

Holla @ Cha' Boy

Ice Cube

I knew you niggaz would be back
See, see, you need to fuck with me you know I mean?
Yeah, you need to holla at your boy, man
Stop fuckin' with them punk niggaz, man, with that shit
That's what you get
That shit stepped on nigga, that's what you get
I got that raw, I got that, uh
Twenty-fo' seven
(Holla @ your boy)
What you need baby?
Come on with it, come on with it
(Holla @ your boy)
I got it all day, in the hallway
(Holla @ your boy)
Sick of that blow up
(Holla @ your boy)
That's what you get for fuckin' with them niggaz
Come and see me for that real O.G.
He a O-Z, I'm a whole ki
Dope as a motherfucker, son, a whole [Incomprehensible]
Bitches fiend for it, then they lean for it
It ain't cocaine, but they wanna still blow it
What you need, what you need
Hoes offer me the pink slip and the deed
Treat it just like weed
Hit the right end, then pass it to her friend
I'm a hustler, you a customer
Them other niggaz you like, straight fuckin' ya
Some of 'em lyin', most of 'em trickin'
Others are dyin', some of 'em victims
When you come from South Central LA
That shit is like dirt weed, a nigga got a headache
If you want it raw, now
Make the call now, look me up, nigga
(Holla @ your boy)
Fiendin' for that good shit
Take a look, bitch, what you need, baby
(Holla @ your boy)
I got it all day

In the hallway on Broadway
(Holla @ your boy)
Sick of that blow up
Gettin' stepped on, nigga, come on home
(Holla @ your boy)
Ice Cube, back then they used to fuck me
Now that I'm hot, these bitches still love me
'Cause I'm far from ugly
Everywhere I go, they wanna kiss and hug me
They say "Dopeman, dopeman
I got your money don't turn into Konnan"
Don't wanna see the G-hand
I am the man from here to Cleveland
Don't get mad, I get even
Try to shake the van, think you're sleepin'

Oh, my God, this nigga's leakin'
Somebody best to call the deacon
Any dose is a overdose
Leave your punk-ass dead or a comatose
And if you don't wanna listen
My shit'll crack you out like Tyrone Biggums
If you want it raw, now
Make the call now, look me up, nigga
(Holla @ your boy)
Fiendin' for that good shit
Take a look, bitch, what you need, baby
(Holla @ your boy)
I got it all day
In the hallway on Broadway
(Holla @ your boy)
Sick of that blow up
Gettin' stepped on, nigga, come on home
(Holla @ your boy)
Holla, yeah
But don't two-way a nigga
Bitch, that ain't nothin' but a transcript
Dumb bitch
(I'll holla)
Don't two-way a nigga man
(I'll holla)
Damn
If you want it raw, now
Make the call now, look me up, nigga
(Holla @ your boy)

Fiendin' for that good shit
Take a look, bitch, what you need, baby
(Holla @ your boy)
I got it all day
In the hallway on Broadway
(Holla @ your boy)
Sick of that blow up
Gettin' stepped on, nigga, come on home
(Holla @ your boy)
Twenty years
I've been servin' you fiends
For twenty years
(Holla @ your boy)
Why would you fuck with anybody else, ha?
(Holla @ your boy)
That's why you're fucked up right now, ain't it?
(Holla @ your boy)
You need to get at me
You know I got it and I know you want it
(Holla @ your boy)o
Come on, Cube, let me rap on here
I'm, I'm just tryin' to sack somethin' up

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