

Mc Ren "Forget What Ya Heard"

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(feat. DJ Train)

[Hook: MC Ren]

Always carryin' a Mack 10, know what I'm sayin'
Ren is the G that you don't wanna get wit'
Always carryin' a Mack 10 know what I'm sayin'
Ren is the G that you don't wanna get wit'

[Verse 1: MC Ren]

In '94 you know it's on, you can forget what you heard
I'm droppin' funny bombs like as if I was bird
I steal gangster boogie if I gets my boogie on
Put my finger in my chrome, keeps them get into my
domes
Tellin' me to shoot, all these fools that I hear
talkin' gossip in my ear, you know I hear it every year
yeah they still talkin' like some tricks
Mad cause another brother tryin' to get rich
I see you tellin' people, yo 'Ren is gonna fall
But I think you and your crew had too much of the 8 ball
it's a trip, cause I think you didn't know who's that
breakin' play more, I ain't got no time for a hoe
Now the kid that you're claimin', yo you're very quick to
claim
But to me it's just my kid, and he gotta another name
And people wanna know what's the word?
So peep it out, you can't forget what you heard...

[Chorus: DJ Train]

You can't forget what ya heard, what ya heard
You can't forget what ya heard, what ya heard
You can't forget what ya heard, what ya heard
You can't forget what ya heard, what ya heard

[Hook]

[Verse 2: MC Ren]

people give me looks like they wanna try and thump
Thinkin' Ren is just a chump, in the trunk I got the punk
Shoot them in the crowd, I shoot them fools up in they
back
leave my homies in the shack, started dippin' in the

lack

Some fools rolled up and said the truce was dead
Train said what's up, tried to bust them in the head
And it's on, everybody get to you close
Train just did some dirt so we gotta do a ghost
get back to the hood, sip the 40 on the way
Cause the homies from the neighborhood I'm from
don't play
And you still wanna know what's the word
So peep it out, you can't forget what you heard...

[Chorus]

[Hook]

[Verse 3: MC Ren]

He say, she say, who really give what they say?
Screamin' out that mayday, you know it's goin' my way
fools can't believe that I'm so much of a G
Cause I don't let stanky hoes sit up under me
like your fools out there y'all swear y'all can scrap
Get beat down that you wanna try to rap
Sprung on the hoodrats, smokin' all your weed
messin' with the trick that you really don't need
The click, my homies from the clique pimps hoes
Rich, J-Rocc, my homey Bone and Jubee Lows
Them fools can't even say a word
Cause you know I don't really give the fuck about what
you heard...

[Chorus]

[Hook: 'til fade]

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