

Bompton

YG

Nigga, I'm from Bompton
Talking that shit nigga get yo' ass boobopped-like-boowop
Pop-pop, that's two shots
My shooters in the hood going ham, they need to woosa
Niggas ain't beefing with a hamburger
I'm on Rosecrans nigga at Tam's Burgers
I'm buying AK's and handguns
Through the enemies foul, nigga; and-1
I'm really with the shit though
I'm really on the block with a pistol
Let it blow like a whistle
Yo' mom's looking like she do crystal
I'm a hundred rack boy
But daddy is a bitch and you a son of that boy
Nigga I'm from Bompton
That's why yo' bitch wanna fuck
And yo' homies don't like me cause they know where I'm from
Nigga I'm from Bompton
I be really in the hood though
Mama never understood though
Nigga I'm from Bompton
New shit dropping, whip copping, nigga I'm popping
Nigga I'm from Bompton
Where the Crips say, "errrb"
And the bitch niggas get on my nerves
I'm buying choppers like tennis shoes
And I hate doing interviews
Cause criminals don't like talking
I don't go to funerals, I don't like coffins
You wasn't catching fades in the county
Niggas told you "roll it up" and you was out it
I got Crips they be TG'd up
I heard you hit the county and be PC'd up
Your bitch fuck me cause I'm poppin'
I be on the block when the police watching
And if you cross the street, there's a store there
But that's the enemy store we don't go there
Nigga I'm from Bompton
I know ese's and all my enemies bitches wanna sex me
All my YG's give it up, enemies hit 'em up
West side Tree Top gang, we don't give a fuck

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>