

Stop Snitchin'

Ice Cube

[Ice Cube]

Ice Cube (yeah!)

Callin' from a California state penitentiary

(Let me out this motherfucker)

We got over two million motherfuckers locked up

(Let me out this motherfucker) Stop snitchin' Now how many MC's must get boood

Before somebody say don't fuck with Cube (you know!)

I'll strip you nude (butt-ass) in your living room

Face down, paralyzed from the waist down

I'm a buckin' clown, but don't fuck around

Doin' movies now, but I'll lay you down

South Central style, pull them thangs out

Don't make a millionaire have to send you there

You know the story of the tortoise nigga and the hare

Nigga run nigga run never get there

I'ma walk, fuck a bitch when I get there

Nigga this a marathon, ask Farrakhan

Fuck the cemetery that I'm buried on (fuck 'em)

The blood of Ice Cube got to carry on (forever)

Forever what the fuck are they yellin'?

"Gangsta Gangsta," nigga stop tellin' stop snitchin'[Chorus]

You can have whatever you want

In the hood, it's do's and don'ts

So when it get hot in this kitchen

Stop snitchin', nigga stop snitchin'[Ice Cube]

Microphone master, super rhyme maker

Gun blaster, who's the life taker (who?)

Who the fuck is a lifetime Laker?

I slap the Maybeline off Tammy Faye Baker

Who the fuck got more than an acre?

In Los Angeles I got to have paper

I'm a nigga, don't talk to my neighbors

Straight asshole, always up in Vegas (yay yay)

Lay it out for these niggas to follow

Get the point, but these points is hollow

Now this here, is hard to swallow

But if you do it's like hittin' the lotto

Little nigga with big bravado

Hit the throttle niggas hit the bottle

Can give a fuck if they life is hollow
Where the fuck was you, when I rocked the Apollo, bitch? Ay, who put this thing together? Me, that's who
Who I trust? Who I trust? me, that's who! Nigga nigga nigga, can't you see
Somehow your words incarcerate me
Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee
Lock me up in my prime, Muhammad Ali
Get out whoop yo' ass like Muhammad Ali
Rumble in the Jungle, nigga don't play Dumbo
In the hood nigga known as Columbo
Get the people on the phone, tell the jumble
Spit fluid and swear he didn't do it
Got my bottom bitch locked up with Martha Stewart
She say she had the hoe cookin' deep dish
She say Martha fuckin' cook fish and eat fish
Westside y'all niggas got to peep this
That's your weakness, can't keep a secret
Don't say shit, boy that's basic
They want to send a nigga back to the slave ship
Stop snitchin'[Chorus] You can have whatever you choose
But out here, it's don'ts and do's
So after we finish this mission
Stop snitchin', nigga stop snitchin' OK, OK [Swizz Beatz: Repeat: x4]
One two, in the place to be
You rockin' with Ice Cube, and the homey Swizz Beatz Keep your fuckin' mouth shut man

Songwriters

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