Wicked Wayz

Mr. Mike

(Cube)
Ha,Ha,Ha
That's right nigga
Southwest connection (straight up)
Servin' more than peanuts bitch
Niggas tryin' to stay rich

(Mike)
How many ways...can a killa get paid?

(Mike)
How many niggas want a gansta boogie
I see the junkie in your eyes
What do you see me when you see me
A G in disguise
Been hypmotized since '85 with gansta shit
All you niggas get live and represent my click
Got bits and pieces on my mind commin' together like lettuce
Dear God protect us, cause we're mobbin' like Good Fellas
Alias Carlion, maybe the war is on
Prone to let my daughter live rich before she's grown
If I murdered Capone, would you consider me a villain
Chillin' with millionares, ex-killers, and set-trippers
My murderous complex begin to hit 'cha
Slip ya worse than New Jersey Drive niggas
Cause I'm in a
Rush to bust straps like mack-10's
When I'm strapped in
A '95 Impala
Breakin' like Vegas for my dolla
While I'm commin' like a hundred miles and gunnin' who gonna test
The southwests connect when it ain't shit you possess
Yes we got the endo
Splurgin' in Benzo
Turnin' virgins to nymphos
Look what 'cha in fo
A 'G that's gonna let his khakis sag
Mr. Mike and Ice Cube, franch braids and rags

Byatch

(Chorus)X2
How many wicked wayz, can a gansta' get his pays
When he's trapped in a maze
(Cube)
I represent the phrase that says crime pays
Bitches can we fuck, niggas' can we blaze

(Cube)
I treat bitches like puppies
I got a plate full of guppies
Appropriate dish for the big fish
Niggas' rich
They have my straps
Women with gaps
Now they want to' sit in my laps and listen to raps
But no
Heard a nigga' tight named Mr. Mike
Had to catch a flight, its only right
Stepped of the plane, Mean Green and Tony Draper
Killa was the caper
Lets make some paper

(Mike)
See we can't get enough of this gansta' shit
Sick as leukemia for weed in my gansta' click
Lets take riches
Witness two niggas' dome in the killa' zone
Bring your killa' chrome
Cause we headed to the terror dome
Some niggas' never make it home
As long as you got your front
I got your back, its on like that
And like this
Let the weed blow, cause all you G's know
Who got the wickedess flow
The crimininiminals

(Chorus)X2
(Cube)
Say What
Niggas' want to' short my cuts
Say what
Niggas' want to' check my nuts

How you sound
Ganstas' make the world go 'round
Guppies bow down
I'm with some killas' from H-town
Chase his ass down to Atlanta, GA
Find out where he stay
Locate my gate
Catch him in the hall
Make his ass call
And then I want ya'll to kill cousin's and all (Ha,Ha,Ha)
They won't believe all the heat I bring
From Palm Springs
Niggas in line to catch the ring
Of the dyin'
Keepin' it calm, so talk slow
Cause you'll never know
When I'm ready to blow
I'm a pro of the lifestyle of the Bloods and Crips
Make a lot of cookies filled with chocolate chips
The Westsides always been down with the South
With Suave mother fuckin' House

(Chorus)X4

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