

# Renegade

## Supernatural Soundtrack

Motherfuckers  
Say that I'm foolish  
I only talk about jewels  
(Bling bling)  
Do you fools  
Listen to music or  
Do you just skim  
Through it?  
See I'm influenced  
By the ghetto you ruined  
That same dude  
You gave nothin'  
I made somethin' doin'  
What I do through  
And through and  
I give you the news  
With a twist  
It's just his  
Ghetto point-of-view  
The renegade  
You been afraid  
I penetrate pop culture  
Bring 'em a lot closer  
To the block where they  
Pop toasters  
And they live  
With they moms  
Got dropped roasters  
From botched robberies  
Niggaz crotched over  
Mommy's knocked up  
Cause she wasn't  
Watched over  
Knocked down  
By some clown  
When child support knocked  
No he's not around  
Now how that  
Sound to ya?

Jot it down  
I bring it  
Through the ghetto  
Without ridin' 'round  
Hidin' down duckin' strays  
From frustrated youths  
Stuck in they ways  
Just read a magazine  
That fucked up my day  
How you rate music  
That thugs with  
Nothin' relate to it?  
I help them see they way  
Through it, not you  
Can't step in my pants  
Can't walk in my shoes  
Bet everything you worth  
You lose your tie  
And your shirt  
Since I'm in a position  
To talk to these kids  
And they listen  
I ain't no politician  
But I'll kick it  
With 'em a minute  
Cause see they  
Call me a menace  
And if the shoe fits  
I'll wear it  
But if it don't  
Then you'll will  
Swallow the truth  
Grin and bear it  
Now who's these  
King of these rude  
Ludicrous lucrative lyrics  
Who could inherit the title  
Put the youth in hysterics  
Usin' his music to steer it  
Sharin' his views  
And his merits  
But there's  
A huge interference  
They're sayin'  
You shouldn't hear it

Maybe it's hatred I spew  
Maybe it's food  
For the spirit  
Maybe it's beautiful music  
I made for you  
To just cherish  
But I'm debated disputed hated  
And viewed in America  
As a motherfuckin' drug addict  
Like you didn't experiment?  
Now now, that's when  
You start to stare at  
Who's in the mirror  
And see yourself  
As a kid again  
And you get embarrassed  
And I got nothin' to do  
But make you look  
Stupid as parents  
You fuckin' do-gooders  
Too bad you couldn't  
Do good at marriage  
(Ha ha)  
And do you  
Have any clue  
What I had to do  
To get here?  
I don't think you do  
So stay tuned and  
Keep your ears  
Glued to the stereo  
  
Cause here we go  
He's  
(Jigga joint Jigga-chk-Jigga)  
And I'm the sinister  
Mr. Kiss-My-Ass  
It's just the  
[Chorus]Renegade  
Never been afraid  
To say  
What's on my mind  
At any given time of day  
Cause I'm a renegade  
Never been afraid

To talk about anything  
    (Anything)  
    Anything  
    (Anything)  
    Renegade  
    Never been afraid  
    To say  
    What's on my mind  
At any given time of day  
Cause I'm a (Renegade)  
    Never been afraid  
To holler about anything  
    (Anything?)  
    Anything  
    (Anything)  
    I had to hustle  
    My back to the wall  
    Ashy knuckles  
    Pockets filled with  
    A lot of lint, not a cent  
    Gotta vent  
    Lot of innocent of lives  
Lost on the project bench  
    Whatchu hollerin'?  
    Gotta pay rent  
    Bring dollars in  
    By the bodega  
    Iron under my coat  
    Feelin' braver  
    Doo-rag  
Wrappin' my waves up  
    Pockets full of hope  
    Do not step to me  
    I'm awkward  
    I box leftier often  
My pops left me an orphan  
My momma wasn't home  
    Could not stress to me  
    I wasn't grown  
    'Specially on nights  
I brought somethin' home  
    To quiet the  
    Stomach rumblings  
    My demeanor  
Thirty years my senior

My childhood  
Didn't mean much  
Only raisin' green up  
Raisin' my fingers to critics  
Raisin' my head to the sky  
Big I did it  
Multi before I die (nigga)  
No lie, just know  
I chose my own fate  
I drove by the  
Fork in the road  
And went straight  
See I'm a poet to some  
A regular  
Modern day Shakespeare  
Jesus Christ the  
King of these  
Latter Day Saints here  
To shatter the picture  
In which of that  
As they paint me  
As a monger of hate and  
Satan a scatter-brained atheist  
But that ain't the case  
See it's a matter of taste  
We as a people decide  
If Shady's as bad  
As they say he is  
Or is he the latter  
A gateway to escape?  
Media scapegoat  
Who they can  
Be mad at today  
See it's easy as cake  
Simple as whistlin' Dixie  
While I'm wavin' the pistol  
At sixty Christians against me  
Go to war with the Mormons  
Take a bath with the Catholics  
In holy water  
No wonder they try  
To hold me under longer  
I'm a motherfuckin' spiteful  
Delightful eyeful  
The new Ice Cube

Motherfuckers hate to like you

What did I do?

(Huh?)

I'm just a kid

From the gutter

Makin' this butter

Off these bloodsuckers

Cause I'm a muh'fuckin'

[Chorus: x2]

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