

# MC Ren, Shot Caller

(feat. Big Rocc & Tha Chill)

[ VERSE 1: MC Ren ]

Niggas in the hood lookin at me crazy  
Tellin niggas like they wanna fuck my old lady  
Same fuckin shit every day at 8 o'clock  
Nigga, start my day off raisin off the cock  
I throw the khakis on, with the t-shirt  
Never knowin when a nigga might hit the dirt  
I'm thinkin, how in the fuck can I get high quicker  
Mix the blunt with some muthafuckin malt liquor  
These niggas that I love, I don't trust em, but I stay close to em  
In case I gotta do em  
We from the same set, but that don't mean shit no mo'  
I be premeditatin with the .44 (.44)  
My hoe be tellin a nigga to peel they caps back  
Cause I know where them niggas hide they shit at  
Shit be on my mind, return a shot call  
Broke as fuck, it's about to get hot, y'all

[ CHORUS: Big Rocc ]

☐Niggas starvin while you're home with the mills  
☐Niggas killin while you're doin dope deals  
☐Out flossin, throwin 100 \$ bills  
☐Time to set yo ass up for the kill  
☐Death of a shot caller, who can you trust?  
☐It might be your number 1 nigga that bust  
☐A cap, he's the next one to take charge  
☐Smoke him and his bitch in his backyard

[ VERSE 2: MC Ren ]

A nigga's sittin on the curb  
Hear that nigga come bumpin with the suburb  
Got my niggas on point, same niggas he be fuckin hoes with  
And rollin up the blunts when he wanna get lit  
Homie, when that nigga put the mutahfucka in park?  
That's the signal, little nigga, pump 3 in his heart  
Don't feel shit, cause it's real shit, he a bitch  
Niggas in the hood doin bad while he gettin rich  
Off this shit we be killin niggas fo'  
Can't make a move less this muthafucka say so  
Nigga, fuck that, I'm runnin this shit  
I'ma look him in his eyes when his punk-ass gettin hit  
But if you miss, nigga, I'ma kill you  
Cause if he get away, muthafucka, then we all through  
Fuck 3 shots, nigga, add 2  
And handle what the fuck you gotta do  
Kill the shot caller

Man, you know we been smokin niggas for this muthafucka  
This nigga ain't paid us shit, man  
(I know, dog)  
Hold up, hold up, hold up, dog  
Man, gimme the gat, I - damn  
Hey nigga, you got my muthafuckin money?  
Nigga, fuck yo money, nigga  
No nigga, fuck you  
(\*shots\*)  
Oh shit, oh shit...  
Damn!

[ VERSE 3: Tha Chill ]

These O.G.'s got me twisted like twizzler  
Got me heated and hot, and all I'm thinkin is killin ya

Peelin ya cap back, like Starter, fool  
I'm comin to get you niggas off my block, so I pack a full  
Glock with big slugs, and you know I buck no doubts  
Cause you know a nigga steelo, how I did them fools a week ago  
One week passed, I'm hearin you wanna wet us  
When you see Ren, Rocc, Tha Chill, you're puttin on the jetters  
What the fuck? These niggas tryin to bust on me?  
So I'm cockin up the can and ready to make them do some gas  
And do some flippin, and all that  
Cause niggas out here shot call, get they ass jacked  
And that's the main fact, big payback for you punk muthafucks  
Disrespectin the crew, it's mandatory that I buck  
Ass down from Comptown, Mr. Shot Caller  
Gonna be a fast faller if he ain't a fast talker  
Fast walker, or better yet better be a fast runner  
Chill on the scope with the cannon, finna gun ya  
Dumpin 9 to the gut like "Nigga, what?"  
This ol' B.G. big baller, fuck the muthafuckin shot caller

[ CHORUS ]