

Extradition

Ice Cube

Dear Mama, if some people came by the house lookin' for me
I'm innocent of anything they say I done
Now I don't know when I'll be able to write you again
But I will be back to California to see you
Your son, Ice-mutherfucking-Cube Keep my hand on my gun 'cos they got me on the run
I swear I didn't do what they say I done
Keep my hand on my gun 'cos they got me on the run
I swear I didn't do what they say I done Ghetto destroyer, paranoia, I need a lawyer
This bitch named Netoia, say they lookin' for ya
Got to get the fuck out of here, yeah right
This bitch dimmed the lights, nigga, spend the night Bust a quick nut, got to fuck up and gat on
'Cos this the same street I got shot on
So God bless Don Polla, double S
I gotta holla 'cos I'm smokin' on double breath Freakin', niggaz be leakin', information
Got the feds seekin', incarceration
Niggaz say my name popped up, bitch hop up
Nigga close the shop up, they try to stop 'em My cash flow leave me asshole neck it
'Gone in sixty seconds', burn all records
Nigga gettin' skinny eating dinnies
Count my pennies, only got a bag fulla twenties Listen, these feds fishin' for this extradition
I'm on a mission, fuck 'em, fight 'em, dine 'em, ditch 'em
I gotta kick rocks, I can't pick locks
Or spend the rest of my life in a shits bath It's so hard to get a room without a credit card
It's so hard not to let 'em know where you are
Tried to get a rented car, why'd he laughed when I showed him cash
Had to mash 'fore he called the feds on my ass Went to Vegas for the weekend, met a hoe down freakin'
Hey bitch, why you sneakin'?
Grabbed the paper out her hand
Am I the man on the front page, same height, same age Rap gage, put it down the G-way
Got my hostage suckin' sausage on the freeway
She say, "Let's hear the circle K"
Ran inside and made the niggaz all pay It's like I hit the Lotto outside Colorado
Brought it there for his wallet and my bottle
That's my motto and I gotta warn ya
Before I'm through, I'm going back to California Keep my hand on my gun 'cos they got me on the run
I swear I didn't do what they say I done
Keep my hand on my gun 'cos they got me on the run
I swear I didn't do what they say I done Listen, these feds fishin' for this extradition
I'm on a mission, fuck 'em, fight 'em, dine 'em, ditch 'em

I gotta kick rocks, I can't pick locks
Or spend the rest of my life in a shit bathMy boys Utah to Illinois
Set the poise, so I can infiltrate
All fifty states, can't wait till I'm back on my feet
Switch and shake this bitch in her sleepLow key, you feds can't see me
I'm up in D.C. with strike number three
Clownin', made a little stock to get a little cock
Now I got niggaz bangin' and lootin' rockI'm going back to Cali where it's bound with my strikes
Don't give a fuck who's on the marin or the mic
I should've known when I seen that motherfucker in the lobby
Looking like he wanna rob meFederal, don't like no black hetero sexual, intellectual
Tried to turn me into a vegetable
An I'm 'a sue all black and blue
When I come to hand cuffBig gray bus, scandalous
'Cos they can't stand us
They get excited and I try to fight it
I'm going back to Cali for show, extraditedKeep my hand on my gun 'cos they got me on the run
I swear I didn't do what they say I done
Keep my hand on my gun 'cos they got me on the run
I swear I didn't do what they say I doneListen, these feds fishin' for this extradition
I'm on a mission, fuck 'em, fight' em, dine 'em, ditch 'em
I gotta kick rocks, I can't pick locks
Or spend the rest of my life in a shit bathHey mama, when y'all send pictures you can't send a Polaroid
They got to be the regular pictures
An' they got us in here puttin' in computer chips or something
I don't know, like they playin' with us, it's like a game
It ain't nuttin' but a game to them mama, it's my life

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