

## Mc Ren "Kizz My Black Azz"

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You kiss my black ass because you sucked my dick off  
My balls are fallin out of your mouth when you cough  
This is for the people in the business, the people in the streets  
And most of all it's to the wack muthafuckas with wack beats  
Fools on the streets wish they was in my shoes  
Cause every day they wake up, they see me on the news  
I'm hittin number one the first week that I'm released  
And my muthafuckin business and my bank account increase  
Bitches ride the poke and niggas ride the sack  
So I guess that you can say they're both caught in the impact  
Niggas in my neighborhood ain't about nothin  
The po' broke muthafuckas think I owe em something  
But I don't owe em shit but a 'what's up' for a hello  
And ask for a job, the answer is, "hell no"  
Go back to the corner with your brew and be angry  
Cause lookin at me crazy, that shit ain't gonna change me  
But some of them are cool, and they know who they are  
The ones that used to kick it with me when I couldn't afford a car  
But the others talk shit behind my back  
The main muthafuckas always sayin they gotta rap  
Wait to make a record like it happens overnight  
But the rhymes are always sloppy and they're never ever tight  
Then they get pissed when I tell them that it's wack  
But ren ain't a pussy, so step the fuck back  
And kiss my black ass

I'm tired of rappers with live instruments on the stage  
Save the shit for parades  
And while you're at it, why don't you dress like a clown  
And draw yourself a permanent frown  
Cause the pioneers didn't draw bands in the blueprints  
Because it wouldn't make sense  
Rappers doin this should retire  
Niggas lookin like earth, wind & fire

People don't go to rap shows, so they can hear a band  
It's like a man tryin to fuck a man  
It defeats the whole purpose  
It's like a fish tryin to swim on the surface  
A big circus, all that's missin is a tent  
Because the shit ain't worth five cents  
So a nigga like ren'll take a stand  
To say a real rap artist don't need a band  
All you need on the stage is meat and bones  
Save the band shit for quincy jones  
And no more singin on the breaks, please  
The shit is spreadin fast like disease  
And for them I'll be a cure, pure  
You know that I know I'm sure  
So i'ma trap on my lure  
Every hypocritical muthafucka that's suckin with the rap  
Give him a real nigga slap  
Kiss my black ass

Now rappers in the business talk shit behind my back  
Just because their shit ain't sellin and people call it  
wack  
But when I go to clubs, I get the utmost respect  
Them jealous muthafuckas know I clock crazy checks  
Sayin I wouldn't sell if I didn't cuss  
But while they fuss, I'm goin, gone, they goin dust  
Barely standin the light of the lime  
Life's a bitch with some pussy-ass rhymes  
But they always on my dick when they see me  
I think beneath that point, they wanna be me  
I don't break my neck to be in other niggas' videos  
Standin around like hoes  
But them other niggas gotta do it for pub'  
Because nobody recognize them in the club  
And when they see me they wanna kick it, so people'll  
stare  
Quit swinging on my dick hairs  
And as soon as I leave, the muthafuckas start yappin  
Run they mouth like a bitch, better than they do rappin  
And I don't need a crew  
Because a crew can't do shit that a real nigga can't do  
So to all y'all niggas that's down with a crew  
How does it feel ot be number two?  
Kissin another nigga's ass so you can slick sign a  
autograph  
And move people out his path  
And that's the reason i'ma diss you  
Stuff your mouth with tissue  
And kiss my black ass

