

Mc Ren "John Doe"

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(feat. Bigg Rocc, Chip Dirty)

[Intro: MC Ren]

John-motherfuckin-Doe, live for you, motherfuckers
we got John Doe in the house tonight
that motherfucker just came back from off tour
and he gon' tell all y'all punk bitches
a little somethin' about yourselves, it goes somethin'
like that

[Verse 1: MC Ren]

this shit is fucked up, hoes tryin' to have the nigga set
up
bitch wear my drawers
you scandalous-Ass-Hookers I ain't fuckin' with yours
fuck the Po-Po's we dipped in Lo-Lo's
we the bud men in the Parking Lot they Co-Co's
I'm sick of the homey, and fuck nine to five's
in hood ain't no nine lives, ain't no niggaz even fightin'
with knives
no dialogues cut you down to sizes
have your mama screamin' and puffin' the joint
if she don't visit your grave, she visited the joint
it's fucked up how we brought up
put the nigga on the bottom and then you make him
catch up
niggaz out here ain't givin' the fuck
tryin' to live day to day, get they dicks sucked
it's the Villain, Chip and Rocc
you bitch ass gay niggaz need to stop...

[Chorus: MC Ren]

who bring the street shit nigga you know "John Doe,
John Doe"
Keep it Guerrilla my nigga fuck the Radio "John Doe,
John Doe"
these niggaz out suffering, fuck the world, you know
"John Doe, John Doe"
niggaz ain't falling for your shit no more
this is "John Doe, John Doe"

[Verse 2: Bigg Rocc]

since 12 I've been a young thug juvi'
my life, is like old black street buvie
big booties, drugs, alcohol straps
the good die young, we got new quarter of bags with
new sacks
junky-Ass-Cops, crooked ass that crackin' the ground
but dope'll never found
so why in the fuck would you pull me over
"because you got a Benz and a black Range Rover"
or in my four, hittin' corners on switches
mad cause I got a car low, full of bitches
my style is different, nigga pay attention
Two thousand and three John Doe is doin' the lynchin'
some niggaz is bloodin, some niggaz is cribin'
some niggaz all about the green, some pimpin'
some hit you with the beam for no reason
365 westcoast killin' season...

[Chorus: MC Ren]

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[Verse 3: Chip Dirty]

"Niggaz" what you're claimin'
"Niggaz" sound the same and
"Niggaz" runnin' games and
"Niggaz" entertainin'
"Niggaz" tryin' to save me cause they can't see me
same niggaz ain't leavin' what they claimin' them be
bust too many super thugs and ready for super slugs
my niggaz do super drugs, in hood for super loves
while you playin' too dirty he is playin' for keeps
keep in the streets duckin' while I'm servin' your eat
you wise to speak, get out your seat "The villain is
coming"
Compton sold them cum, can't compete you must've
forget
we the original, crimin-als, Bigg Rocc'll pull your files
John Doe got fuckin' styles
so, write it down, remember it, take a picture
I gives the fuck
my niggaz is quick to get with you
Spittin' that He-Talk, We-Talk, C-Walk if you wanna
if you was a buster, bend the corner.....

[Chorus x3: MC Ren]
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