

Mc Ren "Still The Same Nigga"

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Hey, pull over there dawg them my niggaz over there
Aight, what up, niggaz? Y'all seen that punk ass nigga
Ren?
Yeah, that nigga came through yesterday
Y'all seen that nigga video? Na, I ain't seen that nigga's
shit yet, man
Man, that nigga's shit whack anyway, aight dawg, aight
nigga

Hey nigga put this in though you didn't like that nigga
Man, why you always listenin' to his shit?
'Cause nigga, I'm on his nuts fool, just turn that shit up
Man, pass me the phone, yeah, man, what's happenin'?
Yeah, so we be there in a minute

Hey man, turn on the TV
Yeah nigga, roll up that weed
Fool, you got some papers?
Yeah, it's in the room on the dresser

Hey man, I don't see 'em
Hey man look in the closet
Oh, damn nigga, what the fuck you doin' in the closet,
fool?
Scared the fuck outta me, whassup?

And check it out y'all
(Yo, I'm still the same nigga)
And check it out y'all
(Yo, I'm still the same nigga)

This nigga be creepin' on fools all day and night
I got determined millimeters nigga, fuck a fight
'Cause niggaz don't scrap no mo', that's a no, no
Fools get hot, they shoot yo' ass on the spot

'Cause bitch made niggaz get fucked like a ho
But be outta work like that nigga Arsenio
'Cause niggaz be talkin' shit behind my back
Wishin' they could get they hands sweaty on my nut
sack

I ain't from Ohio but I'm a player
So pussy ass niggaz what the fuck you gotta say a
Poppa gotta brand new bag when I rock
'Cause niggaz on the corner sellin' shit out the ziplock

Uh, but me and my niggaz sit back and relax
While I fuck it up bustin' on them tight ass tracks
Yeah, you niggaz know where you can find me
I'm kickin' back in Compton with my niggaz behind me
Still the same nigga

And check it out y'all
(Yo, I'm still the same nigga)
And check it out y'all
(Yo, I'm still the same nigga)

I used to be a magician, but a nigga gave up tricks
'Cause my assistance was fuckin' too many dicks
So I start my mission, leave my residence
Fuck it, nigga makin' dead presidents

But niggaz be wantin' they hands in my pocket say
gimme
For a penny, all they feelin' is the jimmy
Like Rick James I'm bustin' out on the funk
Nothin' up my sleeve, the shit is in the trunk

But don't make me bop that shit, and it's on
'Cause I can get rocky like Sylvester Stallone
Niggaz shootin' stones, motherfuck a sly
If I wanted to I could hit you with my third eye

Then you'll be in a deep sleep
So bring the band by, 'cause nigga chokin' like I mad
fly
I'm still takin' niggaz out with the shit
That's droppin' out my mouth 'cause I'm still the same
nigga

And check it out y'all
(Yo, I'm still the same nigga)
And check it out y'all
(Yo, I'm still the same nigga)

Yeah, minute you win it, a nigga ain't a loser
It's a black nigga hittin' corners on a beach cruiser
Or you might catch a nigga in a Chevy
'Cause my motherfuckin' shit is so heavy

Rap skits kicked to the curb, they gets no play
When I'm rollin' in the 4-54 in L.A.

Fuck the radio and they format
I got bitch made nigga killa wrote on my doormat

So niggaz don't ring my bell
I gotta bad attitude and I'm mad as hell
'Cause I break goddamn necks with my rhymes
Niggaz in the street don't wanna fuck with mine

Devil's be askin' what I did
Tell 'em I make funky ass records, plus I built pyramids
But niggaz in the streets I'm a good fella
In the trench like Gotti and the umbrella, still the same
nigga

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