Renee

Glass Prism

Here's a tune about this honey named Renee
That I met one day on my way back from John Jay
I'm peepin' shorty as she's walkin' to the train
I tap her on her shoulders, "Excuse me miss, but can I get your name?"She said "My name is Renee"
I said "I got a whole lot to say, so may I walk you to your subway"
She said "If you want", so yo' we started talkin'
I brought two franks and two drinks and we began walkin'I had to see where that head was at 'cause the gear was mad phat
So we must chat about this and that
She told me what she was in school for
She wants to be a lawyer in other words shorty studies lawI'm tellin' shorty I'm a writer and as she's lookin' for the token
She drops a packet of the EZ widers
Covers her mouth with her name ring
I said, yo don't sweat the technique shorty rocks I do the same thingBut yet I use Philly Blunts, she said "I never dealt with Philly Blunts
Because I heard that's for silly stunts"
I said, "Nah, they burn slower, right now I really don't know ya
But maybe later on I can get to show ya"A ghetto love is the law that we live by
Day by day I wonder why my shorty had to die
I reminisce over my ghetto princess everyday
Give it up for my shorty, shortyA ghetto love is the law that we live by
Day by day I wonder why my shorty had to die
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Give it up for my shorty, shortySo now we sittin' on the train
Besides the fingernails now shorty got the hairdo of pain
Now understand she got flava
A tough leather jacket, with some jeans
And a chain that her moms gave herGot off the train about 6:34 she wasn't sure
She had grub for the dog so we hit the store
Went to the crib and turned the lights on
A mad magazine stand from Essence to Right OnA leather couch, stero system with crazy CD's
Understand 'cause she got G'z
She said "Cheeks do what you want", she said "I'm gonna feed the dog"
I said "Alright, well I'm gonna roll this blunt"She came back with stretch pants and a ponytail
A t-shirt, a yo, Fam I got a tender-roni girl
We're sittin' on the couch chattin'
We're smokin' blunts off the balcony, we're stearin' at Manhattan nowShe started feelin' on my chest, I started feelin' on the breasts

And there's no need for me to stress the rest
A yo, I got myself a winner
We sparked a blunt before we ate, and a blunt after we ate dinnerShe had a tattoo she only wanted Bo to see
But first dim the lights and turn up the Jodeci
I'm like whatever shorty rock we can swing it like that
'Cause on the real this is where it's atA ghetto love is the law that we live by
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Give it up for my shorty, shortyI woke up the next day on the waterbed
A letter's on the pillow and this what the letter said
It said "Cheeks, I'll be home around two
You was deep in your sleep so I didn't want to bother you"I left my number for shorty to call me later,
Got dressed, smoked the blunt and then I bounced towards the elevator
I got a beep around three
I'm askin' shorty, "What's up with you?"
She's askin', what's up with meAnd now we been together for weeks
Candlelight dinner with my shorty, crack a 40 with my naughty freaks
Hey man, I never been in love
But everytime I'm burstin' in and outta state it's shorty that I'm thinkin' ofI'm hangin' out with my crew I get a beep from Renee
Because Renee uses code too
But yet I'm chattin' with her mom dukes
She said Renee has been shot so Cheeks, meet me up at St. LukesI jumps on the Van Wyck, I gotta make it there quick
A yo, this shit is gettin' mad thick
Not even thinkin' of the po nine I'm doin' a buck, who gives a fuck
I'm smokin' boom and the whole nineI gotta see what's goin' on and by the time I reach the hospital
They tell me "Mr. Cheeks, Renee is gone"
I'm pourin' beer out for my shorty who ain't here
I'm from the ghetto so listen this is how I shed my tearsA ghetto love is the law that we live by
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