

Tammy Wynette F/ George Jones

"Comin' After You"

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[MC Ren]

In case you didn't know my flows grows for sure
I'm makin sure you niggaz don't try me no mo'
Weak shit you talkin and I'm surprised it's sellin
Ruthless self niggaz full of felon's who the fuck you
tellin
Braggin bout money where that shit be at
after videos all that shit we never see that
Bitches with big asses blunts and big cars
Shot callin niggaz pissy drunk in them tittie bars
Ren assasinatin, all of these
Wack ass rappin niggaz that say they sellin keys
And fuckin hoes and smokin a million blunts a day
Shooting a hundred niggaz and saying he walked away
without a scratch
Some Rambo shit side a head
Livin with yo' mama talkin bout a hundred grand
Nigga please, who the fuck you think you talkin to
Real niggaz comin after you, we after you

[Chorus 2X]

You fake ass ballers who we talkin to
(We comin) Lyin on records bout what you do
(We comin) The shit y'all doin is played out and
through
(We comin) You come with that shit we come after you

[Ice Cube]

It's the Don Daddy with the Villain, who you killin
Oh we hate em, come verbatim with this cap peelin
Top billin, make a million
Paparazzi, chase us through the tunnel in the Maserati
Now they got me on Hard Copy didn't have to shoot
Versace
Yet you still wanna watch me
Motherfuckers wait they whole fuckin life and aday
Hopin that we can reunite N.W.A.
All purpose, try to serve us, gettin nervous, mo'
murders
Shit can just turn into the service
Standin over the carcass

You look like the kind of nigga that'd press charges
We the largest, we the biggest, we the Niggaz, With the
Attitudes
Wee longitude you latitude, have some gratitude
to the niggaz that started this shit
Been around forever BITCH, we smart at this shit
Don Mega.. MC Ren.. Ren, Ren!

[Chorus]

[MC Ren]

I make the Planet Groove nigga mo' than BET
Yo' bitch tied up phoning home like E.T.
So kick in that fifty grand
Before you find body parts nigga in Japan
A motherfuckin lyricist nigga top cop
I'm makin hits with yo bitch ass talkin bout
That same old shoot em out I'm smokin fifty blunts
That's why yo' shit ain't comin out for like fifty months
Ain't nobody tryin to hear your nigga outdated
Your wack ass quit tellin niggaz that you made it
I'm never faded like a ghost Villain disappear
buy some shit to resurrect my dick the next year
Ninety eight ninety nine to the earthquake
how much garbage these mothefuckers go and make
You better shake, fuck that here I come strong
Best believe Ren will rock the shit all night long
(Best believe) We out

[Chorus] - 2X

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