

Flowers For Breakfast

"Live From Compton 'Saturday Night'"

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(MC Ren's answering machine)

Yeah, who dis?

(Cold187um)

Yo, this Hutch man, oh whats up?

(MC Ren answering machine)

What up nigga, what's happenin? Yeah, check this out
I ain't even in right now, ah so leave a message at the
beap

I'll get back, peace

(Cold187um)

Yo whats up man, it's me man, pick up the phone,
nigga

It's Hutch man, whats up?

(MC Ren)

Hey, what's up dog? Hey nigga what time is man?

(Cold)

Hey I don't know, man, I'm just sayin man, I was just
callin

To see what's poppin, man, what's goin down

(MC Ren)

Nigga I'm about to rest, dog

(Cold)

Aww, man Saturday n shit and you talkin about rest?

(MC Ren)

Man, what you talkin about,

I was at that motherfuckin studio nigga, all night

(Cold)

Man lets go get some 40s, bitches, something man, do
something

(MC Ren)

Hey, hey fuck what you gonna do

(Cold)

Aw, aw its like Ren, Ren what's up?

Aw nigga gonna hang up on a nigga, shit

(MC Ren)

Come on and step on in, no turnin back

While I drop shit that have your mind turnin black

Nigga I break God damn necks, when I drop verses

And blind your sight, from the shit that I recite

Live from Compton it's Saturday night

But ain't no joke, cause I don't play that shit
Niggaz you know I ain't no motherfuckin comic
Droppin street knowledge, plus a nigga Islamic
Hoodrats they do the hoochie boogie for a fuck,
but that shit don't be workin
When I'm rollin in my truck, the farthest they get is a
big wheel
For real, and bitch-made-niggaz get they caps peeled
When I walk, puts a hole in the floor, with the steel toe
As if you didn't know, now that you know nigga act like
you knew
And if you continue trippin, motherfuck you
I'm walkin with my niggaz,
with the help of 187 on this tight ass track
So step the hell back, and you can't afford to sleep
Because my shit gets deep

(Cold187um)

Ok, time for me to rustle more shit, represent to the
fullest
Everytime that I'm spit, get cha lit
Get cha lifted, get cha high as you wanna go
Breakin fools off that wanna floss your gold
Cause I hate flossers and I hate braggers
I hate short stoppers and I hate ladders
On the real, niggaz be wanna Free Kick It pass
So they can beat your shit, and jack your ass
I give em 187 times to try
But on the real, they better off committin suicide
Slide me the tech Ren, so I can show 'em
That I'm not to be trusted, and not to be fucked with
And definately not that motherfucker they wanna press
they luck with
I keep it goin uncut, and if I get mad enough
I shoot they whole fuckin set up
And don't say I didn't warn ya
It ain't funny, when you be a victim by the corner
187 be the gate keeper
Cause where I'm from, the shit gets deeper

(MC Ren)

My shit gets backed up for days and days, it's hard to
sleep
My shit is too deep,
well how in the hell am I gonna deal with new niggaz
That be comin hollerin wolf, and ain't put out shit yet
Rollin down the street in my 4-5-0
Throwin wack niggaz shit out my window
Cause rarely do I see niggaz that be comin with that
funky ass shit
That make you say fuck ay, go shoot a nigga down,

but here comes that black nigga that they call Ren
Makin niggaz go and act crazy again
Niggaz be fuckin fools for the hell of it
Some down old niggaz better not come this way
Cause I just don't give a fuck, cause I get in a baby
gangsta mode
Bitch slappin niggaz with my fist
Cause I insist I'm a hell of a lyricist
But my roots in the street
killin playa haters over some wicked ass beats
Me and my niggaz come and get your ass
Then me and my niggaz beat up on that ass
Cause me and my niggaz, nigga love the creep
When the shit gets deep, it gets deep

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