The Gutter Shit

Ice Cube

I've been servin' niggas since 1985
Niggas want the gutter
Ice Cube, Jay-O Felony
My nigga Gangsta, Squeek Rule
Keep it gangsta y'all, keep it gangsta
Niggas want that gutter shit
Fuck that other shit, that play it for your mother shit
Ain't the rugged shit
Niggas want that gutter shit
Fuck that other shit, that play for it your mother shit
Ain't the rugged shit
Keep it gangsta y'all, I want to thank you all
Niggas comin' with that bullshit, it's gankin' y'all
We can ride to this kinda shit and bank them all
Nigga ball till you fall, motherfucker that's all
Can't none of y'all hang with me puttin' in work
Turn this motherfucker up unless you goin' to church
Nowadays, crazy ass bitches want they bills paid
But can't even make a good thang of Kool-aid
But chicken heads get chicken feed
Lil' dick and weed
Everything that a chicken need
Tryin' to pot I get real as Chris Rock
Make a bitch hot, turn into Fort Knox
(Bitch know)
It's Ice Cube comin' straight from the gutter
Westcoast Don, you fags s-s-stutter
There is a lethal in the gas chamber
I'm full of anger, nigga the west is in the house
But you still in for some danger
And when I'm thru, I take your bitch and fingerbang her
But if she looks tossed up, I'll slang her
Beat you like mama dearest with a clothes hanger
'Cuz the gang a niggas be tryin' to spit
But you can't spit it like this
I come equipped to rip any battle
And leave him strung in his crew
But they put me in the twist like Trump
I can collapse or puncture the lungs of anyone

Give him a chance to spit his last word
Unnerve then he done, 20/20 ain't good enough
Rappers ain't seein' me, this Jay-O Felony
And nobody can stand three of me
Caution keep MC's out of my reach, I'm on a mission
And be gettin' to your fuckin' hide to be called a physician
Immediately, I puts it down at a show
(Jay-O)
But looked to choke the shit out a fool, nigga dat's on doo low
Keep it gansta y'all, keep it gangsta
(Keep it gangsta)
Keep it gansta y'all, keep it gangsta
(Keep it gangsta)
Keep it gansta y'all, keep it gangsta
(All my life)
Keep it gansta y'all, keep it gangsta
(All my life)
I'm sick of these rap niggas lyin' 'bout they rich
(What?)
Lyin' 'bout they bitch
(What?)
Lyin' 'bout they dick
(What?)
I'm sick of these rap niggas lyin' 'bout they hits
(Huh?)
Lyin' 'bout they whips
(Huh?)
Lyin' 'bout they six
(Yeah)
I'm sick of these rap niggas lyin' 'bout they clothes
(Brrrmph)
Lyin' 'bout they hoes
(Uhh)
Lyin' 'bout they rows
(Uhh)
I'm sick of these rap niggas lyin' 'bout they house
(Punk)
Lyin' about they clout
(Yeah)
Lyin' up in they mouth
(Yeah yeah)
It's the Maharaji, my niggas kamikaze
Illuminaughty, bitch hoes in they body
We the riders, we push like Maseratis
Do karates on haters, and you hotties

Fuck the party, come on, my niggas focus
We the richest, pretend that we the brokest
Niggas notice, as soon as you're checking quotas
We the coldest, so go and tell the rollers
(Bitch)
Who dat? Next out the game in blue khaks
Gangsta's the name, niggas wonderin' how I do that
By the thug way, package and transportin' the drug way
Only means of makin' a livin', the Crip and Blood way
I'm on grates when I'm grindin'
I'm on steaks when I'm dinnin'
And on Sunday's on the wine
Is you can't calm the savage beast
(Never)
And I can make your birds rise like geese
K-Mac tell 'em, you sell 'em, I swell 'em, loc
(Swell 'em loc)
Hard or soft determines how much a nigga sell 'em for
We got the fish scale texture
(Fish scale)
Now if you cook it yourself you get extras
Dub that shit to death with this dub thang
Only a few niggas left with this love mang
So we cop together
(Yeah)
Put it in the beeker
Rock together
(Uhh)
Claim blocks together
And fuck cock together, nigga
(Brrph)
Niggas want that gutter shit
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Squeek Rule
Look in my eyes
I see the dollar sign dog, and my dick start to rise
Got to handle money, got to stack the money
(Tell 'em)
Buzzin' like a bee 'cuz I crave for the honey
Million dollar tickets make bitches look wicked
So you innocent hoes, ain't got to lie ta kick it

I know you knows
(Uhh)
'Cuz now my decimals
(Yep)
Done fiend for the green, keep you itchin' in your panty hose
Your eyes full of gleem
(Brrmph)
You wanna get on my team and live my dream
Captain of the ship is what I'm boastin'
Hit the three wheel motion, I'm the shit when I'm coastin'
(Uh huh)
Down the boulevard, flossin' hard
Lights hit the chrome, dog I'm lickin' like a movie star
Money makes me a savage
(What it do?)
Shit, I break down the world for the cabbage
(Squeek Rule)
Keep it gansta y'all, keep it gangsta
Keep it gansta y'all, keep it gangsta
Keep it gansta y'all, keep it gangsta
(All my life)
Keep it gansta y'all, keep it gangsta
(All my life)
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