

## Mc Ren "Comin' After You"

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[mc ren]

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 it's sellin  
Ruthless 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 sellin keys  
And fuckin hoes and smokin a million blunts a day  
Shooting a hundred niggaz and saying he walked away  
without a scratch  
Some rambo shit side a 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]

You 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 with that shit we come after you

[ice cube]

It's the don daddy with the villain, who you killin  
Oh we hate em, come verbatim with this cap peelin  
Top billin, make a million  
Paparazzi, chase us through the tunnel in the maserati  
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 aday  
Hopin that we can reunite n.w.a.  
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

Wee longitude you latitude, have some gratitude  
To the niggaz that started this shit  
Been around forever bitch, we smart at this shit  
Don mega.. mc ren.. ren, ren!

[chorus]

[mc ren]

I make the planet groove nigga mo' than bet  
Yo' bitch tied up phoning home like e.t.  
So kick in that fifty grand  
Before you find body parts nigga in japan  
A motherfuckin lyricist nigga top cop  
I'm makin hits with 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Ain't nobody tryin to hear your nigga outdated  
Your wack ass quit tellin niggaz that you made it  
I'm never faded like a ghost villain disappear  
Buy some shit to resurrect my dick the next year  
Ninety eight ninety nine to the earthquake  
How much garbage these mothefuckers go and make  
You better shake, fuck that here I come strong  
Best believe ren will rock the shit all night long  
(best believe) we out

[chorus] - 2x

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