

## Flaming Lips

### "Live From Compton 'Saturday Night'"

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(MC Ren's answering machine)

Yeah, who dis?

(Cold187um)

Yo, this Hutch man, oh whats up?

(MC Ren answering machine)

What up nigga, what's happenin? Yeah, check this out  
I ain't even in right now, ah so leave a message at the  
beap

I'll get back, peace

(Cold187um)

Yo whats up man, it's me man, pick up the phone,  
nigga

It's Hutch man, whats up?

(MC Ren)

Hey, what's up dog? Hey nigga what time is man?

(Cold)

Hey I don't know, man, I'm just sayin man, I was just  
callin

To see what's poppin, man, what's goin down

(MC Ren)

Nigga I'm about to rest, dog

(Cold)

Aww, man Saturday n shit and you talkin about rest?

(MC Ren)

Man, what you talkin about,

I was at that motherfuckin studio nigga, all night

(Cold)

Man lets go get some 40s, bitches, something man, do  
something

(MC Ren)

Hey, hey fuck what you gonna do

(Cold)

Aw, aw its like Ren, Ren what's up?

Aw nigga gonna hang up on a nigga, shit

(MC Ren)

Come on and step on in, no turnin back

While I drop shit that have your mind turnin black

Nigga I break God damn necks, when I drop verses

And blind your sight, from the shit that I recite

Live from Compton it's Saturday night

But ain't no joke, cause I don't play that shit  
Niggaz you know I ain't no motherfuckin comic  
Droppin street knowledge, plus a nigga Islamic  
Hoodrats they do the hoochie boogie for a fuck,  
but that shit don't be workin  
When I'm rollin in my truck, the farthest they get is a  
big wheel  
For real, and bitch-made-niggaz get they caps peeled  
When I walk, puts a hole in the floor, with the steel toe  
As if you didn't know, now that you know nigga act like  
you knew  
And if you continue trippin, motherfuck you  
I'm walkin with my niggaz,  
with the help of 187 on this tight ass track  
So step the hell back, and you can't afford to sleep  
Because my shit gets deep

(Cold187um)

Ok, time for me to rustle more shit, represent to the  
fullest  
Everytime that I'm spit, get cha lit  
Get cha lifted, get cha high as you wanna go  
Breakin fools off that wanna floss your gold  
Cause I hate flossers and I hate braggers  
I hate short stoppers and I hate ladders  
On the real, niggaz be wanna Free Kick It pass  
So they can beat your shit, and jack your ass  
I give em 187 times to try  
But on the real, they better off committin suicide  
Slide me the tech Ren, so I can show 'em  
That I'm not to be trusted, and not to be fucked with  
And definately not that motherfucker they wanna press  
they luck with  
I keep it goin uncut, and if I get mad enough  
I shoot they whole fuckin set up  
And don't say I didn't warn ya  
It ain't funny, when you be a victim by the corner  
187 be the gate keeper  
Cause where I'm from, the shit gets deeper

(MC Ren)

My shit gets backed up for days and days, it's hard to  
sleep  
My shit is too deep,  
well how in the hell am I gonna deal with new niggaz  
That be comin hollerin wolf, and ain't put out shit yet  
Rollin down the street in my 4-5-0  
Throwin wack niggaz shit out my window  
Cause rarely do I see niggaz that be comin with that  
funky ass shit  
That make you say fuck ay, go shoot a nigga down,

but here comes that black nigga that they call Ren  
Makin niggaz go and act crazy again  
Niggaz be fuckin fools for the hell of it  
Some down old niggaz better not come this way  
Cause I just don't give a fuck, cause I get in a baby  
gangsta mode  
Bitch slappin niggaz with my fist  
Cause I insist I'm a hell of a lyricist  
But my roots in the street  
killin playa haters over some wicked ass beats  
Me and my niggaz come and get your ass  
Then me and my niggaz beat up on that ass  
Cause me and my niggaz, nigga love the creep  
When the shit gets deep, it gets deep

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