

No Country for Young Men

Ice Cube

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Many motherfuckers criticize pros and how they play
And many motherfuckers criticize rappers and what they say
Even though they criticize, secretly they fantasize
What they know they'll never be paid to play Yeah
I'mma kill one of you young punks
With a old school flow Though I walk through the shadow of death
I gotta make sure that my shoes and my outfit fresh
You bitches get jealous when you see me coming
Y'all would too if you seen my woman Y'all know we 'bout to do what we do
This shit right here 'bout as sick as the flu
Drunk motherfuckers wanna vomit on my shoe
Niggas can't have shit proly 'cause of you Rappers go to jail like Oprah go to Yale
Steffan policy, don't aks, don't tell
Where my water-bees as I go get the mail?
Half black is the new black, can't you tell? It was blue-black like Wesley Snipes in new jack
Now you got to have a white mama just to do that
Tiger Woods, he used to be a safe nigga
Go ahead and let your daughter have a date with him He'll make with her proly in a wife-beater
Tiger 'bout to change his name to cheater
I don't like it when you call me Big Poppa
From South Central and I hate helicopters If we at school, I'll break in your locker
See me with a water bottle it's 'proly vodka
Drink responsibly or drink constantly
Be who you wanna be in this economy Drunk as Sean Connery at the finery
Can't throw me out, motherfucker, I'm the honoree
Trust me, I'll never be the nominee
I don't kiss enough ass, I'm too honery Ice Cube, be where the piranha be
Swimmin' upstream, eatin' up all kinda meat
West Coast treat it like hyenas
Take what you want from these lying ass cheaters Eat the fuck out these fake ass zebras
That's how we act when you don't wanna feed us
Crazy motherfucker ever since I was a fetus

Might as well join us, you ain't gonna beat us
Please believe us, you can aks Jesus
I'mma be here 'bout as long as Regis
Understand, I never pledged of allegiance
To this wall of confusion might cause a contusion, boy
I see you're cruising for a bruising
Fucking with a principal that don't like students
Don't you know that teaching is religion
And did I fail to mention I'm spinning out my pension
(No)The reason I home in
'Cause this right here ain't no country for young men
Sunny, you done fucked up the churches money
I'm red fox and you that big dummy
This junkyard was a empire
Y'all let it get overran by vampires
Most MCs is God damn liars
Like them supervisors working up McGisors?
Bitch, I'm not a dodger I'm a Laker punk
You's a fucking clipper, you can call me Jack the Ripper, cut you up
By your gizzard then down by your liver
Rooter by the tooter, gut you like flipper
Dipper y'all better treat me like the skipper
Head trigga, the air nigga
Air honkey and air critter
I come thourhg and kill every litter
(Like that)No country for young men
(No)
It's just a wall of confusion
(No)No country for young men
(No)
Your world is just an illusion
(No)No country for young men
(No)
It's just a wall of confusion
(No)No country for young men
(No)
Your world is just an illusion
(No)

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