

MC Ren f/ Bigg Rocc, Goldie Loc, Tray Deee "Real Talk"

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* this track was only on the cassette version of
Renincarnated

[Intro]

(*MC Ren and Tray Deee foot Steps shaking up the
Ground*)

[Tray Deee] yeah, yeah, aiy y'all

[MC Ren] What?

[Tray Deee] they said they was comin' to get us

[MC Ren] Who? ha ha ha ha, where they at?

[Tray Deee]

come on (*Gun cocked*)

We stay ready, these niggaz can't fuck with this shit
ha ha, y'all didn't know me, we live, eat and breathe
sleeve this gangster shit, nigga (*Gun Cocked*)
and dream that shit

[Verse 1: MC Ren]

Who wants, them niggaz that be makin' niggaz shit all
day

Groopie niggaz be tryin' to come, no way
mothafuckin' Villain don't play

this ain't no fuckin' Hip-Hop parade (*Gun cocked*)

We just some niggaz from the streets

you mothafuckers be talkin' like Villain won't eat

look at your bitch, she about to leave you to get to me

mothafuckin' Villain with Goldie Loc and Tray Deee,

Deee, Deee (*Gun cocked*)

we be keepin' these bitches up out they distance

bitch niggaz be starin' but they don't want attempt us

Compton niggaz be actin' crazy like Eighty Seven

Who the mothafuckers?, we're the mothafuckers (*Gun
cocked*)

take the whole westcoast then shut down the Ruckers
with mothafuckin' Low-riders, fast bikers and truckers
(*Gun Shot*)

I'm the mothafuckin' Villain, fuck these other fools

Can't fuck with this, they got me pissed

(*3 Gun Shot*)

[Chorus: Bigg Rocc]

We on the East Side, where my niggaz ride
Robberies, homicides, makin' mamas cry
They say who am I to be talkin' this?
We just some gangbang niggaz on that thug shit (*Gun
cocked*)
So who you fuckin' with?, my nigga Tray Deee
Goldie Loc, my nigga 'Ren brought the three
Woofin' the crap out, I seen up snake eyes
And your fear in your face cause you about to die

[Verse 2: Tray Deee]

I carried in the coast choas across America
hardheaded nigga, never carried a Derringer
I own large caliber, hard to cause a massacre (*Gun
cocked*)
make my heat up bang quick like Abracadabra
hit you when the passenger, laughin' as we blast at ya
with more storm troopers then the battle starts
galactic-a (*Gun Shot*)
blowin' up your subways, stoppin' up the tunnel
fuck the microphone, bring your chrome to the rumble
(*Gun cocked*)
turnin' up the silver satin, bout to get bang out
right when we light it, have them put the flames out
turnin' out the Award Show and snatchin' your platinum
better stay up in them Hollywood suites and the
mansions (*Gun cocked*)
have my brain been givin' all you niggaz a warning
we stay out in the streets so we gonn' get you
regardless (*Gun Shot*)
and ain't no way to run cause we united and stretchin'
and if you want some real shit, get wild with the west
then (*Gun cocked*)

[Chorus: Bigg Rocc with Goldie Loc]

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[Verse 3: Goldie Loc]

ha ha, speakin' my intuition, just listen to my mack
sense
tellin' my life story, gettin' serious with this "for real"
I got a problem with you, hate me comin'

and runnin' with this scum and drum
fill you up with hollow points and get your lungs with
the dump (*Gun Cocked*)
we're from the city, where the city gets shitty
hittin' off brand niggaz get filled up with fifty (*Bullets
Sprayed*)
slugs to the back of your window
stick to the script, so your ass won't get hit with this
(*Gun cocked*)
somebody stop me cause I'm makin' too much noise
down the runway
swervin' cracked the sun roof, let them hear this .38
(*Gun Shots*)
the streets is gettin' bigger and thicker
to be exact my nigga, they want us out to picture (*Gun
cocked*)
live it to the fullest, don't make me expose game
close up that chapter, and clip off a little strangers
(*Gun Shot*)
bend your back to get rain up in
take the dick with the Gin, then turn back in the friends
(*Gun cocked*)
you're fuckin' bitch nigga

[Chorus: Bigg Rocc]

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(*Gun cocked*)

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And your fear in your face cause you about to die
(*Gun cocked*)
We on the East Side

