

## MC Ren f/ Bigg Rocc, T-Bone

### "Deadly"

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[Intro: Bigg Rocc]

for my niggas and my bitches, what's crackin'  
It's John Doe in this mothafucker, what's really goin' on  
I'm all good, we about to hit you mothafuckers up side  
the head  
with that real gangster, money hungry, street shit  
you know what I'm sayin, fuck y'all, what's up Ren

[Verse 1: MC Ren]

we duck and dodge you mothafuckers, attack when we  
need to  
Compton still the shit, still up in your grill  
you're gettin' fucked by a legend, tell how do it feel  
as I caress the Mic, shoot my sperm and dice  
y'all can still kiss my ass, ass black as the night  
gay niggas on the Mic, is all barkin' no bite  
Black Revolutionary, that's my title  
While these stupid niggas wanna be American Idols  
I started this gangster shit  
and this the mothafuckin' thanks I get  
the whole world ain't shit, my whole catalog, is so  
explicit  
niggas never sold a million just waitin' to diss it  
John Doe shit, rep it fully  
come through, slap you and your bitch like bully  
new year coming, we gon to shoot in the air  
cause mothafuckin' Compton niggas, we just don't  
care, nigga....

[Chorus: Bigg Rocc]

Gotta get my papers, gotta get my meals  
I'ma keep the street, some shit that you feel  
No time for that bullshit that's why I keep the steel  
Aim for your grill with the ditches to kill

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[Verse 2: Bigg Rocc]

I'm runnin' these streets with no conscience niggas  
the work I mean, is not behind these niggas  
uhh, scary niggas, paranoiad niggas  
John Doe been the tight, big bike stealers  
take it down, flat right like a tyre  
mad at your bosses, we the niggas for hire  
hot shit, we make niggas duck quick  
ain't nothin' changed, Compton niggas still the bang  
bout to take over, cause niggas slippin'  
while we hit licks, and niggas straight dippin'  
matter of fact we stay ready for combat  
Uhh, we let our gats go rat-a-tat-tat  
keep you skat, bitches stay yellin'  
they're fuckin' with some Com-town felons  
News at 11 with no clue, we shoot niggas at their shoes  
we beat bikinis mothafuckers like blues.....

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Bigg Rocc]

they say the money is the root of all evil  
I say not legit, Junky-Ass-People  
haters, like to see niggas starved  
put thier bitch up, when you full they whole card  
Corners is gettin' hot in California  
niggas return your bitch ass into donor  
I hustle on these streets for meals  
Bigg Rocc, John Doe shit that you feel.....

[Verse 4: T-Bone]

comin' out the barrel, the tip is hollow  
one neat on your chest, was this nuckle follow  
lookin' shady in the date like takin' your shit  
spit lead, you'll get sprayed up and jaw get hit  
T-Bone in your money and it's funny as fuck  
when I'm starvin' and scooped all your side walk stucks  
Smith and Wesson is loaded, and it take when I hold it  
and it's restin' on the ground with that rag I fold it, you  
know.....

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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