# Tomorrow

## Ice Cube

All hail to the West coast, I am the grand wizard
The West coast warlord and the future is today
'Cause tomorrow that shit never come
I worry 'bout today and this urban decay
I worry 'bout Hip-Hop, when did it flip-flop?
Get whack and turn into gridlock
I don't know, is it a government plot?
I don't give a fuck whether you love it or not
That's all we got and if you throw it away
You dumb as OJ, off a for-tay
In your Izod, this the rap God
What'chu gon' put up in your iPod?
Downloader, what'chu gon' do
When your favorite MC got to sue you?
'Cause he got to eat, ain't nothin' taboo
Get your ass beat by Erykah Badu
'Cause you wanna steal this good music
Put me out of business, now you lose it
Tomorrow, don't you worry 'bout tomorrow
That shit never come
This is very hard to swallow
Get your ass up, man
Keep your hand up on that throttle
You better ride all day, ride all night
Don't you worry 'bout tomorrow
Tomorrow, I'ma handle my business
But today, I'ma drink this liquor
'Cause tomorrow I might be a little quicker
But today I'm just the same old nigga
You know that shit is still a day away
Do yo' thang baby, put your life on layaway
'Cause everybody is Nostradamus
Boy, don't you know that tomorrow ain't promised?
To all the lil' mamas
Don't do a nigga like Isiah Thomas
If you a bitch, please be honest
Actin' like a hoe, you're not an angel
While you're daydreamin 'bout your future

Motherfucker come around the corner and shoot you

Don'tcha get stuck in neutral
Put your shit in drive, while you still alive 'cause
Tomorrow, don't you worry 'bout tomorrow
That shit never come
This is very hard to swallow
Get your ass up, man
Keep your hand up on that throttle
I'ma ride all day, ride all night
Don't you worry 'bout tomorrow
Tomorrow, that shit never come
I know it sounds strange but today is never done
I'm up in the Range when the clock strikes one
While y'all countin sheep, I'm countin' Benja-mons
Up on my feet at the break of the sun
President of the Gangster Nation
We don't go to war, we go to the store
We rob from the rich and give to the poor
Hip-Hop, oh what a bore
Lettin' college motherfuckers run the front door
Fuck that, let's take it back to the streets
Don't let Viacom dictate the heat
The nerve of them, I never heard of them
Askin' me about my urban spins
And if I got about a thousand of them
I'm a great MC accordin' to them, fuck that
Tomorrow, don't you worry 'bout tomorrow
That shit never come
This is very hard to swallow
Get your ass up, man
Keep your hand up on that throttle
We're gon' ride all night, ride all night
Don't you worry 'bout tomorrow
(All hail to the West coast, I am the grand wizard)
This is very hard to swallow
(The West coast warlord, the future is today)
Keep your hand up on that throttle
(Get your grind on, mayne, get your grind on, mayne)
(Get your grind on)
Don't you worry 'bout tomorrow

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