# MC Ren, Right Up My Alley

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 did'nt 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 ..