

Naughty By Nature F/ Cruddy Click Rottin' Razkals "Renegade"

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[Intro - Fabolous]

Uh, you think I give a fuck about what these niggas say
man

They even talked about Jesus

[Fabolous]

I ain't mad at when it rain, cause I know the sun is
somewhere shinin

Sorta like some clear diamonds

I hardly see my moms, but she know her son is
somewhere grindin

Some where rhymin, or somewhere climbing

Out of a pottable 760, inclassable very sticky

Wit a handgun, to send these cowards to Heaven
quickly

I ain't pussy, so I won't allow you to ever dick me

I know these greaseballs, wonder how could they ever
stick me

But I move, like the President through town

Wit stones the size of earrings, in my Presidential
crown

I put hollows from the Desert into clowns, cause the
cemetary

Is where most of the dudes, that are hesitant are found

So I take the time, of whatever the bench throw

The 4BM put down, in a seventy-two inch hole

Mean while getting adapted, to the fame has be hectic

But I'm fucking like I'm tryna take down Chamberlain's
record

And the girls more than like you, when you running run

Doing world tours like Michael, but girl's sure don't like
you

You going on like thirty-six, flowin on some berry mix

The little money you get, you blowing on them dirty
chicks

Tryna look young, so you throwing on the jersey quick

I'm on my second V-12, you going on ya thirty-six

You can look at this rider, and see I'm on the come-up

Cause I pass the hitch-hikers, like I don't see 'em with
they thumb up

I just turn the system up and keep boppin

I never get, where I'm tryna go, if a nigga keep stoppin
And I tell the cops, this joint is for protection
Don't they see when I come through, how these people
point in my direction
That's why I poke out my jeans, like my joint with a
erection
Till I'm in a joint made for correction
And right now, the way rapper bi'ness spread
It wouldn't even surprise me, if one of these rappers is
a Fed, nigga

[Paul Cain]

Since I'm in the position to get rich, I'ma get it
Whether it come from rapping on blocks, flipping and
pitching
And fuck the stove, and the kitchen where I cook and
prepare it
(Nigga you know) and don't try to act like the truth ain't
apparent
I'm on a mission to get richer, it's as simple as that
I make it obvious, when I pick up a pencil and rap
Like a .40 Cal, spittin on instrumentals I clap!
And these verses, are like the hollow point I sent
through yo back
I get you murdered if I think you a wrap
Cause if you don't show loyalty, then that show me
where ya principles at
And you don't know how much I been through, in fact
I never did like you, I ain't even gon' pretend wit you
cats
And I'm the nicest, I ain't gotta say it twice and repeat it
I'm a lyrical genius, I never been beaten, defeated
I'ma draw my weapon and squeeze it, you better
believe it
Leave you parapaligic, I demand respect and I mean it
My Desert's the meanest, you probably dead if you
seen it
Or spored out somewhere sick, you get red on the
cement
And I blow off ya head for no reason, and just when I'm
leavin
You don't know me ya on me homie, but the spread
make us even, BLOW!

[Outro - Paul Cain]

And the bad part about it is man, haha
I'm only twenty years old man
And I'm just havin fun
Man I ain't even tryin man
Desert Storm's youngest, and in charge man
Paul Cain, man

Yo Fab man, you ain't even gotta go hard man
I got these niggas man
Clue! Holla at cha boy
Skatin Dolla
Duro! it's our year man
Desert Storm, we gon' kill niggas man
You already know what it is
It's a ho'cide man
Stop "Street Dreamin"

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