

Mc Ren "11: 55"

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Because we got the streets suckas
Can you dig it? ? ?
I wanna get right to the point
He's here
"he's unique, he's unconquerable."

(repeated)

Mc ren, mc ren is a killa of the crafted men

Twass the night before the ball struck
And all the snakes was outta sight
And of all those cat hangs
And all the solutions
Now it's like do or die
So salute to the battle cry
And all the real niggaz
Step up to the frontline
You don't want two scoops of fruit loops
For the real troops
'cause it's about a quarter to midnight
15 ticks to catch 15 licks in the fizzot
Who lettin' the heads get chopped and mack 10's pop
pop
For all those too slow for the tempo of tizzongue
Because all those who can't hang get hung
And those who can't take charge get dault
So come and walk, coming strong
Coming long, 'cause we been down for too damn long
And not a soldier, a soldier
Nigga I thought somebody was older
'cause the days of bein' a slave livin' in the grave is
over
Ain't no more that shall overcome 'cause we been
overcame
So I'm packin' 'quips full of golds for all you g's
trapped in shame
Listen to the sound of the midnight poker chain
Livin' in an underground railroad
Takin' aim and set to cause much pain
So hitch a ride on the midnight trizzain
One million ways to die
So devil don't even try

I'm packed, ready and willin' to get a government killa
So welcome to the land of the drive by

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