

The Nigga Of The Century

Ice Cube

Say you little son of a bitch, what you tryin' to be?
When I'm big I wanna be a thug You wanna be a thug, huh?
What you know about a thug, huh?
You wanna see the bad guy? Look at Ice Cube, that's the bad guy
You need people like him, can point your fingers Huh? The fuck you know about this shit?
You ready to die? Okay
Where is that, you ready?
'Cuz they ain't touch the bad guy, okay? I'm the nigga of the century
Oh, so zhuu a bad guy, c'mon prove it
C'mon, you think you bad? How bad you are? I'm the nigga of the century
C'mon let's see how bad you are
C'mon bad guy, c'mon We the worstest, all purpose, you want murderers?
We service, hatin' motherfuckers with curb dust
You heard us, don't shit make us nervous
Not even when these fuckin' feds try to serve us Mention me, when you write it in your history
As a nigga with the key to the mystery
Grand motta ain word don't mean shit to me
Who gives a fuck what they think and what they see Live how I got to live, give what I got to give
Teach my kids positive, as well as the negative
Hope to raise better kids
The world needs a sedative, pray to God that we let him live 'Cuz you're bad guy, I'm the nigga of the century
The diamond scruff, all you niggas better mention me
Me that's who it ain't no mystery
Goin' down in history, niggas better mention me You better mention me, I'm the nigga of the century
Okay, all you niggas better mention me
Me that's who it ain't no mystery
Goin' down in history, niggas better mention me A nigga told me to keep hope alive
Survive and '95, I'll get you paradise
So I tried, nigga had to swallow his pride
But look into my eyes, I'm too wise to cook fries Twelfth grade graduation, summer vacation
Mama said, Get the facin' on them applications
Didn't know back then, I was too young
Public school made me dumb as a motherfucker What should I do in my life
Reverend Price, do you got some advice before I roll the dice
A nigga don't wanna shoot craps, 'cuz it ain't all fun and games
When you tryin' to get that money Mang Gang bang, maintain a slang cane
TV got a nigga where he can't use his brain
What the fuck you talkin' 'bout, choose or lose
Bitch I don't know the motherfuckin' rules for real 'Cuz you're bad guy, I'm the nigga of the century

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Goin' down in history, niggas better mention me Who am I when it's do or die
You can see a man's soul through the human eye
Can't spend all your lifetime gettin' high
'Cuz you and I got to do, for you and I Actin' wild as a juvenile
Now my whole life depends on the outcome of a trial
Wait pow, these people ain't playin' now
Got to bring 85 percent of the time now Fuck that, rather roll with the ruff pack
In the jet black, listenin' to ruff rap
It's quite simple, you bitche ass niggas don't know
What I've been through, the weather's presidential The warfare's mental
I sell my soul to the lord for the perfect instrumental
And the number two pencil
And all the hustle found in chromosomes of my kinfolk 'Cuz you're bad guy, I'm the nigga of the century
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Goin' down in history, nigga of the century Call Loko, take it easy Mang, you got it
You leave it the fuckin' illest nigga to fuckin' shit
That's no problem with that, gonna fuck that
Gonna have a fuckin' heart attack It's over, everybody knows now
It's no fuckin' secret
You know this motherfucker, okay
It's over, that's it, die bang, bang, bang I got that bomb, bomb
Ti-ti-tity, bomb, bomb, bomb
When I hit you, uhh

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