

So Compton

DJ Quik

Yeah

Ain't nothin' but DJ Quik, my boy KK

Doing a little dedication to the neighborhood that raised us—the Hub City

KK reintroduce yourself

You don't know me, bitch; just wish you could

I'm KK with the cat from the Compton backwoods

With a city full of stars, wannabes

Young G's, rats, euro Cutlasses, 'Lacs

Dippin', swervin', niggas still servin' yay

Through the valley of death, best keep your wheels turnin'

Look and learn, tweed burn by the minute

Trickin' the private throats, can't if my hustle ain't it

Man, get wit' it

I shouldn't be reasoning the rules

It's harder by the second tryin' not to use the proper tools

But fools get sent to school with all that tryna clown

That junk poppin' too much could get'cha tossed around

And broke down by necessary parts

Brains, balls, dick, and muthaf*ckin' heart from the start

You niggas underestimatn' skills?

Sittin' back talkin' 'bout "Y'all niggas ain't real"

While all you hookers lose your will, we chillin' in the zone spaces

Business ain't concernin' you, so stay up out our face

The chase on, hold it tight when on the mic

You ain't actin' right, off with your lights

[R]

This is so Compton—it's so Aranbe and Spruce

It's so Kemp Street, it's so Rosecrans

So muthaf*ckin' Compton

It's so 105 Freeway, east to west in the evening

Too muthaf*ckin' Compton

You know we blowin' tweed

Ain't no need to mention drinkin' fluid

You caught up on your water, well now you're going through it

That's a blast—I'm a not the type to do it, turn in your player pass

Ya blew it—take that there, chew it with your slow movement

I'm paced, KK style but true to it

220, but now you know the time gon' blow it

Search yourself first, girl, then go for it

Calm down, way down before you throw it

Hold on, disinfect your mouth 'fore you choke it

Now ain't no jokin', before I start pokin'

You gotta stop that tweakin', tryna kiss me and loc

Yeah, bitch, back on the scene

Cut black clean, blessed, unstressed, and still lookin' 19

While haters I went to school with, they to the curb

Like exes, when I see 'em, they be frownin' with no words

I don't deserve, rumors unheard, never Hollywood

Guys, my bodyguard is why I'm solo through your hoods

Now to the blunts, it all ain't good

You the type to bleeze stuck up in your fantasy, bitch

[R]

This is so Compton—it's so Gonzalez Park
Muthaf*ckin' Compton—it's so Lueders Park
So muthaf*ckin' Compton
So Jim's Burgers, so Dees Liquor

Hey, I'm live, I'm givin', I'm livin' it
See or it or be it as you may, you know you can't f*ck wit' it
That keep it real wit' it—man, I'm standing here, the truth
And being KK without something to prove
Everybody got something to lose
When the button get pushed and it's you, it's getting battered and bruised
Then there's nothing left to do, except for you
Sitting at home, phonin' the black and blue
Now why glorify a killer or thug, gangsta banger
Then run and hide, terrified, fearing the danger
I'm remaining the same
Bald head, black, part of the original West Coast rap gang from Compton
Pacific C, California—one of three West states that producin' that stankonia
I'm putting that 2nd II None on ya—now move, muthaf*cka, 'cause I'm...

[R]

This is so Compton—it's so Aranbe and Spruce
It's so Kemp Street, it's so Rosecrans
So muthaf*ckin' Compton
It's so 105 Freeway, in the morning or the evening
It's too muthaf*ckin' Compton
It's so Jim's Burgers, so Dees Liquor, so neighborhood
This is so Compton
It's so Centennial, it's so Compton High, it's all to the good
So muthaf*ckin' Compton
It's so Black Tone, it's so Big Ducky, it's so Quik's hood
Too muthaf*ckin' Compton
It's so Tree Will, so Big Chubbs, every last hood
So muthaf*ckin' Compton
The Hub City, C-O-M-P-T-O-N
It's too muthaf*ckin' Compton