

# MC Ren, Hounddogz

The year is 87'  
Back in the 12th grade G  
When I used to hang with CH to the IP hangin' in the halls  
Tryin' to get the young bitches ridin' my ballz  
We got dissed cuz we were jog' and kept to ourself shyo  
Because it's all about self  
We used to try to get the number and the name  
But back then - they wanted mothafuckaz in the dope game  
We used to try to fuck with ho's  
In our graduatin' class there was no woman givin' up the ass  
We go to a dance, we see ho's rollin' eyes on my crew,  
But what the fuck can I do?  
They would'nt even give a nigga like me a chance thou [why?]  
Because my feet was my transport  
You ax 'em to dance they start to riff  
And on the way home niggaz never gave us a lift  
But now the tables turned around  
Every mothafucka and his mom would wanna be down  
I see the bitches at the clubs, the same ones  
They're thinkin' they're fine and also runnin' the same line :  
&quot;What's up Ren, we used to be in the same class&quot;  
I'm shakin' my head yeah, now listen to line ass  
They ax me what have I been up to,  
Knowin' damn well I made money for my record sales  
I zip on my drink and say see ya  
Cuz only a four leg and pregnant mud can be ya'

People that used to hate me  
Now when they see me they speak first  
But used to demon raps cuz I cursed  
They used to say I would'nt make it cuz I use profanity  
And call myself a Nigga With an Attitude  
But once again the tables turned around  
Niggaz tryin' to be down - walkin' up like a hound  
Especially the ones that never had nothin' to say  
Now they talk to me like enow and everyday  
Axin' me what's up with Eazy  
Or Dr. Dre, yo did he marry Miss She'ly?  
Or did the D.O.C get his voice back,  
And niggaz think I'm mean when I say I'm not a magazine  
Cuz when I come around I wanna kick it  
The ..... is axin' me for concert tickets  
The same fools, that used to go to my school  
When you see my on the streets just chill and be cool  
So if you realy wanna be down -  
Don't crowd around a nigga like a hound!

The hound-dogs, they come in all shapes n' sizes  
Jackin' 'round Ren with a gang o' surprises  
Nothin' but a groopy in sheep's clothin'  
The shit makes me lough when the homies want an autograph  
I feel like I'm on a talkshow  
Because they ax all the questions then say they gotta go  
Never wanna know how I'm makin' out  
All they wanna know is when my alboum's commin' out  
Or ax me - 'Yo Ren, when are you goin' on tour?'  
I tell 'em 'the same time like I told you before'  
Then there's always one beggin' for me to kick hm down  
For pissin' on my leg I never knew you you fuckin' hound!  
So go back to your home and fetch yo' bone  
And quit retrievin' on mine cuz nigga you got your own  
And talk about me behind my back - nigga please!  
So much of a hound, all you're missin' is your flees  
Scratchin' all day because you're itchin'

You're tryin' to get news wishin' you was in my shoes  
But trippin' like that you'd never be down  
Cuz Ren don't likes a fuckin' hound -  
You straight hound-dog!