Us

Ice Cube

Could you tell me who released our animal instinct?
An' the white man sittin' there tickled pink
Laughin' at us on the avenue
Bustin' caps at each other after havin' brew
We can't enjoy ourselves
Too busy jealous at each other's wealth
Comin' up is just in me
But the black community is full of envy
Too much back stabbin'
While I look out the window I see all the Japs grabbin'
Every vacant lot in my neighborhood
Build a store and sell their goods
To the county of sips
You know us po niggas nappy hair and big lips?
Four or five babies on your crotch
And you expect "Uncle Sam" to help us out?
We ain't nothin' but porch monkeys
To the average bigot, redneck honky
You say comin' up is a must
But before we can come up, take a look at us
And all y'all dope-dealers
Your as bad as the police 'cause ya kill us
You got rich when you started slangin' dope
But you ain't built us a supermarket
So when can spend our money with the blacks
Too busy buyin' gold an' Cadillacs
That's what ya doin' with the money that ya raisin'
Exploitin' us like the Caucasians did
For 400 years, I got 400 tears, for 400 peers
Died last year from gang-related crimes
That's why I got gang-related rhymes
But when I do a show ta kick some facts
Us blacks don't know how ta act

Sometimes I believe the hype, man
We're messin' up ourselves and blame the white man
But don't point the finger you jiggaboo
Take a look at yourself ya dumb nigga you
Pretty soon hip-hop won't be so nice

No Ice Cube, just Vanilla Ice
And y'all sit and screamin' and cuss
But there's no one ta blame but us
Us will always sing the blues
'Cause all we care about is hairstyles and tennis shoes
An' if ya step on mine ya pushed a button
'Cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin'
Just like a beast
But I'm the first nigga ta holler out 'peace'
I beat my wife and children to a pulp
When I get drunk and smoke dope
Got a bad heart condition
Still eat hog-mogs an' chitlin's
Bet my money on the dice and the horses
Jobless, so I'm a hope for the armed forces
Go to church but they tease us
Wit' a picture of a blue-eyed Jesus
They used to call me Negro
After all this time I'm still bustin' up the chifforobe
No respect and didn't know it
And I'm havin' more babies than I really can afford
In jail 'cause I can't pay the mother
Held back in life because of my color
Now, this is just a little summary
Of us, but y'all think it's dumb of me
To hold a mirror to ya face
But trust, nobody gives a fuck about

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