

## Right Up My Alley

MC Ren

Oh yeah...  
You know what I'm sayin'...  
We peel mothafuckin' cops around here...  
You can't come around here talkin' that shit  
You'll get a mothafuckin' bullet in your head and wind up dead  
You know what I'm sayin', I'll send you home in a bodybag you fag  
And I'm 'a tell you somethin' right now -  
don't come to the alley with that bullshit (bullshit)  
Hey Ren, who's talkin' shit?  
Hey nigga where that shit happenin' at lo'?  
Right up my alley I see things and scenes  
But you know it ain't over 'till the black nigga sings  
And he's singin' the blues and holdin' shoes  
While he's zippin' off booth  
'Cuz every week he see a nigga's killed in the news  
In the alley all the hard hits kicking  
Don't permit the suckerz cuz they ride the mothafuckaz  
Niggaz gettin' high and high 'till they grw-p (grow-up)  
So fucked up - they start shootin' at the cops  
So ladies complain but there ain't shit they can do  
Or run dead in the house slap the bitches with a shoe  
I sell my dope and I ain't ashamed to say it  
Cuz I got Benz and mothafuckaz won't pay it  
In the alley - Bitches sell pussy real cheap  
Waitin' 'round the trick when the fucka fall asleep  
Bitches 15-16 got the claps  
And crabs in their pussy crawl around in the naps  
Sometime ho's would tore jams in the toes  
30 ass cloth, with boogers in their nose  
Roamin', Roamin' lookin' for dick to suck  
Walk around in the dayz like they don't give a fuck  
IN THE ALLEY ..  
Hey man, look at these mothafuckin' basehead bases ...  
Nigga you pop a gang of shit but ah nigga  
Where you from ?  
Right up my alley niggaz trip cars that they stole  
And niggaz outside look for wayz to get swole  
Takin' turns, zippin' on the 40 oz  
Poppin' some funky shit by the D.O.C  
I'm with my nigga little nation or my homey named snoop  
My nigga DJ train he hittin' corner in de coop  
Pullin' up I give him gat - axin' if he pullin' work  
Lookin' like a straight G - with some cockeis and a T-shirt  
We sit at the table wrappin' bones  
While the little BG'z fight with the sticks and the stones  
Tryin' to get a name for the self yo but why  
So all the little buckets gettin' the G into a driveby  
Take down some rifles 'cross-town  
They're back to the alley where they can't be found  
Police come around and try to find 'em  
But the whole fuckin' scene is standing right there behind them  
Open up fire on the pigs now they cook  
They didn't know what hit 'em cuz the niggaz had to get 'em  
IN THE ALLEY ..  
Officers down, officers down, we need assistance in the alley ..  
You're talkin' shit but where was you nigga?  
Standin' in the alley with my nigga Juvinalle for a while

This nigga try to rush it but the fool was livin' fall  
Tryin' to get a name pretended on the wrong wayz  
My brother cock de fuck out to his ass in the dayz  
People crowded 'round like a fly on shit  
Everybody had to stand cuz there ain't nowhere to sit  
This little punk he was new to the alley  
He grew up with some white mothafuckaz in the valley  
Now he's on his back lookin' up in all these faces  
I bet he won't open up his mouth in no more places  
And he don't know, he won't go but now he has to go  
My brother picked him up and started hittin' him some more  
Then every nigga had to get a turn  
To make sure that this mothafucka learn  
Niggaz kickin' him - hittin' him with bricks  
Check it, and my homey lit his big ball bite off his dick  
And to top it off he pulled my brother at the scene  
He emptied up his click with the whole 15  
IN THE ALLEY ...