The Wrong Nigga To Fuck Wit

Ice Cube

Goddamn it's a brand new payback From the straight fucks the mack and straights ganks the black How many motherfuckers gotta pay Went to the shelf and dusted off the AK Cops gotta get pealed 'Cause the nigga you love to hate still can kill at will It ain't no pop 'cause that sucks And you can new jack swing on my nuts Down wit the niggas that I bail out I'm platinum bitch and I didn't have to sell out Fuck you Ice Cube, that's what the people say Fuck America still wit the triple K Cause you know when my nine goes buck It will bust your head like a watermelon dropping 12 stories up Now let's see who'll drop Punk motherfuckers trying to ban hip-hop Fuck are and be and the running man I'm the one to stand wit the gun in hand Make sure before you buck wit duck quick Punk, 'cause I'm the wrong nigga to fuck wit

Hell yea, zone you better tell 'em Ice Cube and I'm rolling wit the motherfucking LM It's the number one crew in the area Make a move for your gat and I'll bury ya Ashes to ashes, dirt to dirt Punks roaming what I put in work 'Cause Lenchmob niggas are the craziest And y'all motherfuckers can't fade my shit South Central, that's where the Lenchmob dwell Hitting fools up wit the big ass L One time can't hold me back Sweatshirt, khakis and crokersacs Stop giving juice to the Raiders 'Cause Al Davis never paid us I hope he wear a vest It's all about the L-E-N-see-H why'all know the rest Motherfucking crew, motherfucking mob Doing motherfucking job in a motherfucking squad In '91 Ice Cube grew strong and bigger And I'm the wrong nigga to fuck wit

Like I said, it's a brand new payback 9-91, Let's see who beats the jack Sir Jinx grew a little bit taller (beat the wack beats out) to motherfucking baller And hoes can't row on Even bitches looking like En Vogue gotta hold on Don't let me catch Daryl Gates in traffic I gotta have it, to peal his cap backwards I hope he wear a vest too and his best blew Going up against the Zulu Break his spine like a jellyfish Kick his ass til it smells of shit Off wit the head, off wit the head I say And watch the devil start kicking Run around like a chicken, grand dragon finger licking Yo, turn him over wit a spatula Now he got Kentucky Fried cracker Mess wit the Cube, you get pump quick Pig, cause I'm the wrong nigga to fuck wit

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com written by JACKSON, O'SHEA / WORRELL, BERNARD / CLINTON, JR., GEORGE / WHEATON, ANTHONY / COLLINS, WILLIAM EARL Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/