy, 'cause I ain't sayin' shit
Who do you think you are, Mr. Big Stuff?
Rock motherfucker, like the hard three the hard way
I'm rollin' hard now under control
Then wrapped the six-fo' around a telephone pole
I looked at my car and I said, "Oh brother
I throw it in the gutter and go buy another"
Walkin' home and I see the G ride
Now Kat is driving Kilo on the side
As they busted a U, they got pulled over
An undercover cop in a dark green Nova
Kat got beaten for resisting arrest
He socked the pig in the head for ripping his Guess
Now G is caught for doing the crime

Fourth offense on the boy, he'll do some time
'Cause the boys in the hood are always hard
You come talkin' that trash we'll pull your card
Knowin' nothin' in life but to be legit
Don't quote me boy, 'cause I ain't sayin' shit
L.A. playa

Big Drum beater

I went to get them out but there was no bail
The fellas cause a riot in the county jail
Two days later in municipal court
Kilo G on trial cold cut a fart
"Disruption of the court", said the judge
On a six year sentence my man didn't budge
Bailiff came over to turn him in
Kilo G looked up and gave a grin
He yelled out "Fire!", then came Suzy
The bitch came in with a sub-machine uzi
Police shot the bitch but didn't hurt her
Both upstate for attempted murder
'Cause the boys in the hood are always hard
You come talkin' that trash we'll pull your card
Knowin' nothin' in life but to be legit
Don't quote me boy, 'cause I ain't sayin' shit
Yeah, I kicked a little ass
But that was a blast from the past, motherfucker
Get busy, y'all y'all y'all y'all!