

Hood Robbin'

Ice Cube

Man, I ain't gon' be shit in the morning
After drinking that, uh
If I can sell you the American dream
I can sell you anything
I 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 adjustable rate, it choked me out
They gave me a loan, and I had no clout
They gave me a house for me and my spouse
Called my mamma and my aunt, y'all should refinance
I let 'em dance with the devil
Dig they 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 American dream or the American scheme
That got me walking these American streets?
It's kinda sad when you have to get a hernia
'Cause you help your grandmamma move furniture
If I could sell you the American dream
I could sell you anything
Look 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 turned 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 a trooper, man
It's the revenge of the lambs
Big Bad Wolf, we sick of these scams
Sick of these plans, sick of this dance
Walked into his office, took the 9 out my pants
You not a man, you a serpent
Then I prayed to God and let the 9 get to work
I better get to workin', you know I heard they hood robbin'

Your money or your life and it ain't no stopping 'em
I better get to workin', you know I heard they hood robbin'
Your money or your life and it ain't no stopping '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 rich
Uh, drug dealer, M.D.
Doctor Feel Good, give you what you need
In California, prescribe that weed
OxyContin and codeine
Turn your grandmamma into a fiend
I see the sign, not at first, it ain't free
I know you 'bout to die, but let me see your ID
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 'til we got some assurance
Your premium is paid at that insurance
I hope you got endurance
They got me on hold, and I'm under the influence
Nurse high as a kite in charge with my life
And everything is lost without Blue Cross
You know I heard they hood robbin'
Your money or your life and it ain't no stopping 'em
You know I heard they hood robbin'
Your money or your life and it ain't no stopping '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 rich
Whatever you need
We got it for cheap right here, baby
This America, it ain't gonna cost you nothing
But a arm and a leg
Maybe one of them motherfuckin' ears
Don't trip, just put it on your credit card
Put it in your baby name

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