

Get Use To It (ft. WC & The Game)

Ice Cube

If you try to get wit me
Pull a four on the fifty
Fuck yo monkey ass up like Bobby did Whitney
Trigger fingers get itchy
When niggaz get bitchy
And they need they story told on Jerry or Ricki
Well you're green and you're iffy
I'm clean and I'm spiffy
If they lock me up today I'll be back in a jiffy
All my niggaz that's wit me
All my bitches are picky
To ride around that's right on time
Bitch you know it's tricky
Take a hit of the sticky
Everybody get tipsy
When we hittin' that whiskey
All my niggaz get pissy
Don't fuck wit no sissy
All we bumpin' is missy
If you know where I am motherfucker come get me
I'm a man out of mickey
All my niggaz love hickies
That don't go away til ya well in your sixties
All I'm wearin' is dickies
Don't try to evict me
When we come to Atlanta we gon' re-open Nickies I'm a gangsta rap teacher, nigga you better know it
It's the Don Gotti Jr. slash motherfuckin' poet
Sit back and take notes while I spin like hundred spokes
My flow is razor sharp I'm comin' straight for ya throat
With that west coast gang bang
Watch him when his chain hang
East coast down south
Niggaz do the same thang
Throw up ya dubs like Wu-Tang who bang
Harder than that nigga barrelin' thru ya hood wit two chains
Swangin' like he's nuts, 'cuz he don't give a fuck
I know nigga that ain't bangin' in no khaki's or some chucks
It's that westside, connected with that nigga who flow so wreckless
He spent a hundred thousand on his necklace, I bet this

Motherfuckin' coast ain't got shit after me
Ain't have shit before Cube except a Dub C
The mack circle is back with mad purple in fact
I'm 'bout to join the Lynch mob that's me squirtin' the mack

Songwriters

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