(CHORUS)

Ren your dangerous, you know you bat like a week Ren your dangerous gun shots from Juagardonlee Dangerous, me know you bat like a week Ren your dangerous, gun shots from Juagardonlee

[MC Ren]

Move, now let me fall into the groove Breakin' niggaz off but I break 'em off smooth Used to try to pimp, but the ho's got old A nigga can't remember how much dope that I sold In my youth, the shit is the truth, go to jail for the proof Niggaz makin' records sellin' two copies Tryin' to fuck with me because your rap's sloppy Now back in your cage your wings are short You tall, dirty motherfuckers dig the basketball courts I can tear ya ass up in a rhyme But I won't mention your name, 'cause that's a waste of my time So I call my niggaz, Chip and Dollar Bill Scoop up to the hill when we move in for the kill Never retreat you dirty nigga take a seat Big motherfuckin' feet, with your wack assed beats So train "What up?" cut 'em with the shape Make the nigga walk the plank, the dirty nigga always stank Nigga better raise like the Titanic Ain't from Atlantic, but I'll make your ass panic And that's only one step, pride is kept A glass of piss weigh as much as your rep Nigga your through

One false move and a motherfucka's dead >From one Nine millimeter shot to the head One false move and a motherfucka's dead >From one Nine millimeter shot to the head

Sleep with the enemy and get treated as such

(CHORUS)

[Da Konvicted Felon] Quad is kept, I step With the nine millimeter come Complicated with the gat to the back of the devil's head Then I pull the trigger till he dead Red rum, all I can see when I close my eyes at night Dreamin' of vision of murderers comin' with butt, while Satan's out to fight I ain't rappin' to tight You're fuckin' with a motherfuckin' madman That don't take shit from a redneck chick You can put your mouth up my steel dick And suck until I pull my trigger come, ejaculate my gun What'll be done, when I be makin' your blood run Into the stretch And motherfuck that white trigger that got his fuckin' ass beat Many be pussy poppin' can't attail for that knee But not so many as I gave so much a buck, buck from me Buck, but it gets it up, I'm tryin' to defend my own skin >From a nigga who loves crackers, so come and ya jack 'em

The convicted followed no bust, and lust for you To make that one false move

One false move and a motherfucka's dead >From one nine millimeter shot to the head One false move and a motherfucka's dead >From one nine millimeter shot to the head

But if every nigga grabbed a nine And started shootin' motherfucker's it would put 'em in line(2x)

[Dollar Bill]

I was never the one to run with the pack But was the mastermind for settin' up the jack So if they every saw my beamin' it wasn't from crack I musta been beamin' them grubs to hit the sack And let me remember the days of way back When everybody was homies and no one played that Rockin' 'em, sockin' 'em, knockin' 'em out the box now tell me what's up Look at me wrong fool, you get tossed up I mean fucked up, you lucked up I didn't come out a long time ago, with the fast or the slow flow And callin' me wack, no that's a no no The style just so wild, while your style just so-so Nasty, they can't pass me, it's too fast see Niggaz that blast fast I don't let 'em blast me Usin' my mind like a nine millimeter to abuse So don't make one false move

One false move and a motherfucka's dead >From one nine millimeter shot to the head One false move and a motherfucka's dead >From one nine millimeter shot to the head

(CHORUS)

Many more will laugh and suffer, many more will laugh and die One false move, and it's an eye for an eye

(CHORUS)

"Yeah, I'm ready to die today"