

# Something Like That

N.W.A

Ah yeah, yo Ren, yo ready to do this shit ?  
Yeah, Dre, let's rip shit up  
Hey, yo Yella Boy, why don't you kick me one of them  
funky beats ?  
Yo, we got my homeboy Eazy E in the house  
Compton's definately in the house. Yo Ren, whatta we gonna  
call this ? Tell'em what yo name is ?  
Yeah something like that  
Allright, let's kick this shit on the one  
Kick it

Back by demand, now it's big as fuck  
because you as the public, you should know what's up  
"Compton's in the House" was more than gold, it was a hit  
cause it was based on some crazy shit  
So our final conclusion has been permitted  
Punks made us a target and knew that we'd hit it  
But that was a part of showbizz

Hey yo homeboy, why don't you tell'em what your name is ?

Well for the record it's Ren, and for the street it's villain  
And strapped with a gat, it's more like Matt Dillon  
on "Gunsmoke", but not a man of the law  
I'm just the baddest motherfucker that you ever saw  
See, I peep and then I creep on a fool  
Get my bloodpressure high but still stay cool  
Dig a grave of a nigga lookin' up to me  
that really had the nerve that he could fuck with me  
Who was the man in the mass, while I was waitin' to axe  
you know, it's MC Ren kickin' mucho ass  
Gettin' respect in showbizz  
Hey yo homeboy (Whassup ?) Why don't you tell'em what yo name is ?

Dre, the motherfuckin' doctor, bitch hopper  
The sucker-motherfucker stopper  
Back with a vocal track that's a fresh one  
so now, let's get the motherfuckin' session  
goin', flowin'. It's time to start throwin'  
rhymes. So keep in mind all the suckers I'm blowin'  
cause I'm a start showin' the time  
Never sayin' I'm the best and just goin' for mine  
Unlike a lotta suckers who claim they're gettin' busy  
when their records only make good frisbees  
You need to stop runnin' off the mouth  
Stop and think before you put some whack bullshit out  
It's not difficult, in fact it's kinda simple  
to create something funky that's original  
You need to talk about the place to be  
who you are, what you got, about a suck MC

Oh yeah, that's what I'm talkin' about, Ren,  
You know what I'm sayin' ?  
Yeah, I know what you're sayin', Dre, but you  
still ain't told'em enough, man  
Allright, Allright  
Well, let's kick one more verse right here, allright

Kick it

This is portable, something to fuck with yo ear  
Ren and Dre will appear when the sound is clear  
to fuck it up like we always do, and that's the trick  
Sayin' some shit to make the bitches wanna suck our dicks  
But it's an everyday thang  
communicating to y'all with the Compton slang  
Compton's back in the house and your apartment  
so open your door, by the way, so we can start it  
Test the monitors and call this mic  
cause the way we feel, we're gonna fuck it up tonight  
I got my mic in my hand, with a hell of a grip  
Bitches screamin' and shit, now it's a trip  
Waitin' for the grand finale, or the end  
or stupid rhymes set be Dre and Ren  
Well, like a kid, we get new shoes and go faster  
Smilin', like hell, as we move past the  
suckers, the motherfuckers with the ego hype  
cause we're positive and they're on a negative type  
and if think we're about to quit...  
motherfucker you ain't heard shit

Yeah, that shit was funky, you know what I'm sayin', Ren ?  
I know what you're sayin', this is MC Ren and Dr.Dre  
cold kickin' it in the place  
Ah yeah, my mellow Eazy E in the house  
Yella Boy in the house  
my boy Ice Cube  
Arabian Prince cold rockin' shit  
Oh yeah, hey, I'm a say whassup to my homeboys from CNW  
Yeah, hey, yo Ren, whatta we gonna call this shit ?  
Tell'em what yo name is ?  
Yeah something like that...