

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 beapI'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, shitCome 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 reciteLive 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 IslamicHoodrats 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 peeledWhen 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 trackSo step the hell back and you can't afford to sleep

Because my shit gets deepOkay, 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 braggars

I hate short stoppers and I hate laggars

On the real, niggaz be wanna free kick it pass

So they can beat your shit and jack your assI 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 withAnd 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 upAnd 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 deeperMy 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 yetRollin' 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 downBut 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 lyricistBut 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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