

# 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 ..