

MC Ren f/ Bigg Rocc, John Doe

"Old Times"

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[Intro: MC Ren Talking]

oooh baby, yeah
oooooh baby, it's goin' down
oooooh baby, puff your blunts
fuck your bitch, drink your drank, I'm ready
oooooh baby, ooooooh baby, ooooooh baby

[Verse 1: MC Ren]

we was some young niggaz seen the ballers do it
I said fuck that, it's time for 'Ren to do it
so me and my nigga Chip Dirty
stayed out for everynight till like two: thirty
servin clocks, mothafuckin' young niggas
roll in them trucks with laces
bitches with the fine-Ass-Faces
I said I gotta be down, a teenage black mothafucker
from the Compton
got thirty bucks and I double it up
see them cluckheads I'm yellin' what the fuck up
we got planty chips, get his bitch a fuckin' twenty
we're gettin' rich better tell this bitch
we fucked the police
pioneers hustling, pay bang crease
peace to my nigga Train, Rest In Peace
you nigga outdoin' it big, wish you was here
puffin' on this blunt nigga sippin' some Beer
still Compton nigga, you was my dogg we went to
school together
then we two and forever
this little young niggaz don't know, this shit is personal
loosin' nigga that you know, you about to go through it
this shit I have you gone, then pray to your God
I have your ass in the corner cursin' your Gat
keep your head up, homey just remember the Villain
smoke weed, get your money nigga, fuck and be
chillin...

[Chorus]

Old times, there was no better day
just keepin' it real
Old times, there was no better way

that's just how I feel

[Verse 2: Bigg Rocc]

you know how we do it
never gangsters around here
been bangin' that Compton shit for twenty years "uhh"
I had niggaz died, some with twenty five
some smoke dive in the hood tryin' to survive
in the ghetto
but shit be hard for the overage "yeah"
niggaz gotta have a job and a sack to have it
take any chance, cause you only'll get one
so you make what you can
you suppose to be a man and run shit
shut niggaz down when they turn bitch, or turn snitch
bury mothafuckers quick, this is the life I live
the rider nigga chose
forgive for my sin in this world so cold
so step the fuck back while I lay this fat track
I'm origin-al like that DJ Scratch
I blast the weak up off the Bout "Uhh"
Bigg Rocc, John Doe, nigga like that, Old Times.....

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: John Doe]

Lodi dodi, we like to party
We don't cause trouble, we don't bother nobody
it's, just John Doe up on the Mic
And when we rock up on the Mic too late it's a gun fight
now you can call it ignite
but we continue, to find somethin' else to get into
Like some pussy, or infact "a bum rush"
A bum rush, but we call that rat pack
Gangster Gangster that's what we yellin'
how we made it new Compton no tellin'
sold crack out my house, yeah puffs was on it "uha"
Rest In Peace to my mamms, kept the nigga up on it
she know what I was doin, still had my back
she even lied on standin to keep a nigga in jack
you point a finger at me, you need to check yourself
"uha"
we had nothin' in the fridge, fool I had to live.....

[Chorus] - 3X

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