Hood Robbin' (Prod. by T-Mix)

Ice Cube

Man I ain't gonna be shit in the morning after drinking thatIf I can sell you the American dream,
I can sell you anythingI got to get out, I'm getting put out of my house
I got to pack up, my refrigerator and couch
It's a set up, but the bank wants me out
Or the L.A.P.D. will smoke me out
This suggestible weight, it choke me out
They gave me a loan and I had no clout
They gave me a house, for me and my spouse
Call my momma and my aunt,
Y'all should re-finance,
I let them dance with the devil,
Dig their own grave and I gave them the shovel
Fuck, my daddy built that house
And when he got drunk he almost killed that house
Is this the American dream, or the American scheme?
That got me walking in these American streets?
Its kinda sad when you have to get a hernia,
Cause you help your grand mama move her furnitureIf I can sell you the American dream,
I can sell you anythingLook at this maggot, with a stimulus package
I can give a fuck about a Dow Jones average
What the fuck you do when your paycheck is average?
Law abiding citizen turn into a savage,
Got to feed the children, got to feed the habit
Fell into a rabbit hole, chasing that rabbit
Now I'm in wonderland feeling like the Son of Sam
I'm at your west coast branch, gun in hand
I'ma feel like superman,
Walk by the teller, better call the trooper, man
It's the revenge of the lambs,
"big bad wolf, we're sick of these scams"
Sick of these plans, sick of this dance
Walk into his office took the nine out my pants
You're not a man, you're a serpent
Then I pray to God nigga nine get to workin'I never get the working
You know I heard they hood robbin',
Your money or your life and there ain't no stoppin' 'em,
I never get the working
You know I heard they hood robbin',
Your money or your life and there ain't no stoppin' 'em,

Ain't that a bitch,
When you got to steal from the poor,
And give to the rich
Ain't that a bitch,
When you got to steal from the poor,
And give to the richUh, drug dealer M.D.
Doctor feel good, give you what you need
In California, prescribe that weed
Oxycontin and codeine
Turn your grand mama into a fiend
And see the cyanide first hit ain't free
I know you bout to die, but let me see your I.D.
I know you bout to lie, but can you pay this fee?
If you can't pay, then please have a seat
You can't see a doctor but you could see a priest
We can't save your life until we get some insurance
Your premium is paid, add that insurance
I hope you got endurance,
They got me on hold and I'm under they influence
Nurse high as a kite,
In charge with my life,
And everything is lost,
Without blue crossYou know I heard they hood robbin',
Your money or your life and there ain't no stoppin' 'em,
You know I heard they hood robbin',
Your money or your life and there ain't no stoppin' 'em,
Ain't that a bitch,
When you got to steal from the poor,
And give to the rich
Ain't that a bitch,
When you got to steal from the poor,
And give to the richWhatever you need, we got it for cheap right here baby
This America, it ain't gon' cost ya nothin'
But a arm and a leg
Maybe one of them motherfuckin ears, ha ha
Don't trip, just put in on ya credit card,
Put it in ya baby' name, ha ha

Songwriters
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