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 poetryFresh 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 applicationPass 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 clockGotta 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 BridgesOr 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 doughSo 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 republicanNow 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 backfiredSo 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 BushTell the politicians, the hustlers
Live and let live, yeah
Tell the politicians, the hustlers
Live and let live, yeah

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