The Peckin' Order

Ice Cube

In the deep and dark bowels of the underworld
Order must be maintained
Without a strict and unforgiving chain of command
Chaos is inevitable
Whassup youngsta?
Since you the new booty, and don't know nothin'
I got to show you bout the peckin' order
It's the order in how we do things and move things
See, somebody gon' tell you what to do
After I tell that motherfucker what to do
It's the peckin' order
It's the peckin' order
We got the power to make you niggaz sour
Big fish whale like Ichikowa, steppin' out the shower
It's the peckin' order, ask ya daughter how we peck
Inspect, high class ass to projects
Push my Lex through the California rain, gutter lane
Infamous schemes on the brain
For my connect gang, put a strain on every link
In our chain, that's right, we all get arraigned
Takin' sworn notes to makin' c-notes
Knowin' all the while that bullshit floats and niggaz don't
So nigga don't, gangsta paradise ain't nuttin' nice
Yeah we livin' so trife we need Jesus in our life
It's the peckin' order
It's the order, how we do things
And move things
Only fuck with the true things
Havin' heavy intercourse with the world of depression
Messin' with the wrong bitches never learn our lesson
Stressin', no guessin', never question
Even when we playin', we testin', confession
Do you still wanna meet where the killers eat?
Held accountable for anythang you repeat
It's the peckin' order, ask your daughter how we peck
When we smoke you, it's your best friend you suspect
It's the peckin' order
It's the order, how we do things
And move things

Only fuck with the true things
Now c'mon, come on potnah, c'mon
(It's the peckin' order)
Fuck that, I don't wanna hear none of that shit man
All that cryin' and beggin' and shit
To be honest wit you that shit really don't even
Affect me in no kind of way potnah
You wastin' your muthafuckin' time
(It's the peckin' order)
Let's get this shit goin', let's get it over with
C'mon back here, back here
I can't make no motherfuckin' mess right here
Check this out homie, make it easy on yourself
I know you want a motherfuckin' open casket
Where your peoples can see you and kiss on you
But you gon' piss me off
And I'ma blow noodles out your motherfuckin' head
And ain't none of that happenin' after that
So, c'mon back here, c'mon, right, c'mon, ay
But you know
One more thing before I do this
It's the peckin' order
It's the peckin' order
It's the peckin' order

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