

# Nobody Beat Us

MC Eiht

Geah! G-g-geah! G-g-g-geah! G-g-g-g-geah!  
Cmon, It's compton!  
G-g-g-geah, It's compton!  
Uh, Dub I-N-C

Who in the fuck can y'all call along to represent?  
Disrespect the west and he talkin shit  
Til the casket drops, boy I don't quit  
Wit the hammer cocked back, boy too legit  
That's gangsta, the only thing I'm wit  
Compton hoodrats, every word I spit  
And ain't nothin but lowlives, girl go buy jeans  
Try to find her a hood star, bitch got big dreams  
Man, her and the homegirl fuckin teens  
Tryin to make it to hood rich by all means  
A true west coaster, gun, no holster  
Wit the gang bang signs thrown up at my poster  
There's so many motherfuckin in love thugs  
Got quick to spit love arrows, no slugs  
We ain't doin nothin but shootin up in the clubs  
West coast niggaz, wrong fools to rub

Geah, Geah, Geah, Geah  
It's compton  
Dub I-N-C, Uh, Dub I-N-C

In the middle of the street, Let the strap commence  
Tryin to fuck wit the best side, It's so nonsense  
It's obvious I got the best of you  
What's left is the breath of the all star shoot  
It's all for the money, What would you do?  
Sell out for the shit? Real g's stay true  
To my real street rhymers, Reppin lifetimers  
Niggaz still strugglin, Fuck them hill climbers  
We ain't tryin to outshine, Speak the outline  
I could say it last time, The hood is mine  
And I gotta deal wit so many jealous-ass fools  
Still smilin in my face man, We ain't cool  
You ain't earn no respect boy, Follow the rules  
Bitches tellin me eiht don't be so cruel  
Geah, That's just the way we live  
Don't worry, Cause I got extra shots to give

Geah, Geah, Geah  
Dub I-N-C, Cmon it's compton  
Geah, Geah  
Nobody beat us kid, Nobody beat us kid

Man I can't stop and I won't stop  
Reppin dub s til the casket drops  
And if y'all fearin the west, Best call the cops  
Symbolize wearin hood bandannas in drops  
Homeboys, Make some noise, Ya guns pop  
Hoodrats in the summer shorts, Skirts, And tops  
Barroom brawls, Backs against walls  
Wit a bail of 20 g's, Bitch make some calls  
And i'ma stay so hood

Street stripes ain't talkin so I knock on wood  
Nigga, I fight the power, Black steel in the hour  
Even motherfucker who spit it could never get it  
And I'm wit that, As a matter of fact  
One hand over the dash, Stop the blowback  
Catch a blow, Jack, Oh no, It's not a act  
While you face down, Ya bitch givin the bozack

Geah, G-g-g-g-geah, It's compton  
G-g-g-g-geah, Uh, Nobody beat us kid  
Nobody beat us kid

To the West, you know how the fuck we do  
Uh, nobody beat us kid, nobody beat us kid  
Geah, original, CM Dub, geah  
Nobody beat us kid, Nobody beat us kid