

# Live from Compton 'Saturday Night'

MC Ren

Yeah, who dis?  
Yo, this Hutch man, oh, what's up?  
What up nigga, what's happenin'? Yeah, check this out  
I ain't even in right now, ah, so leave a message at the beap I'll get back, peace, yo what's up man, it's me, man  
Pick up the phone, nigga  
It's Hutch man, what's up?  
Hey, what's up dog? Hey nigga what time is, man? Hey, I don't know, man, I'm just sayin' man, I was just callin'  
To see what's poppin', man, what's goin' down  
Nigga I'm about to rest, dog  
Aww, man Saturday n shit and you talkin' about rest? Man, what you talkin' about  
I was at that motherfuckin' studio nigga, all night  
Man let's go get some 40s, bitches, somethin' man, do somethin'  
Hey, hey, fuck, what you gonna do  
Aw, aw it's like Ren, Ren what's up?  
Aw nigga, gonna hang up on a nigga, shit Come on and step on in, no turnin' back  
While I drop shit that have your mind turnin' black  
Nigga, I break God damn necks, when I drop verses  
And blind your sight from the shit that I recite Live from Compton it's Saturday night  
But ain't no joke, 'cause I don't play that shit  
Niggaz you know I ain't no motherfuckin' comic  
Droppin' street knowledge, plus a nigga Islamic Hoodrats they do the hoochie boogie for a fuck  
But that shit don't be workin'  
When I'm rollin' in my truck, the farthest they get is a big wheel  
For real and bitch-made-niggaz get they caps peeled When I walk, puts a hole in the floor, with the steel toe  
As if you didn't know, now that you know nigga act like you knew  
And if you continue trippin', motherfuck you  
I'm walkin' with my niggaz with the help of 187 on this tight ass track So step the hell back and you can't afford to sleep  
Because my shit gets deep Okay, time for me to rustle more shit, represent to the fullest  
Every time that I'm spit, get cha lit  
Get cha lifted, get cha high as you wanna go  
Breakin' fools off that wanna floss your gold 'Cause I hate flossers and I hate braggers  
I hate short stoppers and I hate lagers  
On the real, niggaz be wanna free kick it pass  
So they can beat your shit and jack your ass I give 'em 187 times to try  
But on the real, they better off committin' suicide  
Slide me the tech Ren, so I can show 'em  
That I'm not to be trusted and not to be fucked with And definitely not that motherfucker

They wanna press they luck with  
I keep it goin' uncut and if I get mad enough  
I shoot they whole fuckin' set up And don't say I didn't warn ya  
It ain't funny when you be a victim by the corner  
187 be the gate keeper  
'Cause where I'm from, the shit gets deeper My shit gets backed up for days and days  
It's hard to sleep, my shit is too deep  
Well, how in the hell am I gonna deal with new niggaz  
That be comin', hollerin' wolf and ain't put out shit yet Rollin' down the street in my 4 5 0  
Throwin' wack niggaz shit out my window  
'Cause rarely do I see niggaz that be comin' with that funky ass shit  
That make you say fuck ay, go shoot a nigga down But here comes that black nigga that they call Ren  
Makin' niggaz go and act crazy again  
Niggaz be fuckin' fools for the hell of it  
Some down old niggaz better not come this way 'Cause I just don't give a fuck  
'Cause I get in a baby gangsta mode  
Bitch slappin' niggaz with my fist  
'Cause I insist I'm a hell of a lyricist But my roots in the street  
Killin' playa haters over some wicked ass beats  
Me and my niggaz come and get your ass  
Then me and my niggaz beat up on that ass 'Cause me and my niggaz, nigga love the creep  
When the shit gets deep, it gets deep

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