Tales From The Darkside

Ice Cube

Verse one: ice cubePeace. haha don't make me laugh!
All I hear is muthafucker's talkin' sucotash
Livin' large, tellin' me to get out the gang
I'm a nigga, gotta live by the trigger
How the fuck do you figure?
That I can say peace and the gunshots won't cease
Every cop killin' goes ignored
They just send another nigga to the morgue
A point scored- they could give a fuck about us
They rather catch us with guns and white powder
If I was old, they'd probably be a friend of me
Since I'm young, they consider me the enemy
They kill ten of me to get the job correct
To serve, protect, and break a niggas neck
'cause I'm the one with the trunk of funk
And 'fuck tha police' in the tape deck
You should listen to me 'cause there's more to see
Call my neighborhood a ghetto 'cause it houses minorities
The other color don't know you can run but not hide
These are tales from the darkside...Verse two:You wanna free africa, I stare at yuh
'cause we ain't got it too good in america
I can't fuck with them overseas
My homeboy died over a key of cocaine
It was plain and simple
The 9mm went to the temple
was the sound I put the bitch down
And ran to the schoolyard bathroom
Looked in the trash can yo it had room
So I ducked my ass in it for a minute
Covered with sweat I had the layback
Mad as fuck, thinkin' about the payback
Tonite the crew gonna have a little fun
I went home and cocked the barrel of my shotgun
It's gettin' critical - I start the five point o
There they go - drive real slow
I yelled out 'ice cube sucka'
Shot gun hit - and murder mutahfuckers
I told you last album, when I got a sawed off, bodies are hard off
Its a shame, that niggas die young

But to the light side it don't matter none
It'll be a drive by homicide
But to me it's just another tale from the darkside...Verse three: chuck dStanding in the middle of war
The middle we flex
When we die, they won't make check
Ebony can't see to the darkside
The term they apply to us is a nigga
Call it what you want, 'cause I'm comin' from the coroner
Same applies with a phd
Who'z black - don't wanna role - sells his soul
Watch his head go rollin'
Who the fuck are they foolin'?
Nobody knows, but I suppose the color of my clothes
Matches the color of the one on my face as they wonder what's under my waist
[standin on the verge] of them gettin' brown
Thats a fact got a fear on their bozack
Run, run, run, their ass off, they can not hide
Yet cube, they can't fuck with the darkside!

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