Renegade

Multitudes

Motherfuckers
Say that I'm foolish
I only talk about jewels
(Bling bling)
Do you fools
Listen to music or
Do you just skim
Through it?
See I'm influenced
By the ghetto you ruined
That same dude
You gave nothin'
I made somethin' doin'
What I do through
And through and
I give you the news
With a twist
It's just his
Ghetto point-of-view
The renegade
You been afraid
I penetrate pop culture
Bring 'em a lot closer
To the block where they
Pop toasters
And they live
With they moms
Got dropped roasters
From botched robberies
Niggaz crotched over
Mommy's knocked up
Cause she wasn't
Watched over
Knocked down
By some clown
When child support knocked
No he's not around
Now how that
Sound to ya?

Jot it down
I bring it
Through the ghetto
Without ridin' 'round
Hidin' down duckin' strays
From frustrated youths
Stuck in they ways
Just read a magazine
That fucked up my day
How you rate music
That thugs with
Nothin' relate to it?
I help them see they way
Through it, not you
Can't step in my pants
Can't walk in my shoes
Bet everything you worth
You lose your tie
And your shirt
Since I'm in a position
To talk to these kids
And they listen
I ain't no politician
But I'll kick it
With 'em a minute
Cause see they
Call me a menace
And if the shoe fits
I'll wear it
But if it don't
Then you'll will
Swallow the truth
Grin and bear it
Now who's these
King of these rude
Ludicrous lucrative lyrics
Who could inherit the title
Put the youth in hysterics
Usin' his music to steer it
Sharin' his views
And his merits
But there's
A huge interference
They're sayin'
You shouldn't hear it

Maybe it's hatred I spew
Maybe it's food
For the spirit
Maybe it's beautiful music
I made for you
To just cherish
But I'm debated disputed hated
And viewed in America
As a motherfuckin' drug addict
Like you didn't experiment?
Now now, that's when
You start to stare at
Who's in the mirror
And see yourself
As a kid again
And you get embarrassed
And I got nothin' to do
But make you look
Stupid as parents
You fuckin' do-gooders
Too bad you couldn't
Do good at marriage
(Ha ha)
And do you
Have any clue
What I had to do
To get here?
I don't think you do
So stay tuned and
Keep your ears
Glued to the stereo

Cause here we go
He's
(Jigga joint Jigga-chk-Jigga)
And I'm the sinister
Mr. Kiss-My-Ass
It's just the
[Chorus]Renegade
Never been afraid
To say
What's on my mind
At any given time of day
Cause I'm a renegade
Never been afraid

To talk about anything
(Anything)
Anything
(Anything)
Renegade
Never been afraid
To say
What's on my mind
At any given time of day
Cause I'm a (Renegade)
Never been afraid
To holler about anything
(Anything?)
Anything
(Anything)
I had to hustle
My back to the wall
Ashy knuckles
Pockets filled with
A lot of lint, not a cent
Gotta vent
Lot of innocent of lives
Lost on the project bench
Whatchu hollerin'?
Gotta pay rent
Bring dollars in
By the bodega
Iron under my coat
Feelin' braver
Doo-rag
Wrappin' my waves up
Pockets full of hope
Do not step to me
I'm awkward
I box leftier often
My pops left me an orphan
My momma wasn't home
Could not stress to me
I wasn't grown
'Specially on nights
I brought somethin' home
To quiet the
Stomach rumblings
My demeanor
Thirty years my senior

My childhood
Didn't mean much
Only raisin' green up
Raisin' my fingers to critics
Raisin' my head to the sky
Big I did it
Multi before I die (nigga)
No lie, just know
I chose my own fate
I drove by the
Fork in the road
And went straight
See I'm a poet to some
A regular
Modern day Shakespeare
Jesus Christ the
King of these
Latter Day Saints here
To shatter the picture
In which of that
As they paint me
As a monger of hate and
Satan a scatter-brained atheist
But that ain't the case
See it's a matter of taste
We as a people decide
If Shady's as bad
As they say he is
Or is he the latter
A gateway to escape?
Media scapegoat
Who they can
Be mad at today
See it's easy as cake
Simple as whistlin' Dixie
While I'm wavin' the pistol
At sixty Christians against me
Go to war with the Mormons
Take a bath with the Catholics
In holy water
No wonder they try
To hold me under longer
I'm a motherfuckin' spiteful
Delightful eyeful
The new Ice Cube

Motherfuckers hate to like you
What did I do?
(Huh?)
I'm just a kid
From the gutter
Makin' this butter
Off these bloodsuckers
Cause I'm a muh'fuckin'
[Chorus: x2]

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