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A pencil, a pen, or a Glock I'm the original, subliminal, subterranean Titanium, criminal minded, swift D-R-E with that fuck a bitch shit (fuck a bitch) God damn hoes, here we go again Fuckin with Ren, playin' to win (He got the) coke in hand, (I got the) juice and gin Same shit you was fuckin' with way back then God damn hoes, here we go again Fuckin with Ren, playin' to win (He got the) coke in hand, (I got the) juice and gin Same shit you was fuckin' with way back then We keep it crackin' from the actin to the jackin' G'ed up C'ed up motherfucker blaze the weed up We all on deck fool so put your heat up I stay on deck so me don't get wet Look my nigga, we can scatter like buckshots Let's get together, make a record, why the fuck not? Buck shots at the bus stop Don't stop till the bus stop must stop Don't stop till they must drop, fuck cops Gold Glock with the cufflink slot Game changing, no name sayin' Mask on, cocaine slangin' Tank rollin', we bang on em' Lord help us all They still try and find me tho Leave me the fuck alone And they still try and find me tho And they still try and find me tho Well it be real niggas back with that hard street shit They fuck em' when I buck em' It's that nigga with the cool and mellow shit fo' yo ass Take a nigga back It's that nigga with the cool mellow shit And I hit em' with a compound bow, hopped out slow Arrow through the body like a pork style roast Sold her soul, sold some blow Rock make paper no Ro Sham Bo In shambles symbolic shaming their treatment is silent Preachers preaching their violence in time the Earth will be ours