

## **Ren MC**

### **"Comin' After You"**

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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 that shits sellin  
Do-for-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 selling keys  
And pimpin hoes and smokin a million blunts a day  
Shooting a hundred niggaz and saying he walked away  
without a scratch  
Some Rambo shit inside they 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]

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 we that shit we come after you

It's the Don Daddy with the villian, who you killin  
Oh we hate em, come to bate em, with this cap peelin  
Top billin, make a million  
Paparazzi chase us through the tunnel when the mast  
are ridin  
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 a day  
Hopin that we can reunite NWA  
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 the longitudes the latitudes  
Have some gratitude

To the niggaz that started this shit  
Been around forever bitch we smart at this shit

Chorus

I make the planet groove nigga mo' than BET  
Yo bitch tied up phoning home like ET  
So kick in that fifty grand  
Before you find body parts nigga in Japan  
I'm mothefuckin lyricist nigga top clout  
I'm makin hits what 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Ain't nobody tryin to hear you nigga outdated  
Yo wak ass quit tellin niggaz that you made it  
I'm never faded like a ghost, villain dissappear  
Buy some shit to resurrect my dick the next year  
Ninety eight ninety nine to the earthquake  
How much garbage these mothefuckers gonna make  
You better shake, fuck that here I come strong  
Best believe Ren will rock the shit all night long

[Chorus 2x]

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