

Niggaz My Height Don't Fight

Eazy-E

"Gimmie this, gimmie that, gimmie this, gimmie that
Bitch, step back and stop tryna jack."

"But mister dopeman, dopeman, can I get a hit?"

"No, ho, but you can get my duck sick."

But let me finish my story as I was sayin'
I told you lil locs ain't playin'
Gotta roll with the punches
Can't help the travellin' bunches
Now, ain't that somethin'
Just a case a few niggas try to trip
Bone-out, put on my ski-mask and come back blastin'
Cause niggas my height don't fight
My name is Eazy-E, you're motherfuckin' right
They must to thought I was a busta
You're wearin' your bullet-proof vest
So what's next?
I got my nine filled up with teflon
And don't let me hit the wetbomb
So what ya wanna do?
The red, white and blue
I got some for you, too
Cause it gonna be on when I'm kickin' down doors
So say hello to my new 44

I'm a type of nigga
That smokes motherfuckers
That smokes motherfuckers
I don't give a fuck fuck
Smoke mothafuckaz
I'mma smoke motherfuckers
Cause I'm the "E"

So you can kiss my black ass
Fuck the White House, it ain't my house
So you can burn the motherfuckers down for all I care
Cause t-shirts and khakies is all I wear
I'm from the city where they show no pity for a punk ass mark in the park
Blow his brains out, stuff him in the bushes
Take his gat, leave his ass for the rats
And let me hit that Cisco
I got a 187 on my pistol
Wanted by the L.A.P.D.K
For puttin' in work out my tray
Because the president never sent
One damn dime to my residence
I'm goin' crazy like 1980
I need my ends, fuck you, pay me
Or I'mma have to get the strap
My Nutty O.G. buddy Big Black
I make you shit in your pants and shake like Jell-O
So tell all my homies said hello

I'm a type of nigga
That smokes motherfuckers
That smokes motherfuckers
I don't give a fuck

Smoke motherfuckers
Smoke motherfuckers
Like it ain't no thang

You can't check a checker
But when you wanna try let me know
I got the stretcher on stand-by
Starvin' for a nigga like you
That thinks his heart is much bigger than a trigger
So I can show how to put in work:
The Ruthless network drive-by experts
Straight outta Compton, kickin' up dust
The place where guns don't get a chance to rust
I warned them and they still approached me
Now I got two more golf-hats for my trophy
I got a brand new trend, it's killin' men
Who is that?
That's my little friend

I don't give a fuck
I don't give a fuck
I don't give a fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck
I don't give a fuck
I don't give a fuck
Smoke motherfuckers like it ain't no thang