

Crossfire

"Who Got That Street Shit"

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(Chorus) 2X

Nigga who the fuck got that street shit (Compton niggas)

Nigga who the fuck got that street shit (Park's niggas)

Nigga who the fuck got that street shit (LA niggas)

My nigga who the fuck got that street shit (Real niggas)

(MC Ren)

A motherfuckin fiend, before I became a teen
the villain was fuckin with bitches instead of cones or
ice cream

Niggas be killing the villain like aids with whack rhymes
these niggas don't be havin no lyrics

All they talk about is nines and chronic

The villain be doing that but I can switch up

kick some unreleased shit nigga pick your bitch up

The villain be killin you niggas that's running with clicks

Ren be own em'

niggas be running with clicks cause they can't do it on
they own lonesome

From CPT to NYC, I keeps it hot

bitches be worshiping a nigga with shrines and parking
lots.

Ten years of damage motherfucking rap god

traded in the Dayton's on the foe with 3 tripods

The villain be travelling at the speed of light, cause I
might

be uniden-tah-fied if I come whack, mothefuckers late
at night

Niggas be waking up forgetting the whole thing

nigga it ain't over till the hoe sing, bitch sing it

(Chorus) 2X

(MC Ren)

Ain't shit changed, still making bitches pussy's hot

hanging with niggas from Compton carryin big glocks

Fucking em' car hops trippin off some paint and gold

D'z

bitches be happy to hold these

Hanging with rap niggas like Lez and Joe Clair

niggas from Compton multiply and seen everywhere
Making your spot hot attract the feds and protest
kidnapping bitches and make the scene grotesque
Real niggas and bitches niggas hanging out
CPT dwelling shots reigning out
Selling coke, hoes taking dicks down they throat
bitch niggas coming up pissin all you find is a ransom
note
New release, promotin fucking police
crooked motherfuckers hot cause I won't give em' a
piece
MC motherfuckin REN back at cha'
niggas bit my shit the villain ain't mad at cha'

(Chorus) 2X

(MC Ren)

A nigga sittin on the curb rats catch whip lash
same hoes when I was little, fucking niggas for cash
Now they baby mommas cause they wanted niggas
with dope
stuck with stretch marks and niggas names tattered by
they throat
Some on they tittys, ankles and ass
every neighborhood got these stankin tricks from the
past
They be at the clubs, pussy's used up
they tiitys six feet, there stomachs lookin bruised up
Real niggas turn the light out
nigga till they child's through
These hoes today be havin niggas rob you
Just to come up, so niggas can fuck em' with cheap
weed
makin motherfuckers go and drop a week seed
Thinkin they max Julie fake ass macks
all the hoes shake the spot once they smoke up your
chronic sack
Who's getting played nigga you or the hoe
these bitches be fuckin you and your doe
Niggas fuck it!

(Chorus) 2X

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