

# R.N.S.

## Slaughterhouse

Once upon a time in the projects, yo  
I'm at a cee lo game and my dice hit 4  
That nigga rolled a 3 but I ain't get my dough  
My hammer got a red light on it but I let that go  
My whole life hidin' from the 5-0  
Sirens loud outside of my door  
Shortys screamin', "You's a wild nigga"  
Lil' bitch actin' like she ain't know  
I put in that work, my name rings those bells  
Niggas know not to play with Joell  
Niggas know not to play with my money  
Cause niggas know I'm not taking that L  
I've been in these streets all of my life  
Had niggas' teeth all in my nikes  
Had white sheets all in my heat  
Had white meat all in my knife  
My nigga it's real nigga shit  
Big pound on my chest Big pound on my waist, nigga hit pound R N S  
I ain't ever ran on my niggas, never took a stand on my niggas  
I will never jam up my niggas, real nigga shit, R.N.S I ain't ever ran on my niggas, never took a  
stand on my niggas  
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Once upon a time on the Jersey City dock  
Had my truck parked in that corner, had them 18s on yappa  
When a nigga ran up on that bicycle, with his hand on that Glock  
Tryna get his blast on with that mask on  
But I thank God it ain't pop  
Thank God it jammed on him, jammed on him  
Pay for havin' that drop  
If he was in our shoes, he woulda killed us too  
So we ran straight to them cops  
That was fun homes, it's cool  
See you when you come home, you get a time wait  
None of my niggas gon' tell on you  
We'll turn anything 'fore we turn snakes  
That's real shit, O's around  
No sausage party, keep hoes around  
Her name come when we treat her like that  
She come around, she goes around

She gon' call her friend up Tell her 'bout that money we throw around  
And then go blow her jack up  
To holla at a nigga they know I'm in town I ain't ever ran on my niggas, never took a stand on  
my niggas

I will never jam up my niggas, real nigga shit, R.N.S  
I ain't ever ran on my niggas, never took a stand on my niggas

I will never jam up my niggas, real nigga shit, R.N.S

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R.N.S Once upon a time in North Long Beach, yo  
Somebody was knockin' at my door  
It's my homie, and he from Compton  
Told me he heard some niggas was plottin'  
To come up to my spot and leave me shot  
And bleedin' proly from a problem from the past Get that Kevlar and guard your chest  
Stand your ground but watch your step, my nigga, that's R.N.S

Now I circle the block before I pull in the house

I guess a couple killers like hidin' in my hedges

Word on the street, they heard about the Bentley

Park that shit, ride in my Lexus

With two TEC-9s, kind of ironic how I'm ridin' with TECs

Bout to send my rivals a message

Cold as the ice in my necklace

I'm feelin' like I'm in Vietnam with insomnia

Or a kamikaze in Bosnia

Cause it's so hard to rest

When you're at war with killers and that's R.N.S I ain't ever ran on my niggas, never took a  
stand on my niggas

I will never jam up my niggas, real nigga shit, R.N.S

I ain't ever ran on my niggas, never took a stand on my niggas

I will never jam up my niggas, real nigga shit, R.N.S

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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