

All the Same

MC Ren

[Intro: Ant Banks Talking]

Awww yeah, Oakland and Compton in the house "awww"
Where the real riders ride "awww"
And all the bitch-Ass-Niggaz fall by the waist side "awww"
Cities with no mourn for motherfucking haters and snitches
Cause somebody told me it was all about money over bitches "ooh yeah"

[Verse One: MC Ren]

These Record companies, they full it dykes like Da Brat
Most bitches got AIDS; nigga, better use a hat
All these niggaz' record deals, they tax write-offs
I can't help these bitches, born to fuck
I try to bar them all
Got a heaven for a gangsters like the nigga Master P
Where niggaz trip, judge your bitches bring that ass to me
These Ren hate niggaz, got their contracts renewed
Most niggaz in the game they hit the Chronic just to get sew
By my nigga Dre and Snoop for a while
Nigga, ran everywhere, like Puffy and Gille
I'm still that black nigga, my dick got bigger
But ain't you bitches trying to rap and buy glock triggers
And Chronic, see that be them whack niggaz yelling
That "Gangster, Gangster" the shit still ain't selling
Nigga who you're telling I'm the motherfucking shit?
Ren and Banks with another hit, ugh, ugh!

[Chorus: MC Ren]

Niggaz all the same "All the same"
There's no money make us happy with the fame "With the fame"
Nigga, I'll be checking out the game "Out the game"
Fuck that, all you bitches know my name "What's my name"
Ugh, these niggaz all the same "all the same"
There's no money make us happy with the fame "With the fame"
Nigga, I'll be checking out the game "All the game"
Fuck that, all you bitches know my name "What's my motherfucking name"

[Verse Two: MC Ren]

Every nigga in the game, is the same like OGs
Broke niggaz getting signed to these junkie companies "ugh"
Niggaz beefing without their niggaz, shit don't be making sense
All these motherfuckers lucky if they're getting 50 cents
Everytime the record sales, you must be breeze up your tales
There's some fucking going on, nigga tell me I ain't wrong
Where the players that he at nigga? they're too old to rhyme
There's white motherfuckers wear suits counting every dime
They give your ass on tour, a big home, a big house
And a hive full of cheese so you can be acting like a mouse
I'll give about five years, nigga, you'll be broke
Fucking fat bitches with a gang of stress to smoke
Not enough to choke, you're full of shit ???
With ass kissing niggaz, take it from your bang figures
Now you're stuck on stupid, cause you believed that hype
Said Fuck it when broke, you and your bitch hit the pipe

[Chorus: MC Ren]

[Outro: Ant Banks Talking]

Yeah, Ren and Banks motherfucker, '98
And if you just now thought about getting in the game
Nigga, you wait too late
Real riders in the house tonight motherfucker
Quick to get y'all throw off
And if you don't who's these riders
Then you're a liver to get rode on, motherfuckers

(Ant Banks played Saxophone over the beats until faded*)