

# We Made It '04

MC Eiht

Geah! Geah!  
Fresh out the hood, We made it  
This gangsta shit, We paid it  
G-g-g-g-geah, Cmon

I'ma keep yellin compton for life  
Although the ghetto bring a motherfucker stress to strife  
At night, hear the gunshots, somebody dyin  
Murder on the front line, mama be cryin  
It's her firstborn, all the lines been torn  
How long will mama only son should mourn?  
To the streets is my motherfuckin lord to sworn  
Out the do' when I hear my fuckin o.g.'s horn  
To the homie 6 feet, a little liquor we pourin  
Down the ave statin where the girls be whorin  
One times is hot on the trail  
Destined to stack us in the county jail  
Police ain't a friend to me, pop at the enemy  
Fire out the hole life smoke at the chimney  
There's so many young souls lost  
The hood life you gon pay at a high cost

[Chorus: MC Eiht (Tha Chill)]  
(We made it) Fresh out the hood, We made it  
These motherfuckin dues, Homeboy we paid it  
(We made it) This gangsta shit, We made it  
These motherfuckin dues, Homeboy we paid it  
(We made it) Fresh out the hood, we made it  
These motherfuckin dues, Homeboy we paid it  
(We made it) Homeboy, We made it, This motherfuckin gangsta

I remember when it all started, Runnin around actin retarded  
Jumpin out on anybody livin life cold hearted  
I'll hold him while you sock 'em up  
Go in his pockets cause you know we don't give a fuck  
Nigga what? This Compton, breaded and branded, sets landed  
But fools be softies and I can't understand it  
We went from small change to big change  
Flipped up the game and remain the same  
Blow weed, get dope, and chase all the hoes  
Fresh white tee, slammin 6 tre dough  
And stay ready to kick up dust  
Cause it's a rumor in the city they gon spit at us  
So they had to be ready for niggaz to rock steady  
Can't get caught without it, So don't sweat me  
But these fools is fake and gold plated  
Livin outdated while I'm laughin, Screamin out we made it

I'm out the ragtop 6 tre, dub's in the sky  
Blunt gettin me high, it's do or die  
Reminiscing on how we used to laugh and joke  
Goin half on the o.e. lookin for smoke  
I was the getaway driver, you rolled shotgun  
Motherfuckers surrounded the car, you shot one  
In broad day light, whenever we took flight  
I'ma revenge the death boy with all my might  
Hand me a light so I can spark up the blunt

Smoke until my finger tips then go on a hunt  
Best not stunt, I'ma stay low key  
Creep up when you comin out slowly  
Wit the rag round my face, you don't know me  
I'm a neighborhood menace to my enemy  
Geah, it's just the way we are  
If you wit your homies, still shoot up the car

[Chorus]