

Collect My Stripez (feat. C.M.W. & Young Prod.)

MC Eiht & Young Prod.

[eiht]
(don't fuck around...)
Geah
In the mutherfuckin house
To the 9 to the 6
Compton in this bitch, uh
And we in this muthafucka lookin' too greedy
This goin' out to all the hub city players baby
Check it out
Gang way cause I'm nuthin but a killer
A nigga that kill, that's real
Eiht gon' steal to your
Mutherfuckin jaw
Fuck the southpaw
We go knuckle to knuckle, i'ma watch your ass buckle (geah)
It seems that you talk much trash but i'ma be like rockets
Hard to dump on that ass (pop pop pop)
Niggas lookin' faulty, you done fucked yourself this time
With the notorious 1-59
You goin be feelin kinda nervous when we pass you
Your ride full of holes when we blast you
Got no muthafuckin stripes at all
Go toe to toe with the m.a. and they gon' fall sucker
Better duck ah, i'ma buck ya
Serve you like a clucker, punk muthafucka
You can't hang with the greatest heavy weights
Niggas on the run, lil hawk & bird, da foe and eiht
So fool get your flip on, you're trip on
Better skip on
Before I get my clip on
Geah, bitch, right
And I'm just tryin' to collect my stripes
(don't fuck around...)
Nigga
Eihthype in the house nigga
Young prod in the house nigga
Westside in the house[young prod]
A east side ridah
Gots to put it down for the goods
I'm slangin'

G'd up, throwin up the hood (gangsta)
The homies got problems
Swerve in an all gold trey, dumpin' (geah)
Leanin' out the window deuce-five, bust
Givin a fuck like ike turner
Corner, one times at the light
In motion
With my big homie on d's (c'mon)
Since it's all about the hood
I'm jumpin out with the heat, peep
Hit that block and stop, I'm in traffic
Breakin with the deuce-five strap
Call me a classic
A b.g. bustin caps for stripes
But now it's drastic
I wish I had a plastic glock
And now we blastin
Muthafucka brains and thangs
Cause I'm a bastard
It ain't nuthin but killin
When you dealin with the evil side
Caps get peeled
And it's still to the g
That's how it is
Collectin' stripes[eiht]
(don't fuck around...)
Eihthype big baby, geah...
And ain't nuthin but the killers in here
Like I said once again my friend
Niggas in this muthafucka lookin' too greedy
Geah, watts up rat big baby
We in the muthafuckin house, geahPunk mutherfuckers wanna act up
How can you speak when you got no fuckin back up?
I guess we got bitch niggas in the c.p.t.
Tryin to represent but ain't worth nine cent
Niggas need to get cut down to size
Puttin permanent marks under they mutherfuckin eyes
To be or not to be killed is the question
When I lay slugs in they muthafuckin chest and
You lookin silly - billy
Don't hit that high note
As I slit your throat
Can't stand it, goddamnit!
I'ma ram it
Any time, any place like janet
I'ma serve you like flow and mel's diner
Then break your fragile-ass like some china
Knick knack paddy wack, give a dog a bone
Scaredy cats need to get that ass on

We rolls heads like bowling balls
Serve your block with the glock like house calls (geah)
So don't be fuckin with the crew when I'm buzzed
Geah, right and I'm just tryin to collect my stripesNigga, uh
Eihthype in the muthafuckin house
Like I said once again my friend
It ain't over till the fat bitch spit
And she ain't spittin shit
Cause we ain't spittin' shit but the nina
To the mutherfuckin six, y'know I'm sayin?
Fuck all you fake-ass fools out there
Cause we ain't nuthin but the true blue gangstas
From the hub city y'know I'm sayin?
West side hoo-ride all day
Nigga and we don't play
Eihthype in the muthafuckin house, erb

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>