

Mr. Fuck Up

MC Ren

* (NOT Cash Money -- MC Ren's brother) My niggaz call me Grinch and yes I'm known to be a fuck up

Loaded clip, folded sticks, my lifts and double cuffed up

Put my stick so nigga feel my pockets with the dollar

'Cause they rock keep the stock in a private prison parlor

Grinch you did it, your black ass really did it

Give Bone the microphone and let him kill it

Give Bone the microphone and watch me beat you like a cop

Lil' G from the hall so the maggot won't stop

And plus I'm packin' punches always keep a good grip

My homies call me Bone from the Whole Damn Click

I live like a mack and keep the bitches on my dick

You sorry sap sips still hangin' on my shit

Compton is the heart and that's where we all from

The jackin' goin' on in the hood and in the slum

And don't be caught slippin' while we dippin' the 4

'Cause Ren'll grab his nine and watch him smoke 'em from the door

And then we make a dash and put that ass in the air

True checkin' done by the true fuckin' player

I'm headed to the cut with straight chronic in my pock

Rainin' make 'em kill 'em 'cause I'm servin' 'em spot

And that's how it's done I keep it flowin' like a sailor

My beats are large my feats are star, some called me Chuck Taylor

Then I call the Juvy 'cause I know we gotta Coupe

Don't worry 'bout a damn we got the end, we gettin' loot Then call me Mr. Dopeman when I'm chillin' in the spot

My niggaz call me Bishop when I'm rollin' with my glock

The crackers call me bandit when I'm runnin' from the cops

And the bitches call me daddy when I'm tearin' up the cock

Yo the title's Mr. Fuck up so I figure that I'm fucked

Got no luck, shit, gotta go and earn a quick buck

Boom boom, is the sound of my cannon

'Cause I'm a nigga with a motherfuckin' gun master plannin'

I'm a crazy ass nigga makin' motherfuckers fall

A nigga from the streets hangin' in the fuckin' hall

I place where we smoke bud and niggaz get bent

And when it comes to music put on MC Ren shit

Now everybody chillin' and the bitches gettin' freaky

Took a trick to the room now she gots ta lick me

Lickin' out my ass hole like a fuckin' groupie

I'm through now I cleans up and call my nigga Juvy
Headin' downstairs my niggaz hand me a 4-O
Smokin' the extension you know it's the indo
Now I'm feelin' high like I'm sittin' on a cloud
The dust that we kick I guess we live our lives foul
Beware of the nigga that they call J-Rock
The party's goin' through but I still got my glock
I'm watchin' for the bad apples in every bunch
And if it's necessary motherfucker we can thump
Or get a fuckin' pump, put a hole in your chest
Slugs goin' straight through a bullet proof vest
Matters gettin' worse if I have to drop the dogs
Beat ya in your face yellin' till ya hit the hall
So smalls, get your fuckin' 9 and your clip
And let these motherfuckers know what's up on the Whole Click

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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