

N.W.a, Something Like That

[Dre] Ah yeah, yo Ren, yo ready to do this shit ?

[Ren] Yeah, Dre, let's rip shit up

[Dre] Hey, yo Yella Boy, why don't you kick me one of them funky beats ?

[Ren] Yo, we got my homeboy Eazy E in the house

[Dre] Compton's definately in the house. Yo Ren, whatta we gonna call this ? Tell'em what yo name is ?

[Ren] Yeah something like that

[Dre] Alright, let's kick this shit on the one
Kick it

[Ren]

Back by demand, now it's big as fuck

Because you as the public, you should know what's up

"Compton's in the House"; was more than gold, it was a hit

Cause it was based on some crazy shit

So our final conclusion has been permitted

Punks made us a target and knew that we'd hit it

But that was a part of showbizz

[Dre]

Hey yo homeboy, why don't you tell'em what your name is ?

[Ren]

Well for the record it's Ren, and for the street it's villain

And strapped with a gat, it's more like Matt Dillon

On "Gunsmoke";, but not a man of the law

I'm just the baddest motherfucker that you ever saw

See, I peep and then I creep on a fool

Get my bloodpressure high but still stay cool

Dig a grave of a nigga lookin' up to me

That really had the nerve that he could fuck with me

Who was the man in the mass, while I was waitin' to axe

You know, it's MC Ren kickin' mucho ass

Gettin' respect in showbizz

Hey yo homeboy [Dre: Whassup ?] Why don't you tell'em what yo name is ?

[Dre]

Dre, the motherfuckin' doctor, bitch hopper

The sucker-motherfucker stopper

Back with a vocal track that's a fresh one

So now, let's get the motherfuckin' session

Goin', flowin'. It's time to start throwin'

Rhymes. So keep in mind all the suckers I'm blowin'

Cause I'm a start showin' the time

Never sayin' I'm the best and just goin' for mine

Unlike a lotta suckers who claim they're gettin' busy

When their records only make good frisbees

You need to stop runnin' off the mouth

Stop and think before you put some whack bullshit out

It's not difficult, in fact it's kinda simple

To create something funky that's original

You need to talk about the place to be

Who you are, what you got, about a suck MC

[Dre] Oh yeah, that's what I'm talkin' about, Ren,

You know what I'm sayin' ?

[Ren] Yeah, I know what you're sayin', Dre, but you

still ain't told'em enough, man

[Dre] Alright, Alright

Well, let's kick one more verse right here, alright

Kick it

[Dre]+[Ren]

This is portable, something to fuck with yo ear

Ren and Dre will appear when the sound is clear

To fuck it up like we always do, and that's the trick
Sayin' some shit to make the bitches wanna suck our dicks
But it's an everyday thang
Communicating to y'all with the Compton slang
Compton's back in the house and your appartment
So open your door, by the way, so we can start it
Test the monitors and call this mic
Cause the way we feel, we're gonna fuck it up tonight
I got my mic in my hand, with a hell of a grip
Bitches screamin' and shit, now it's a trip
Waitin' for the grand finale, or the end
Or stupid rhymes set be Dre and Ren
Well, like a kid, we get new shoes and go faster
Smilin', like hell, as we move past the
Suckers, the motherfuckers with the ego hype
Cause we're positive and they're on a negative type
And if think we're about to quit...
Motherfucker you ain't heard shit

[Dre] Yeah, that shit was funky, you know what I'm sayin', Ren ?

[Ren] I know what you're sayin', this is MC Ren and Dr.Dre
cold kickin' it in the place

[Dre] Ah yeah, my mellow Eazy E in the house

Yella Boy in the house

my boy Ice Cube

Arabian Prince cold rockin' shit

[Ren] Oh yeah, hey, I'm a say whassup to my homeboys from CNW

[Dre] Yeah, hey, yo Ren, whatta we gonna call this shit ?

Tell'em what yo name is ?

[Ren] Yeah something like that...