

True To The Game

Ice Cube

Aey, yeah you, motherfucker
You know who I'm talkin' to
Yeah, you that motherfucker that betrayed
Your homeboys and you ain't shit
Yeah, you about to get your motherfuckin'
Ghetto pass revoked motherfucker
Punk-ass Mark, bitch-made, punk-ass trick in a basket
You got caught up in the mix
It's the nigga ya love to hate with a new song
So what really goes on
Nothin' but a come-up, but ain't that a bitch
They hate to see a young nigga rich
But I refuse to switch even though
'Cause I can't move to the snow
'Cause soon as y'all get some dough
Ya wanna put a white bitch on your elbow
Movin' out your neighborhood
But I walk through the ghetto and the flavor's good
Little kids jumpin' on me
But you, you wanna be white and corny
Living way out
"Nigger go home" spray-painted on your house
Tryin' to be white or a Jew
But ask yourself, who are they to be equal to?
Get the hell out, stop bein' an uncle Tom
You little sell-out, house nigga scum
Give somethin' back to the place
Where you made it from
Before you end up broke
Fuck around and get your ghetto pass revoked
I ain't sayin' no names, you know who you are
You little punk, be true to the game
Yeah, motherfucker
Yeah, you thought we forgot, huh?
Yeah, get a little money
And moves out the neighborhood and shit
But you still ain't shit
When you first start rhymin'
It started off slow and then you start climbin'

But it wasn't fast enough I guess
So you gave your other style a test
You was hardcore hip-hop
Now look at yourself, boy you done flip-flopped
Givin' our music away to the mainstream
Don't you know they ain't down with the team
They just sent they boss over
Put a bug in your ear and now you crossed over
On MTV but they don't care
They'll have a new nigga next year
You out in the cold
No more white fans and no more soul
And you might have a heart attack
When you find out the black folks don't want you back
And you know what's worse?
You was just like the nigga in the first verse
Stop sellin' out your race
And wipe that stupid-ass smile off your face
Niggas always gotta show their teeth
Now I'm a be brief be true to the game
Yeah motherfucker, I see you got your fancy cars and shit
But you know what, you still ain't shit
That's right, I caught you slippin'
You know I could've gat you
Yeah, but I didn't even trip
A message to the Oreo cookie
Find a mirror and take a look, G
Do you like what you see?
But you're quick to point the finger at me
You wanna be the big fish, you little guppy
Black man can't be no yuppie
You put on your suit and tie and your big clothes
You don't associate with the Negroes
You wanna be just like Jack
But Jack is callin' you a nigga behind your back
So back off genius
I don't need you to correct my broken English
You know that's right you ain't white
So stop holdin' your ass tight
'Cause you can't pass
So why you keep tryin' to pass with your black ass?
Mister big
But in reality, you're shorter than a midge
You only got yourself to blame
Get a grip, Oreo and be true to the game

And Ice Cube practices what he preaches
He continues to live in South Central, Los Angeles
And he puts his money into projects that improve the neighborhood
Be true to the game

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