

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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