

Really Doe

Ice Cube

Ain't nobody talkin' when I'm talkin', fellas
So shut the fuck up
And who the fuck are you?
Steppin' up in my motherfuckin', uh
Chuck Taylors, Knick kickers, Wallabee's, Cossacks
On my ass, I got the um, um, khakis, 501's
On my back I got the uh, sweatshirt
You know, with the fat three creases
Uh, my T-shirt, Slingshot, uh, khaki shirt
Um and I got the K-cutter in my in my pocket
Uh, got the afro, the braids
Motherfuckin' uh, rollers
You got to believe, somethin'
And I just ask my motherfuckin' self, uh
To G or not to G is the question
And like Smith told Wesson
I'm shady with the 380 old school diploma
I'll leave that ass in a coma
So, if you got a herringbone
Welcome to the terror dome
Two-eleven, sorry rReverend
Oh my God, gettin' robbed
Reach for the small, Atomic Dog
Hard to swallow, janky as Rollo
Count to ten and don't try to follow
'Cause just like Waco, I can take fo'
ATF to they death
Bust a left on Western, go and get a room
Don't want to be a felon like Stacey Koon
Get the right bitch, hit the light switch
Here we go, tap that ass like this, really doe
West Side Lench Mob
'Cause I'm a motherfuckin' G
'Cause I'm a motherfuckin'
Thirty in a holdin' tank, catch the vapors
Make me a pillow out of toilet paper
Concrete bench kickin' off the hemorrhoids
Ese's deep, don't fuck with dem boys
Phone check, collect call from the baller

Her mama said, "Please don't call her"
Do-Wah-Diddy, far from New Jack City
Seen one of my peers, "What the fuck you doin' in here?"
He said, "One-eighty-seven on the enemy"
And they treat me like I just shot a Kennedy

Deputy bitch thinks she's the Queen Bee
Ink on my thumb, index and pinky
Sir, what set you from? Play dumb
General population
Mama, put your house up and I can bounce up
Out this motherfucker, that's why I love ya
Out like a boss with a half-pint of sauce
Got the shit sewed up like Betsy Ross
What a friend know? Buy some indo
Never fuck with a silly hoe, really doe
Really doe, bitch
'Cause I'm a motherfuckin' G
Goddamn I'm a motherfuckin' G
Yup, that's right
'Cause I'm a motherfuckin' G
Goddamn I'm a
Knock you out like NyQuil, I'll kill you quick
You sucker-for-love-ass trick
So don't run up, wit' ya gun up
'Cause I got the back breaker, double pump, rump shaker
'Cause we can play hookie in the Aqua Boogie
With concrete Nikes, ya gets no stripes
Livin' unforgiven with the mic on
And punks runnin' like 'roaches with the light on
And that's all the shit I'm startin' bust a cap
Like Jerome. M. Martin
You lookin' for a punk with benefits
'Cause you got a baby, that take many shits
And you know I got a grip like a baby on a tit
Scopin', hopin', thighs open
But I kick back, six-pack and hit the Phillie slow
Hooker hoe, really doe
Ice Cube, yup
'Cause I'm a motherfuckin' G
Goddamn I'm a motherfuckin' G
Really doe, west side
'Cause I'm a motherfuckin' G
Motherfuckin' O, motherfuckin' G
East side

South side
'Cause I'm a motherfuckin' G
G, G, G, motherfuckin' G
North side
And who the fuck are you?

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