

# Always Into Somethin'

N.W.A.

The year is 1991, N.W.A. back on the streets, yo  
Takin' out all you commercialized suckers  
And we on this laid back track  
And we doin' this, well kinda smooth  
So what you gonna do, Dre? Kick it and so on, let the beat flow on  
Because I need somethin' to go off on  
The one and only D R E servin' a death wish  
So I'ma hit you like this Early in the mornin', hop into the B E N Z  
I got 44 ways of gettin' paid  
Sittin' in my lap as I roll off the Compton blocks  
To scoop up Ren, I heard shots 1, 2, 3, then I see Ren  
Hop in the fence and with a 45 inside his hand  
He ran to the Benz, got in and said  
"Dre, I was speakin' to your girl, O'Shea And as we roll on, I seen the patrol on Crip  
So we got ghost before they beat  
Me and Ren in the black C E, yo  
Humpin' some funky tracks by the D O C I gotta get paid, paid in a hurry, see  
I gotta have it, if I'm not paid thoroughly  
I start takin', makin' sure the money steady comin'  
Because I'm always into somethin' I heard a dope beat, somebody told me to go through it  
But if Dre didn't do it, I can't flow to it  
N.W.A. is like a mix, a hard time  
And hard rhymes in the same line You're takin' a chance when you think that  
Talkin' under your breath won't lead to young death  
Takin' a life ain't nothin' but a killin'  
For a brother labeled as bein' a young black villain But you don't know me, a record can't tell ya  
How so many pray that I be just another failure  
Real G's ain't about fakin' but takin'  
I hooked up with N.W.A. and started makin' Funky hype lyrics for your system  
Might sound nice so it makes you wanna listen  
To a sample of a ruthless organization  
But you don't want a confrontation Real G's don't play  
Yella, Eazy, me and my homeboy Dre  
Yo, always makin' sure that my beat is steady bumpin'  
Because I'm always into somethin' Yo, because I'm in it for life from the beginnin', I'm stackin'  
Now everybody wanna jackin'  
I'm watchin' a softy, punk strong as coffee  
A brother like that best to back up off me Yo 'cuz these are the days and the times of the real G  
You cross me, you gettin' tossed, see

And that's on the real because I'm known to get ill  
Again and again, so tell 'em what's up, RenIf I'm not into nothin' I don't feel like  
So I get my boys and we roll, yo, the goin' starts to lurk us at night  
Because I never can see myself sittin' in a cell  
With the crimers too tragic it couldn't make bailSo now they gotta hold me  
And listen to rehabilitation over and over, sayin' they told me  
But I don't really care 'cuz I know my music's pumpin'  
Now Ren is alwayz into somethin'

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