

Mc Ren "In The Alley"

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In the alley
Oh yeah...
You know what I'm sayin'...
We peel mothafuckin' cops around here...
You can't come around here talkin' that shit
You'll get a mothafuckin' bullet in your head and
Wind up dead
You know what I'm sayin', I'll send you home in a
Bodybag you fag
And I'm 'a tell you somethin' right now -
Don't come to the alley with that bullshit
[bullshit]
Hey ren, who's talkin' shit?
Hey nigga where that shit happenin' at lo'?

Right up my alley I see fiends and things
But you know it ain't over 'till the black nigga
Sings
And he's singin' the blues in holey shoes
While he's sippin' on brews
'cause every week he see a nigga's killed in the news
In the alley all the hard heads kick it
Don't permit the suckerz 'cause they rob the
Mothafuckaz
Niggaz gettin' high and high 'till they drop
So fucked up - they start shootin' at the cops
Old ladies complain but there ain't shit they can do
I run dead in the house slap the bitches with a shoe
I sell my dope and I ain't ashamed to say it
'cause I got bills and mothafuckaz won't pay it
In the alley - bitches sell pussy real cheap
Waitin' to rob the trick when the fucka fall asleep
Bitches 15-16 got the claps
And crabs in their pussy crawl around in the naps
Sucked up ho's with toejams in their toes
Dirty ass clothes, with boogers in their nose
Roamin', zonin' lookin' for dick to suck
Walk around in a daze like they don't give a fuck
In the alley ..

Hey man, look at these mothafuckin' basehead
Bitches ...

Nigga you pop a gang of shit but ah nigga
Where you from ?

Right up my alley niggaz trip cars that they stole
And niggaz outside look for wayz to get swole
Takin' turns, sippin' on the 40 oz
Poppin' some funky shit by the d.o.c
I'm with my nigga little nation or my homey named
Snoop
My nigga dj train he hittin' corner in de coop
Pullin' up I give him gat - axin' if he put in work
Lookin' like a straight g - with some khaki's and a
T-shirt
We sit at the table slappin' bones
While the little bg'z fight with the sticks and the
Stones
Tryin' to get a name for the self yo but why
So all the little fuckers get in the g and do a
Driveby
Take down some rivals 'cross-town
They're back to the alley where they can't be found
Police come around and try to find 'em
But the whole fuckin' set is standing right there
Behind them
Open up fire on the pigs now they cook
They didn't know what hit 'em 'cause the niggaz had to
Get 'em
In the alley ..

Officers down, officers down, we need assistance in
The alley ..

You're talkin' shit but where was you nigga?

Standin' in the alley with my nigga juvinalle for a
While
This nigga try to rush it but the fool was livin'
Foul
Tryin' to get a name but did it all the wrong wayz
My brother cocked the fucker, threw his ass in a
Daze
People crowded 'round like a fly on shit
Everybody had to stand 'cause there ain't nowhere to
Sit
This little punk he was new to the alley
He rolled with some white mothafuckaz in the valley
Now he's on his back lookin' up in all these faces
I bet he won't open up his mouth in no more places
And he don't know, he won't go but now he has to go
My brother picked him up and started hittin' him

Some more
Then every nigga had to get a turn
To make sure that this mothafucka learn
Niggaz kickin' him - hittin' him with bricks
Check it, and my homey lit his pitbull bite off his
Dick
And to top it off before my brother left the scene
He emptied off his clip with the whole 15
In the alley ..

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