

# Great Elephant

MC Ren

[Intro: MC Ren]

[MC-Ren's footsteps shaking the ground like an Elephant]

[Elephant roars]

[Verse 1: MC Ren]

I'm the original, one that niggaz be bitin'  
but fools wanna meet it, exactly what they did it  
I been wreckin' shit 'fore thousand B.C.  
back in the days, nigga on your T.V.  
back when my nigga King-T was the coolest  
when fifteen eighty still had that mack attack  
it was just head fool bustin' on the west  
I was just like the pinky, now the shit is stinky  
the Great Elephant is what they call me around the way  
cause I be stoppin' mothafuckers all day  
Uhh, king of the jungle, listen to my roar  
I be wreckin' shit, keepin' hoochies on the floor  
they be gettin' hot, but I don't give a damn  
I be caressin' the Mic when I hit jams  
makin' in morning chrome till I'm throu  
cause I'm gonna make it real funky for you  
uhh, the walking black gaint, with the Desert Eagle  
but how many niggaz can I fit in my Regal  
niggaz can't get me in my place to live  
because of all the funky-Ass-Shit that I give  
I got hypocrite-Niggaz-Balls hangin' in the back  
no more think I'm hick, go and make it kinda quick  
cause I'm on a mission and they know I'm comin'  
every time they hear I'm comin' was all fools they start runnin'  
fifty thousand troops lookin' like the middle East  
the shit I have to do, just to get a little peace  
cause busters, they wanna be chillin'  
with that nigga that be callin' the villain  
can't be hate them, as I direct my boogie ain't water down  
my boogie be thumpin' and hittin' fools way across town  
Planners ridicuble, niggaz stay cool  
comin' up with fat shit sittin' on Fro-stool  
as I think into my self by I never talk back  
as I walk to the shack "to the shack"  
everyday that I'm livin' niggaz be trippin'  
cause all the funky shit that I be givin'  
it's like yeah I'm still here, still at the game  
I'm makin' that funky shit cause ain't nothin' change  
niggaz they wanna know what's up, I'm still chillin'  
yeah I'm still the Villain, yeah I'm maybe killin'  
I carry my big stick, walk down the block  
roll through Compton with my nigga Rocc  
MC-Ren The Mad Scientist bustin' tight-Ass-Raps "why"  
cause the nigga gotta make snaps  
there's too many clowns up on the jew paps  
too many itty-bitties occupyin' the Rap City  
so I'ma call Don Corleone with bad news  
and make nigga enough of that they can't refuse  
so hold your breath whenever I'll bust a verse  
and hold on tight cause it get much worse  
I set boogie traps where ever that I kick it

but you can't come and kick it cause niggaz might stick it  
ain't no warning down niggaz on these streets  
and ain't no warning down rhymes with these beats  
a Mad Scientist straight outta C.P.T  
that don't give a fuck if he can't M.C...

[Outro: MC-Ren Talking]

Yeah, yeah