

# A Gangsta's Fairytale

## Ice Cube

Once upon a time, in the black part of the city  
Yo G, yo G you better get out of here man, 5-0  
Yo Ice Cube, man  
Whassup man?  
Why you  
Whassup?  
Yo Ice Cube man, why you always kickin' the shit  
About the bitches and the niggaz?  
Why don't you kick some shit about the kids, man?  
The fuckin' kids?  
Word  
Little boys and girls, they all love me  
Come sit on the lap of I C E  
And let me tell ya a story or two  
About a punk-ass nigga I knew  
Named Jack, he wasn't that nimble, wasn't that quick  
Jumped over the candlestick and burnt his dick  
Ran up the street 'cause he was piping hot  
Met a bitch named Jill on the bus stop  
Dropped a line or two, and he had the hoe  
At that type of shit he's a pro  
So Jack and Jill ran up the hill to catch a lil' nap  
Dumb bitch, gave him the claps  
Then he had to go see Dr. Bombay  
Got a shot in the ass, and he was on his way  
To make some money, why not?  
Down on Sesame Street, the dope spot  
There he saw the lady who lived in a shoe  
Sold dope out the front, but in back, marijuana grew  
For the man that was really important  
Who lived down the street in a Air Jordan  
Ride to the fellow Mister Rogers and hoes  
Drove a 500 sittin' on Lorenzo's  
He broke out, Little Bo Peep, smoked out  
Saw, her and her friends sellin' sheepskins  
Yo yo I got them sheepskins  
Yo, my empty sheepskins  
Yo baby, what's up with that?  
Hickory dickory dock, it was twelve o'clock

Cinderella ain't home must be givin' up the cock  
I don't doubt it, she is kind of freaky of course  
Had a fight with Snow White, she was fuckin' her dwarfs

Saw a fight over colors, too  
Red Riding Hood, and Little Boy Blue  
A bad influence? Yo I don't know  
But Ice Cube'll tell the kids how the story should go  
Yeah money, that's it, yeah money, that's it  
This is Little Russ in the house  
Rock that shit homey, rock that shit  
Well, you know the rest  
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall  
With a joint, drinkin' some 8-ball  
Three little pigs in a Coup de Ville  
Lookin' for, the wolf to kill  
They're fucked up and they want revenge  
Them and Humpty used to be friends  
Now they're enemies 'cause he's a traitor  
Pulled out the Uzi cruised by and sprayed him  
Cinderella hoeing for the fellas  
And Mister Rogers is gettin' mighty jealous  
Of the cash that the pigs were makin'  
Time for the pigs to get turned to bacon  
'Cause Mister Rogers found out quick  
That Humpty Dumpty was blown to bits  
They said that the motherfuckin' wolf was next  
So Mister Rogers better watch his step  
So he let the wolf know  
We're gonna fuck up the pigs, and take their ho  
'Cause Cinderella is much too fast  
Before twelve, givin' up ass  
Double barrels all loaded and cocked  
As soon as they show, they gonna get popped  
They bailed down Sesame Street and caught 'em  
Little Boy Blue is up front givin' orders  
Little did they know Cinderella was a fink  
She called the cops and got thrown in the clink  
A bad influence? Yo, I don't know  
Ice Cube'll tell the kids how the stories should go  
Aiyyo man was that dope enough for you?  
Yeah, you aight, you in the house we outta here, see ya  
Yeah, you better go home before I whoop your little bad ass  
Some bedtime story huh?  
It's a nice place to visit but I wouldn't wanna live here

Ay, good ol' Mother Goose, remember her? I fucked her

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