

Get Use to It (feat. Wc and the Game)

Ice Cube

[Ice Cube]

If you try to get with me, pull a four and a fifty
Fuck your 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
Pull your green in your 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 with me, all my bitches are picky
To ride around us 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 with no sissy, all we bumpin' is missy
If you know where I am, motherfucker come get me
I'm a man not a Mickey, all my niggaz love hickies
that don't go away 'til you're 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 Nikki's[Chorus - X2]
And y'all better get use to it
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And y'all better get use to it[W.C.]
Barracuda with it, call security
Fuck the dress code, I'm in a white T with jewelry
Hand to my side with my nine, sat lyin' back
In the club with your baby mama in my lap
Lookin' fly like I got a pocket full of stones
Pro fitted on, wearin' chronic cologne
Big watch, big rocks, grip glocks, dick guap
What you niggaz thought, motherfucker this is Lench Mob
Dub make the trigger knock, talk shit
I'll put additional air condition holes in your Bentley top
And shorty got 'em gettin' low, I rich rolls
Swervin' on them MVP's, I call 'em Kobe's cause they 24's
Still spittin' out sunflowers, Dub and Don Dadda
Bustin' more gun powder than gun towers
Down South, y'all can Screw it, it's the West, too truest
Keep the party jumpin' like do it fluid and never lose it[Chorus - X2]
And y'all better get use to it
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And y'all better get use to it[The Game]
Who my gangsta rap teacher? (Ice Cube) Nigga you better know it
It's the Don Dadda 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 your throat
With that West Coast, gangbang, watch him when his chain hang
East Coast, Down South, niggaz do the same thang
Throw up your dubs like Wu-Tang, who bang
harder than that nigga bailin' through your hood with two chains
Swangin' like his nuts, 'cause he don't give a fuck
Bout no nigga that ain't bangin' in no khakis or some Chuck's
It's that Westside, Connect'd with that
nigga who flow so wreckless
He spent a hundred thousand on his necklace, I'll bet this
motherfuckin' Coast ain't got shit after me
Ain't have shit before Cube except a W.C.
The Maad Circle is back, with mad purple in fact
I'm bout to join the Lench Mob, that's me
squirtin' the mac, motherfuckers[Chorus - X2]
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