

Mc Ren "Deadly"

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(feat. Bigg Rocc, T-Bone)

[Intro: Bigg Rocc]

for my niggas and my bitches, what's crackin'
It's John Doe in this mothafucker, what's really goin' on
I'm all good, we about to hit you mothafuckers up side
the head
with that real gangster, money hungry, street shit
you know what I'm sayin, fuck y'all, what's up Ren

[Verse 1: MC Ren]

we duck and dodge you mothafuckers, attack when we
need to
Compton still the shit, still up in your grill
you're gettin' fucked by a legend, tell how do it feel
as I caress the Mic, shoot my sperm and dice
y'all can still kiss my ass, ass black as the night
gay niggas on the Mic, is all barkin' no bite
Black Revolutionary, that's my title
While these stupid niggas wanna be American Idols
I started this gangster shit
and this the mothafuckin' thanks I get
the whole world ain't shit, my whole catalog, is so
explicit
niggas never sold a million just waitin' to diss it
John Doe shit, rep it fully
come through, slap you and your bitch like bully
new year coming, we gon to shoot in the air
cause mothafuckin' Compton niggas, we just don't
care, nigga...

[Chorus: Bigg Rocc]

Gotta get my papers, gotta get my meals
I'ma keep the street, some shit that you feel
No time for that bullshit that's why I keep the steel
Aim for your grill with the ditches to kill

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[Verse 2: Bigg Rocc]

I'm runnin' these streets with no conscience niggas
the work I mean, is not behind these niggas
uhh, scary niggas, paranoiad niggas
John Doe been the tight, big bike stealers
take it down, flat right like a tyre
mad at your bosses, we the niggas for hire
hot shit, we make niggas duck quick
ain't nothin' changed, Compton niggas still the bang
bout to take over, cause niggas slippin'
while we hit licks, and niggas straight dippin'
matter of fact we stay ready for combat
Uhh, we let our gats go rat-a-tat-tat
keep you skat, bitches stay yellin'
they're fuckin' with some Com-town felons
News at 11 with no clue, we shoot niggas at their shoes
we beat bikinis mothafuckers like blues...

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Bigg Rocc]

they say the money is the root of all evil
I say not legit, Junky-Ass-People
haters, like to see niggas starved
put thier bitch up, when you full they whole card
Corners is gettin' hot in California
niggas return your bitch ass into donor
I hustle on these streets for meals
Bigg Rocc, John Doe shit that you feel...

[Verse 4: T-Bone]

comin' out the barrel, the tip is hollow
one neat on your chest, was this nuckle follow
lookin' shady in the date like takin' your shit
spit lead, you'll get sprayed up and jaw get hit
T-Bone in your money and it's funny as fuck
when I'm starvin' and scooped all your side walk stucks
Smith and Wesson is loaded, and it take when I hold it
and it's restin' on the ground with that rag I fold it, you
know...

[Chorus x2]

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