Shot Caller

MC Ren

[verse 1: mc ren]
Niggas in the hood lookin at me crazy
Tellin niggas like they wanna fuck my old lady
Same fuckin shit every day at 8 o'clock
Nigga, start my day off raisin off the cock
I throw the khakis on, with the t-shirt
Never knowin when a nigga might hit the dirt
I'm thinkin, how in the fuck can I get high quicker
Mix the blunt with some muthafuckin malt liquor
These niggas that I love, I don't trust em, but I stay close to em
In case I gotta do em
We from the same set, but that don't mean shit no mo'
I be premeditatin with the .44 (.44)
My hoe be tellin a nigga to peel they caps back
Cause I know where them niggas hide they shit at
Shit be on my mind, return a shot call
Broke as fuck, it's about to get hot, y'all[chorus: big rocc]
Niggas starvin while you're home with the mills
Niggas killin while you're doin dope deals
Out flossin, throwin 100 $ bills
Time to set yo ass up for the kill
Death of a shot caller, who can you trust?
It might be your number 1 nigga that bust
A cap, he's the next one to take charge
Smoke him and his bitch in his backyard[verse 2: mc ren]
A nigga's sittin on the curb
Hear that nigga come bumpin with the suburb
Got my niggas on point, same niggas he be fuckin hoes with
And rollin up the blunts when he wanna get lit
Homie, when that nigga put the mutahfucka in park?
That's the signal, little nigga, pump 3 in his heart
Don't feel shit, cause it's real shit, he a bitch
Niggas in the hood doin bad while he gettin rich
Off this shit we be killin niggas fo'
Can't make a move less this muthafucka say so
Nigga, fuck that, I'm runnin this shit
I'ma look him in his eyes when his punk-ass gettin hit
But if you miss, nigga, i'ma kill you
Cause if he get away, muthafucka, then we all through

Fuck 3 shots, nigga, add 2
And handle what the fuck you gotta do
Kill the shot callerMan, you know we been smokin niggas for this muthafucka
This nigga ain't paid us shit, man
(I know, dog)
Hold up, hold up, hold up, dog
Man, gimme the gat, I - damn
Hey nigga, you got my muthafuckin money?
Nigga, fuck yo money, nigga
No nigga, fuck you
(*shots*)
Oh shit, oh shit...
Damn![verse 3: tha chill]
These o.g.'s got me twisted like twizzler
Got me heated and hot, and all I'm thinkin is killin ya
Peelin ya cap back, like starter, fool
I'm comin to get you niggas off my block, so I pack a full
Glock with big slugs, and you know I buck no doubs
Cause you know a nigga steelo, how I did them fools a week ago
One week passed, I'm hearin you wanna wet us
When you see ren, rocc, tha chill, you're puttin on the jetters
What the fuck? these niggas tryin to bust on me?
So I'm cockin up the can and ready to make them do some gas
And do some flippin, and all that
Cause niggas out here shot call, get they ass jacked
And that's the main fact, big payback for you punk muthafucks
Disrespectin the crew, it's mandatory that I buck
Ass down from comptown, mr. shot caller
Gonna be a fast faller if he ain't a fast talker
Fast walker, or better yet better be a fast runner
Chill on the scope with the cannon, finna gun ya
Dumpin 9 to the gut like "nigga, what? "
This ol' b.g. big baller, fuck the muthafuckin shot caller[chorus]

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