No Vaseline

Ice Cube

Here's what they think about you
Here's what they think about you
Here's what they think about you
Got damn, I'm glad ya'll set it off
Used to be hard, now you're just wet and soft
First you was down with the AK
And now I see you on a video with Michelle
Lookin' like straight pozas
I saw it comin', that's why I went solo
And kept on stompin'
When ya'll mothafuckers moved straight outta Compton
Livin' with the whites, one big house
And not another nigga in site
I started off with too much cargo
Dropped four niggas now I'm makin' all the dough
White man just rulin'
The niggas with attitudes, who ya foolin'?
Ya'll niggas just phony
I put that on my mama and my dead homeys
Yella boy's on your team, so you're losin'
Ay yo, Dre, stick to producin'
Callin' me Arnold, but you been a dick
Eazy E saw your ass and went in it quick
You got jealous when I got my own company
But I'm a man, and ain't nobody helpin' me
Tryin' to sound like Amerikkka's Most
You could yell all day but you don't come close
'Cuz you know I'm the one that flown
Ya done run 100 miles, but you still got one to go
With the L E N C H M O B, and ya'll disgrace the C P T
'Cuz you're gettin' fucked out your green by a white boy
With no Vaseline
Now you're gettin' done without Vaseline
Now you're gettin' done without Vaseline
Now you're gettin' done without Vaseline
Damn, it feels good to see people on it
The bigger the cap, the bigger the peelin'
Who gives a fuck about a punk-ass villain?
You're gettin' fucked real quick

And Eazy's dick, is smellin' like MC Ren's shit
Tried to tell you a year ago
But Willie D told me to let a hoe be a hoe, so
I couldn't stop you from gettin' ganked
Now let's play big-bank-take-little-bank
Tried to dis Ice Cube, it wasn't worth it
'Cuz the broomstick fit your ass so perfect
Cut my hair and I'll cut them balls
'Cuz I heard you're, like givin' up the drawers
Gang-banged by your manager, fella
Gettin' money out your ass, like a mothafuckin' ready teller
Givin' up the dollar bills
Now they got the villain with a purse and high-heels

So don't believe what Ren say
'Cuz he's goin' out like Kunte Kinte
But I got a whip for ya Toby
Used to be my homey, now you act like you don't know me
It's a case of divide and conquer
'Cuz you let a Jew break up my crew
House nigga gotta run and hide
Yellin' Compton, but you moved to Riverside
So don't front, MC Ren
'Cuz I remember when you drove a B 2-10
Broke as a mothafuckin' joke
Let you on the scene to back up the Verse Team
It ain't my fault, one nigga got smart
and they rippin' your asshole apart
By takin' your green, oh yeah
The Villain does get fucked with no Vaseline
Now you're gettin' done without Vaseline
I never have dinner with the President
I never have dinner with the President
I never have dinner with the President
And when I see your ass again, I'll be hesitant
Now I think you a snitch
Throw a house nigga in a ditch
Half-pint bitch, fuckin' your homeboys
You little maggot Eazy E turned faggot
With your manager, fella
Fuckin' MC Ren, Dr Dre and Yella
But if they were smart as me
Eazy E would be hangin' from a tree
With no Vaseline
Just a match and a little bit of gasoline

Light 'em up, burn 'em up, flame on
Till that Jheri curl is gone
On a permanent vacation
Off the Massa plantation
Heard you both got the same bank account
Dumb nigga, what you thinkin' 'bout?
Get rid of that Devil real simple
Put a bullet in his temple
'Cuz you can't be the Nigga 4 Life crew
With a white Jew tellin' you what to do
Pullin' wools with your scams
Now I gotta play the Silence of the Lambs
With a midget who's a punk too
Tryin' to fuck me, but I'd rather fuck you
Eric Wright, punk, always into somethin'
Gettin' fucked at night
By Mista Shitpacker
Bend over for the goddamn cracker, no Vaseline

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