

Mc Ren "America"

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(Feat. Bigg Rocc, Chip Dirty)

[Intro: Bigg Rocc]

[Sample of Police Sirens]

Attention all Units, be on a look out
John Doe, black male, 16 and certified
Been on last seein' dippin' through Compton
Then he was seein' dippin' through Watts
We sent this mothafucker match head to L.A.
Don't shoot at this mothafucker, he'll shoot back

[Verse 1: MC Ren]

I'm that nigga that you've been warned about
When Villain talkin' nigga shut your mouth
I spit it with the best of them
Mothafucker and then shit it on the rest of them
Villain the great, I'm a throw a fuckin' twist nigga up in
the game
John Doe that's my mothafuckin' name
I'm still that nigga for life, I still got wise
Poor black in America crappin' the dice
Lookin' for a better way homey fiendin' to make it
[Bigg Rocc:] The pen' s look good, nigga day to take it
They say generation X
But these little white honey-Ass-Bitches is fiendin' for
sex
All my homies nigga smokin' the bud
If we ain't asleep, we're smokin' the bud
Feds is tryin' to catch a nigga say somethin' on the
phone
So my black ass won't never come home...

[Chorus:]

[MC Ren:] mothafuckers livin' good in America
[Chip Dirty:] nigga mothafuckers poor in America
[MC Ren:] They say you can't smoke bud in the America
[Bigg Rocc:] we puff a big bud in the America
[MC Ren:] They say everybody is free in the America
[Bigg Rocc:] fool niggaz still slaves in the America
[MC Ren:] Is it that fucked up in America
[Bigg Rocc:] Ain't no love for the niggaz in America

[Verse 2: Bigg Rocc]

We hittin' corners in the U.S.
Smokin' bud, drive-bys with Gorilla thugs
Layin' niggaz like wads, wicked slubs
Spot you like light bob, infront of you niggaz at the club
Show you how bitch they was
I'll pull my shit they scatter like bugs
Forgot who done fuck you up, John Doe nigga bout to
bubble a tub
Niggaz better squash that grudge
Before you be layin' on the side of your dubs
Have your homies cryin' sayin' damn nigga what
Gotta them thinkin' they the next nigga outta lock
Better keep your ass in the cut
When you beef with John Doe your ass just stuck
Keep peace with John Doe and I won't bury you
In this mothafuckin' harder side of America...

[Chorus: with variations]

[MC Ren:] mothafuckers livin' good in America
[Chip Dirty:] nigga mothafuckers poor in America
[MC Ren:] they say you can't smoke bud in the America
[Bigg Rocc:] we puff a big bud in the America
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[MC Ren:] Is it that fucked up in America
[Bigg Rocc:] Ain't no love for the niggaz in America

[Verse 3: Chip Dirty]

I gives the fuck, I get done my business
Get in this, leave no witness
Convected, when I spit this before I committed the
crime
But spit it or I'm a, spit it or not
They be tryin' to give a nigga some time, not 211
Can't you picture Chip Dirty straight droppin' the dime
While they fuckin' with mines
Tryin' to cut the nigga a deal
Bitch I won't snitch, so feel, that you can keep your bill
Just where my cell at
Homey I locked down and blocked down from the
homies
When I touched down, get a creep down with the top
down with the homies
Almost with the rag top 10, paint and switches
Oh yeah some Gold D's
Go sounds for the bitches, so I can floss on
Three wheel motion, and hit switches
Get up all way thang to bang and hit snitches
Nigga virgin American dream is what I'm sellin' you
Shit, we duz what want in America...

[Chorus:]
[MC Ren:] mothafuckers livin' good in America
[Chip Dirty:] nigga mothafuckers poor in America
[MC Ren:] they say you can't smoke bud in the America
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