The Product

Ice Cube

I was told 'cause I didn't witness the whole act
In and out was the movement of the bozack
It was hot and sweaty and lots of pushin'
Then the nut came gushin'
And it was hell tryin' to bail to the ovary
With nuttin' but the Lord lookin' over me
I was white with a tail
But when I reached the finish line, young black male
One cell made two and two cells made fo'
And so on so now I'm a embryo
Then I got a hunch that I'ma be on lockdown, for nine months
Chillin' with my mother to guide me
And nuttin' but a stomach to hide me
From all that worry and bullshit
Nine months later, I elbow pull and kick
'Cause my time is up and I don't care
With one big push, I'm outta there
June 15th, it's just my luck
In 1969, a nigga is the product
Ghetto ass nigga, you ain't shit
And you ain't gon' never be shit
I learned how to walk and talk and all that
They put me in school but it don't matter
'Cause I'm sittin' in history
Learnin' 'bout a sucker who didn't give a fuck about me
They try to shape us
But I know Uncle Sam is a motherfuckin' rapist
So I stopped payin' attention
Ice Cube, headed, straight to detention
Fuck that shit, I roam the hallways
I'm sent home and I don't got all A's
A high school dropout
My father had beef so I tried to knock pops out
But I got tossed, he's the boss
I'm out of there and mad 'cause I lost
Now bein' on my own is a factor
So I become the neighborhood jacker
Gimme your car, run your jewels
Makin' a livin', robbin' fools

And if I let my nine rang out
You know, it'll make your brains hang out
So what's your fate?
Am I the nigga you love or the one you love to hate?

The wrong answer is said, the nigga fled
I pump lead, now he's in a puddle of red
And if you got a buck, you're shit out of luck
Stuck up by the motherfuckin' product
Motherfucker you gots to get a job
If you wanna stay in my motherfuckin' house
Many young men reject the traditional values
That are important to their parents
Church, school and family
Have been replaced by street, turf and gang
Twenty-one now and in paid full
Feelin' bad from all the shit I pulled
On people back in the day
Plus, I got a little baby on the way
So I'm tryin' to go straight
I'm with my baby's momma, out on a date
'Til the punk ass cops ran my plate
Now I'm on a bus upstate
Oh, the young nigga done caught a case
Sittin' in the mess hall, sayin' my grace
Sent to a concrete hoe-house
Where all the products go, no doubt
Yo momma, I gotta do eleven
Livin' in a five by seven
Dear baby, your man's gettin' worn out
Of seein' young boys gettin' they assholes torn out
And then he got shanked with a spoon
And he was 'sposed to get out soon
Is it my fault, he was caught in production?
Where a young black life means nothin'
Just because I didn't want to learn your grammar
You say I'm better off in the slammer
And it's drivin' me batty
'Cause my little boy is missin' daddy
I'm ashamed but the fact is
I wish pops let me off on the mattress
Or should I just hang from the top bunk
But that's goin' out like a punk
My life is fucked
But it ain't my fault 'cause I'm the motherfuckin' product

He ain't shit

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/