

Say Hi To The Bad Guy

Ice Cube

Good evening. Police, do not attempt to adjust your radios. There is nothing
Wrong. We have takin control over this city as to bring you this special
Bulletin and we will return this motherfucker to ya as soon as the National

Guard move in

The cops wanna catch the nigga that won't fetch

But I'll blast ya, never call ya master

Who is that kickin up shit much faster?

Rollin on a scooter, you know I might do ya

See a black clock and my buckshots run right thru ya

I never knew ya

Cause I'm not a trick

You can suck the biggity-dick, I'm not the piggity-pig

I get away quickity-quick

On the plane to South Central

Never get played by the monkey wrench ho

Steady mobbin I'm just like Robin Hood

Up to no good, so many bitches on my wood

To the right of me and to the left of me

Bitch, I got so much game I need a referee

Throw a penalty of ass interference

Damn, y'all over me, so bitch get on the bitch

Here comes the cops so I better hit the fence

Better run fast cause the dobermans pinch

And I won't play mine in the daytime

Goddamn, here comes the canine

Four legged copper that wants to use Ice Cube as a whopper

But who's the first nigga to outrun a chopper?

No lie say hi to the bad guy

Fuck! (Hey guys, where ya headed?)

Nowhere, man (Got your licence and registration?)

Yeah, hold up, right here (Hey, what's in that box back there?)

Nuttin, aah, nuttin (They happen to be donuts?)

(Ya got a glazed donut? How bout a bearclaw?)

Aaah (If you don't have one, I got to gaffle ya)

What? You gon' gaf Yeah

See one-time, hit em up

Cos you know the Lench Mob is down to get em up

People think Ice Cube roll with the gangs

Cos I'm in a coupe de sittin on thangs
Ain't gotta tell me twice about the jack
See a got a 9 in my lap ta take care of that
Caps get peeled on the regular
Cause niggas try to get me for my cellular
Knick knack paddy wack, the mack daddy's back
Kidnappin hos like the Patty Hurst jack
Have the white ho, with a fo'-fo'?

Go rob a liquor store, they can't blame it on a negro
Bring the money to the rooster
Had the bitch and the Mob bein the booster
Damn, can't stand when the bitch get sent to sample brand
And come back up man
You wanna point the finger at me cos the OG
Is souped like Chef boyardee
Humpin, jumpin, had the place jumpin
Goddamn, gotta break you off somethin
You wanna know why I bust in half
Now look at you now
Huh, and I'm out real fast
Get the paper out yo' ass, baby
Yo, here we go, listen to the po'
Shoot the bo-bo and act like ya know, ho
Fuck with the flow and die
When I walk by say hi to the bad guy
Ai yo man, there's just one left (I'll make a deal with ya)
What? (Aah, ya got one of those powdered donuts?
(How bout that twister? If it have cream in the middle, I'm gonna have to
Gaffle ya!)

You gon' gaffle us? (Hey, can I reach back there and get one?0
Aaah yeah homie, go on and reach ahead here
Duck ya head in here man
(What kind of cop killer are you?)
(What kind of cop killer are you?)
(What kind of cop killer are you?)

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