

Renee (Ost. South Central Edition)

Lost Boyz

Here's a tune about this honey named Renee
That I met one day
On my way back from John Jay
I'm peepin' shorty as she's walking to the train
I tap her on her shoulders
Excuse me Miss, but can I get your name
She said my name is Renee
I said I got a whole lot to say
So may I walk you to your subway
She said if you want
So yo, we started talking
I brought two franks and two drinks
And we began walking
I had to see where that head was at
Because the gear was mad phat
So we must chat about this and that
She told me what she was in school for
She wants to be a lawyer
In other words shorty studies law
I'm telling shorty I'm a writer
And as she's looking for the token
She drops a package of the EZ Rider
Covers her mouth with her name ring
I said, yo don't sweat the technique shorty rock
I do the same thing
But yet I use Philly Blunts
She said I never dealt with Philly Blunts
Because I heard that's for silly stunts
I said, nah they burn slower
Right now I really don't know ya
But maybe later on I can get to show ya
A ghetto love is the law that we live by
Day by day I wonder why my shorty had to die
I reminice over my ghetto princess everyday
Give it up for my shorty
A ghetto love is the law that we live by
Day by day I wonder why my shorty had to die
I reminice over my ghetto princess everyday
Give it up for my shorty
Now we sittin' on train
Besides the fingernails

Now shorty got the hairdo of pain
Now understand she got flava
A tough leather jacket, with some jeans
And a chain that her moms gave her
Got off the train about 6:34
She wasn't sure she had grub for the dog so we hit the store
Went to the crib
And turned the lights on
A crazy magazine stand
From Essence to Right On
A leather couch
Stereosystem with crazy CDs
Understand kid
She got cheese
She said cheeks do what you want
She said I'm gonna feed the dog
I said alright well I'm gonna roll this blunt
She came back with stretch pants and a ponytail, a t-shirt
A yo, Fam I got a tender-roni girl
We're sitting on the couch chatti
We're smoking blunts on her balcony
We're staring at Manhattan
She started feeling on my chest
I started feeling on her breasts
And there's no need for me to stress the rest
A yo, I got myself a winner
We sparked a blunt before we ate
And a blunt after we ate dinner
She had a tattoo she only wanted Bo to see
But first dim the lights and turn up the Jodeci
I'm like whatever shorty rock
We can swing it like that
Cause on the real this is where it's at. A ghetto love is the law that we live by
Day by day I wonder why my shorty had to die
I reminisce over my ghetto princess everyday
Give it up for my shorty
A ghetto love is the law that we live by
Day by day I wonder why my shorty had to die
I reminisce over my ghetto princess everyday
Give it up for my shorty I woke up the next day on the waterbed
A letter's on the pillow
And this what the letter said
It said cheeks, I'll be home around two
You was deep in your sleep
So I didn't want to bother you

I left a number for shorty to call me later
 Got dressed
 Smoked a blunt
 Then I bounced to the elevator
 I got a beep around three
 I'm asking shorty what's up with you
 She's asking what's up with me
 And now we been together for weeks
 Candlelight dinner with my shorty
 Crack a 40 with my naughty freaks
 A man, I never been in love
 But everytime I'm burstin' in and outta state
 It's shorty that I'm thinking of
 I'm hanging out with my crew
 I get a beep from Renee
 Because Renee uses code two
 But yet I'm chattin' with her mom dukes
 She said Renee has been shot
 So cheeks, meet me up at St. Lukes
 I jumps on the Van Wyck
 I gotta make it there quick
 A yo , this shit is gettin' mad thick
 Not even thinking about the po nine
 I'm doing a buck
 Who gives a fuck
 I'm smokin' boom and the whole nine
 I gotta see what's going on
 But by the time I reach the hospital
 They tell me Mr. Cheeks
 Renee is gone
 I'm pouring beer out for my shorty who ain't here
 I'm from the ghetto
 So listen
 This is how I shed my tears
 A ghetto love is the law that we live by
 Day by day I wonder why my shorty had to die
 I reminice over my ghetto princess everyday
 Give it up for my shorty
 A ghetto love is the law that we live by
 Day by day I wonder why my shorty had to die
 I reminice over my ghetto princess everyday
 Give it up for my shorty

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