

# Who Got That Street Shit?

MC Ren

(Chorus) 2X

Nigga who the fuck got that street shit (Compton niggas)  
Nigga who the fuck got that street shit (Park's niggas)  
Nigga who the fuck got that street shit (LA niggas)  
My nigga who the fuck got that street shit (Real niggas)

(MC Ren)

A motherfuckin fiend, before I became a teen  
the villain was fuckin with bitches instead of cones or ice cream  
Niggas be killing the villain like aids with whack rhymes  
these niggas don't be havin no lyrics  
All they talk about is nines and chronic  
The villain be doing that but I can switch up  
kick some unreleased shit nigga pick your bitch up  
The villain be killin you niggas that's running with clicks  
Ren be own em'  
niggas be running with clicks cause they can't do it on they own lonesome  
From CPT to NYC, I keeps it hot  
bitches be worshipping a nigga with shrines and parking lots.  
Ten years of damage motherfucking rap god  
traded in the Dayton's on the foe with 3 tripods  
The villain be travelling at the speed of light, cause I might  
be uniden-tah-fied if I come whack, mothefuckers late at night  
Niggas be waking up forgetting the whole thing  
nigga it ain't over till the hoe sing, bitch sing it

(Chorus) 2X

(MC Ren)

Ain't shit changed, still making bitches pussy's hot  
hanging with niggas from Compton carryin big glocks  
Fucking em' car hops trippin off some paint and gold D'z  
bitches be happy to hold these  
Hanging with rap niggas like Lez and Joe Clair  
niggas from Compton multiply and seen everywhere  
Making your spot hot attract the feds and protest  
kidnapping bitches and make the scene grotesque  
Real niggas and bitches niggas hanging out  
CPT dwelling shots reigning out  
Selling coke, hoes taking dicks down they throat  
bitch niggas coming up pissin all you find is a ransom note  
New release, promotin fucking police  
crooked motherfuckers hot cause I won't give em' a piece  
MC motherfuckin REN back at cha'  
niggas bit my shit the villain ain't mad at cha'

(Chorus) 2X

(MC Ren)

A nigga sittin on the curb rats catch whip lash  
same hoes when I was little, fucking niggas for cash  
Now they baby mommas cause they wanted niggas with dope  
stuck with stretch marks and niggas names tattered by they throat  
Some on they tittys, ankles and ass  
every neighborhood got these stankin tricks from the past  
They be at the clubs, pussy's used up  
they tiittys six feet, there stomachs lookin bruised up

Real niggas turn the light out  
nigga till they child's through  
These hoes today be havin niggas rob you  
Just to come up, so niggas can fuck em' with cheap weed  
makin motherfuckers go and drop a week seed  
Thinkin they max Julie fake ass macks  
all the hoes shake the spot once they smoke up your chronic sack  
Who's getting played nigga you or the hoe  
these bitches be fuckin you and your doe  
Niggas fuck it!

(Chorus) 2X