

# A Bird In The Hand

## Ice Cube

Say, look at this, I've been cleaning out my nest  
And I found an old book of my poetry  
Fresh out of school 'cause I was a high school grad  
Gots to get a job 'cuz I was a high school dad  
Wish I got paid by rappin' to the nation  
But that's not likely, so here's my application  
Pass it to the man at AT&T  
'Cuz when I was in school, I got the A.E.E.  
But there's no S.E. for this youngsta  
I didn't have no money so now I gotta punch the clock  
Gotta slave and be half a man  
The whitey says there's no room for the African  
Always knew that I would clock G's  
But welcome to McDonald's, may I take your order, please?  
Gotta serve ya food that might give you cancer  
'Cuz my son doesn't take no for an answer  
Now I pay taxes that you never give me back  
What about diapers, bottles and Similac?  
Do I have to sell me a whole lotta crack  
For decent shelter and clothes on my back?  
Or should I just wait for help from Bush  
Or Jesse Jackson and Operation Push?  
If you ask me, the whole thing needs a douche  
A Massingill, what the hell crackers sell in the neighborhood?  
To the corner house bitches  
Miss Porker, Little Joe and Todd Bridges  
Or anybody that he know  
So I got me a bird better known as a kilo  
Now everybody know I went from po'  
To a nigga that got dough  
So now you put the Feds against me  
'Cause I couldn't follow the plan of the presidency  
I'm never givin' love again  
But blacks are too fuckin' broke to be republican  
Now I remember, I used to be cool  
Till I stopped fillin' out my W-2  
Now senators are gettin' hired  
And your plan against the ghetto backfired  
So now you got a pep talk  
But sorry, this is our only room to walk  
'Cause we don't want a drug push  
But a bird in the hand is worth more than a Bush  
Tell the politicians, the hustlers  
Live and let live, yeah  
Tell the politicians, the hustlers  
Live and let live, yeah

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