

R.N.S.

Slaughterhouse

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Once upon a time in the projects, yo
I'm at a cee lo game and my dice hit 4
That nigga rolled a 3 but I ain't get my dough
My hammer got a red light on it but I let that go
My whole life hidin' from the 5-0
Sirens loud outside of my door
Shortys screamin', "You's a wild nigga"
Lil' bitch actin' like she ain't know
I put in that work, my name rings those bells
Niggas know not to play with Joell
Niggas know not to play with my money
'Cause niggas know I'm not taking that L
I've been in these streets all of my life
Had niggas' teeth all in my nikes
Had white sheets all in my heat
Had white meat all in my knife
My nigga it's real nigga shit
Big pound on my chest
Big pound on my waist, nigga hit pound R N SI ain't ever ran on my niggas, never took a stand on my niggas
I will never jam up my niggas, real nigga shit, R.N.S
I ain't ever ran on my niggas, never took a stand on my niggas
I will never jam up my niggas, real nigga shit, R.N.S
R.N.S, R.N.S, R.N.S, R.N.S, R.N.S Once upon a time on the Jersey City dock
Had my truck parked in that corner, had them 18s on yappa
When a nigga ran up on that bicycle, with his hand on that Glock
Tryna get his blast on with that mask on
But I thank God it ain't pop
Thank God it jammed on him, jammed on him
Pay for havin' that drop
If he was in our shoes, he woulda killed us too
So we ran straight to them cops
That was fun homes, it's cool

See you when you come home, you get a time wait
None of my niggas gon' tell on you
We'll turn anything 'fore we turn snakes
That's real shit, O's around
No sausage party, keep hoes around
Her name come when we treat her like that
She come around, she goes around
She gon' call her friend up
Tell her 'bout that money we throw around
And then go blow her jack up
To holla at a nigga they know I'm in town I ain't ever ran on my niggas, never took a stand on my niggas
I will never jam up my niggas, real nigga shit, R.N.S
I ain't ever ran on my niggas, never took a stand on my niggas
I will never jam up my niggas, real nigga shit, R.N.S
R.N.S, R.N.S, R.N.S, R.N.S, R.N.S Once upon a time in North Long Beach, yo
Somebody was knockin' at my door
It's my homie, and he from Compton
Told me he heard some niggas was plottin'
To come up to my spot and leave me shot
And bleedin' proly from a problem from the past
Get that Kevlar and guard your chest
Stand your ground but watch your step, my nigga, that's R.N.S
Now I circle the block before I pull in the house
I guess a couple killers like hidin' in my hedges
Word on the street, they heard about the Bentley
Park that shit, ride in my Lexus
With two TEC-9s, kind of ironic how I'm ridin' with TECs
Bout to send my rivals a message
Cold as the ice in my necklace
I'm feelin' like I'm in Vietnam with insomnia
Or a kamikaze in Bosnia
'Cause it's so hard to rest
When you're at war with killers and that's R.N.S I ain't ever ran on my niggas, never took a stand on my niggas
I will never jam up my niggas, real nigga shit, R.N.S
I ain't ever ran on my niggas, never took a stand on my niggas
I will never jam up my niggas, real nigga shit, R.N.S
R.N.S, R.N.S, R.N.S, R.N.S, R.N.S

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