Hounddogz

MC Ren

The year is 87'
Back in the 12th grade g
When I used to hang with ch to the ip hangin' in the halls
Tryin' to get the young bitches ridin' my ballz
We got dissed 'cause we were jog' and kept to ourself shyo
Because it's all about self
We used to try to get the number and the name
But back then - they wanted mothafuckaz in the dope game
We used to try to fuck with ho's
In our graduatin' class there was no woman givin' up the ass
We go to a dance, we see ho's rollin' eyes on my crew,
But what the fuck can I do?
They would'nt even give a nigga like me a chance thou [why?]
Because my feet was my transport
You ax 'em to dance they start to riff
And on the way home niggaz never gave us a lift
But now the tables turned around
Every mothafucka and his mom would wanna be down
I see the bitches at the clubs, the same ones
They're thinkin' they're fine and also runnin' the same line :
"what's up ren, we used to be in the same class"
I'm shakin' my head yeah, now listen to line ass
They ax me what have I been up to,
Knowin' damn well I made money for my record sales
I zip on my drink and say see ya
'cause only a four leg and pregnant mud can be ya'People that used to hate me
Now when they see me they speak first
But used to demon raps 'cause I cursed
They used to say I would'nt make it 'cause I use profanity
And call myself a nigga with an attitude
But once again the tables turned around
Niggaz tryin' to be down - walkin' up like a hound
Especially the ones that never had nothin' to say
Now they talk to me like enow and everyday
Axin' me what's up with eazy
Or dr. dre, yo did he marry miss she'ly?
Or did the d.o.c get his voice back,
And niggaz think I'm mean when I say I'm not a magazine
'cause when I come around I wanna kick it

The ..... is axin' me for concert tickets
The same fools, that used to go to my school
When you see my on the streets just chill and be cool
So if you realy wanna be down -
Don't crowd around a nigga like a hound!The hound-dogs, they come in all shapes n' sizes
Jackin' 'round ren with a gang o' surprises
Nothin' but a groopy in sheep's clothin'
The shit makes me lough when the homies want an autograph
I feel like I'm on a talkshow
Because they ax all the questions then say they gotta go
Never wanna know how I'm makin' out
All they wanna know is when my alboum's commin' out
Or ax me - 'yo ren, when are you goin' on tour? '
I tell 'em 'the same time like I told you before'
Then there's always one beggin' for me to kick hm down
For pissin' on my leg I never knew you you fuckin' hound!
So go back to your home and fetch yo' bone
And quit retrievin' on mine 'cause nigga you got your own
And talk about me behind my back - nigga please!
So much of a hound, all you're missin' is your flees
Scratchin' all day because you're itchin'
You're tryin' to get news wishin' you was in my shoes
But trippin' like that you'd never be down
'cause ren don't likes a fuckin' hound -
You straight hound-dog!

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