

# Must Be High

MC Ren

Verse 1:

These niggas be actin' like I fucked  
and didn't call 'em for weeks  
Like they wantin' a nigga dick  
in between they butt cheeks  
they staight bitchy  
Without their bleedin' and Kotexes  
The villain that go to Texas  
nigga got a plan full of O's and X's  
What's yo' game plan?  
niggas be sayin' you sabotagin' me  
but yo' bitch be suckin' my dick,  
she be tellin me that you dodgin' me  
Like Piazza, a nigga gots ta,  
keep my roster, with bitches slidin' home,  
no lickin' yo' shit, yo' bitch is gone  
Niggas be thinkin' they Makaveli,  
tryin' to bring drama  
soon as these niggas whoop that ass,  
you talkin' Dear Mama...  
but face to face, these niggas be cheesin' like Velveeta,  
Lookin smoked out,  
hitin mo' pipes than Peter  
Stuck with broke hoes, broke ?? and ??  
pussies that they be fuckin',  
used up and sideways  
stretch marks for days,  
she about two-hun,  
gotta get pissy drunk,  
to fuck her and have fun

[chorus]

These niggas and hoes act the same,  
can't tell em apart,  
always runnin 'round  
lookin for some shit to start.  
These bitches run they mouth,  
nigga, constantly  
All in mine, nigga  
All the time  
It aint my fault  
that yo' punk ass broke  
Mad, cuz you only got  
stress to smoke.  
I heard that shit that you was plottin'  
nigga you can try  
to fuck with MC Ren,  
but you must be high

Verse 2:

Niggas be high because  
they workin 9 to 5  
But the Villain be hibernatin'  
wakin up at 5... PM  
You see them niggas be bitchy because  
I wont let 'em up on my team  
and give 'em a title like Hakeem,

I'm peelin' caps like tangerines  
Tellin' niggas I should  
break 'em off chips  
Get 'em in clubs free  
and take 'em on trips  
Free-Loadin' ass niggas  
lose all they sense  
when they think they gon' floss  
off my expense  
Niggas be goin' corner to corner  
bringin' up the bill  
Askin questions like the popos  
tryin to see if I made a mill'  
Then they take that weak shit  
back to they home fo' pillow ??  
She shakin' her head like you tellin the truth  
but she want yo' ass to walk  
What the fuck you expected?  
Always bitchin' at me  
when she fuckin' yo' ass,  
nigga she be seein me.  
Go look in the room,  
a costume, fo' haloween,  
of that black nigga, you know who  
so you can live yo' dream

\*chorus\*

Verse 3:

I hear yo' ho punk bitches talkin' shit,  
Tryin' to have some say  
Tellin' other hoes they wouldn't  
give me no time of day  
Still livin with they mommy  
She babysittin' while you fuckin  
Gettin county cheques and money  
from them niggas that you dick suckin  
But nigga, why these bitches all in mine?  
Why, nigga, hearin bullshit all the time?  
Hoes from high school be wishin  
they coulda got wit this dick  
You know how they be in the car-hop clicks,  
muthafuckin' tricks  
Now these hoes jockin'  
like all up on my style  
You broke bitches,  
How you like me now?  
Actin' like makin' cheese is a muthafuckin' crime  
If I said "drop yo' panties",  
bitch you drop em in a dime

\*chorus\*