

# MC Ren, Mr. Fuck Up

\* (NOT Cash Money -- MC Ren's brother)

My niggaz call me Grinch and yes I'm known to be a fuck up  
Loaded clip, folded sticks, my lifts and double cuffed up  
Put my stick so nigga feel my pockets with the dollar  
'Cause they rock keep the stock in a private prison parlor  
Grinch you did it, your black ass really did it  
Give Bone the microphone and let him kill it  
Give Bone the microphone and watch me beat you like a cop  
Lil' G from the hall so the maggot won't stop  
And plus I'm packin' punches always keep a good grip  
My homies call me Bone from the Whole Damn Click  
I live like a mack and keep the bitches on my dick  
You sorry sap sips still hangin' on my shit  
Compton is the heart and that's where we all from  
The jackin' goin' on in the hood and in the slum  
And don't be caught slippin' while we dippin' the 4  
'Cause Ren'll grab his nine and watch him smoke 'em from the door  
And then we make a dash and put that ass in the air  
True checkin' done by the true fuckin' player  
I'm headed to the cut with straight chronic in my pock  
Rainin' make 'em kill 'em 'cause I'm servin' 'em spot  
And that's how it's done I keep it flowin' like a sailor  
My beats are large my feats are star, some called me Chuck Taylor  
Then I call the Juvy 'cause I know we gotta Coupe  
Don't worry 'bout a damn we got the end, we gettin' loot

Then call me Mr. Dopeman when I'm chillin' in the spot  
My niggaz call me Bishop when I'm rollin' with my glock  
The crackers call me bandit when I'm runnin' from the cops  
And the bitches call me daddy when I'm tearin' up the cock  
Yo the title's Mr. Fuck up so I figure that I'm fucked  
Got no luck, shit, gotta go and earn a quick buck  
Boom boom, is the sound of my cannon  
'Cause I'm a nigga with a motherfuckin' gun master plannin'  
I'm a crazy ass nigga makin' motherfuckers fall  
A nigga from the streets hangin' in the fuckin' hall  
I place where we smoke bud and niggaz get bent  
And when it comes to music put on MC Ren shit  
Now everybody chillin' and the bitches gettin' freaky  
Took a trick to the room now she gots ta lick me  
Lickin' out my ass hole like a fuckin' groupie  
I'm through now I cleans up and call my nigga Juvy  
Headin' downstairs my niggaz hand me a 4-O  
Smokin' the extension you know it's the indo  
Now I'm feelin' high like I'm sittin' on a cloud  
The dust that we kick I guess we live our lives foul  
Beware of the nigga that they call J-Rock  
The party's goin' through but I still got my glock  
I'm watchin' for the bad apples in every bunch  
And if it's necessary motherfucker we can thump  
Or get a fuckin' pump, put a hole in your chest  
Slugs goin' straight through a bullet proof vest  
Matters gettin' worse if I have to drop the dogs  
Beat ya in your face yellin' till ya hit the hall  
So smalls, get your fuckin' 9 and your clip  
And let these motherfuckers know what's up on the Whole Click