

# 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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