

## Mc Ren "Roll On Em (Extended Version)"

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(feat. DJ Crazy Toones, W.C., Xzibit, Young Maylay)

[Intro: DJ Crazy Toones Talking]  
just throw your set high on the air  
swear it's gettin' mighty funky out there  
there's some bitches over here, there's some niggaz  
over there  
can I get a ride on cous' "yeah"  
ha ha ha ha ha, this is dedicated to the  
whole.."Suckers" "Suckers"

[Verse 1: Xzibit]  
I take flight like fist fights  
you see bright lights, throwin' lefts and rights  
I keep my jaw light tight swingin'  
bullets seein' pass your head though your windows  
and plastic falls, it's rat cast get closed [laughter]  
I laugh at those who chose to get ball  
when they loose a couple of souls, they crumbled and  
fall  
done watch the hunt down hurt, hang and hate the  
hater  
watch how we rise, ball and fake be later  
top dollar, anybody who got a problem with us  
could easily be found in crush [Gun Cocked]  
our lush fillin' of rush, feel the Adrenaline pumpin'  
me and Dub and the Escalade dumpin' "yeah"  
Crazy Toones productions, cra.. the ass [car peels out]  
Limo tint down, let us track some tramps my nigga  
when I walk I'm leavin' holes in the concrete  
Xzibit dropped that heat from thirty thousand feet...

[Chorus: W.C.]  
nigga what, roll up on them, hit them up  
pull the trigger, give it up  
lift the Chevy, grill up  
nigga what, if you a crib or a blood  
nigga I don't give a fuck, let me see them fingers up

nigga what, roll up on them, hit them up  
pull that trigger, give it up  
lift the Chevy, grill up

nigga what, got me throwin' up my Dubs  
through that nigga cuttin' it up, Toones is fuckin' it up

[Verse 2: Young Maylay]

let me explain it, how I let the three wheel swingin'  
drop it side to side, lock it up and then bang it  
that's right, westcoast, L.A. originated  
the pirate'll take flight, now I'm the pilot desingated  
Maylay cocked fist sittin' "what" switch hittin'  
hundred spoke twistin', five twenty stip grippin'  
see the bottom of the transmission, sixtey six inchin'  
showin' off how to quote it in Chrome suspension  
get my crown home, my bounce on  
cut the sounds on and stompin' like Bow Wow  
they already known I got the hottest rider goin'  
flat bed in the back, just incase I gotta tore them  
I cause I sure give it up, let me catch them with that  
wheels stuck  
jumpin' out soundin' like Dub, yeah nigga what  
two licks on the switch, and they got up "bang bang"  
with the ass in locked up, that mothafucker hot hop...

[Chorus: W.C.]

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[Verse 3: MC Ren]

who is it, the black nigga with the big dick  
toss it up with Crazy Toones takin' your trick  
but that bitch better swallow  
I don't give a damn if she has fake ass rap model  
"Damn"  
nigga get the fuck out here "while below me down"  
if she sucked my balls, if she want me to stink  
I don't give a fuck I'm filled with curse words "come on"  
fuck all your Radio gigs and nerds  
and fuck the....my black ass still gon eat  
Airplay they can't stop the Villain "uha"  
slangin' Mixtapes like my fuckin' ass dope dealin' "what  
you need"  
take a flight with Dub and X "nigga"  
let me foot print like the mothafuckin' tea-Rex "damn"

who got next, we run the court  
and pregnant your bitch while you pay the child support  
"Mark"  
then I'm out, get the next tape "uha"  
the Villainous make your punk ass can't wait, ugh...

[Chorus: W.C.]

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[Verse 4: W.C.]

Knick knackin' police rollin' in the Patty wagon  
push it through the alley askin' where Dub and Toones  
at..and  
where them niggaz livin'?, and how them niggaz steal  
stack?  
is it really true them niggaz grew up on that house  
niggaz sit and chat, talk behind the loc's back  
but when we come through, like what's happenin' they  
don't want no action  
little faggots, ya'll don't want it, cause we're pistol  
packin'  
and you know the Childhood brothers won't get to  
gatin'  
Click clackin', pass the cushion and zig-zag  
dip that let that mothafucker get back  
rip that 9 millimeter, clip gat  
bust a U where these niggaz at?  
let's push that wig back nigga  
Toones and Dub-C back to slaughter and shit  
switch tapes, Mixtapes yeah we started this shit  
find me some real niggaz y'all can feel niggaz  
to all my ground converse and Chevy Grill Lexus...

[Chorus: W.C.]

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nigga what, got me throwin' up my Dubs  
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[Outro: DJ Crazy Toones Talking]  
yeah, I wanna piss on all y'all nigga's graves before I  
kill you  
Cause I'm tired of niggaz claimin' the westcoast  
and ain't playin' no mothafuckin' the westcoast arts  
no doubt about it, that's some bullshit

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