

# Two To The Head (feat. Kool G Rap & D.J. Polo)

## Ice Cube

Ladies and gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen  
Let's get together and give a great big round of applause to  
To a new group Ah, shit, Scarface is on the mix  
So, yo, suck a nigga dick  
Or make a nigga rich or somethin', bitch See, I come from the place known as the South Park Zone  
Talkin' shit, ain't into clickin' take your punk ass home  
'Cause I'm the type of nigga that'll chuck  
Hit you in the chest with a motherfuckin' tec and watch you jump So die motherfuckers, die motherfuckers, die  
Look deep into the eyes of a killer smokin', fry  
One nigga you can't fuck wit  
'Cause I'm a born killer with the mind of a lunatic So bring in body bags when I start bangin'  
'Cause I'm leavin' motherfuckers laid out with they brains hangin'  
Straight gettin' down for mine  
And I'll fuck up a bitch 'cause I don't mind dyin' So feel me, drill me put a bullet in my head  
But yo, you can't kill me 'cause I'm already dead  
Scarface goin' psycho, yeah  
Play pussy, get fucked and take two to your head I'm Bushwick Bill but call me Chuckie  
5th ward hard bitch, play hero and buck me  
'Cause I'm known to pull your skull out  
Grip a motherfucker by his neck and gouge his fuckin' eyes out I'm insane by a long shot, hey  
Chuckwick Bill a.k.a Charles Libre  
A short nigga with some long nuts  
Drop you dead in your bed, now I'm ready for a long fuck Necromance that ass for a minute  
And split that motherfuckin' clique when I'm finished  
You punk bitches be retreatin'  
Freddy and Jason runnin' home with their mouths bleedin' So welcome to the slaughterhouse trance  
5th ward Texas Chuckie's concentration camp  
You punk motherfuckers fled  
And those who didn't make it got two to the fuckin' head Buck him down, buck him down, come again  
Two to the chin, Ice Cube'll blast they ass 'til the end  
With my pistol, runnin' from da lench mob  
Is how you survive in south central Kick the instrumental, run and get your bigger crew  
'Cause it's judgment day and Ice Cube is terminigga 2  
Pow, pow, buck, buck, pow, buck  
Your name is Stucky Mack, now you realize that you're fucked Two to the brain, I leave a migraine  
Have you coolin' like a vegetable but you're not edible  
It's the incredible, buck your ass from head to toe  
Audi 5000, don't wait for the feds to show 'Cause they'll have me go up, up the river  
Where the white boys'll try to make a nigga

Walk, walk the plank, got the shank, hide the tape  
Around the handle, gotta let 'em know what I stand for  
In the chow line, now is the time  
See the trustee, walk up from behind  
Real quick, shank, shank, leave his ass red  
Motherfucker dead from two to the head  
See where I come from the crime rate only rises  
The murderers disguise in all ages shapes and sizes  
Bitches picked up and dicked up, niggaz they gettin' stuck up  
Give up what you got or get your ass shut the fuck up  
Run 'em down and gun 'em down, yeah, that's how we do  
it  
Niggaz get killed and then filled with embalmin' fluid  
Step to the niggaz that I'm checkin', pull out the tec  
And I reckon you'll get murdered in a second  
Bang with the nine, boom with the pow  
Motherfuckers are fallin' and crawlin' on the ground  
Snitches get stitches, bitches that act snotty  
Inside the parties even the hotties get turned to bodies  
Now I heard, they got other places that's similar  
But I represent, New York, you fuck around, I'm killin' ya  
A whole block of cops patrollin' when I'm rollin'  
And if my pockets are swollen, you know, somebody sick I've stolen  
Yeah, you niggaz get ripped when my clip  
goes in the  
S M I T H W E double S O N or the reliable revolver  
And like I said before, it's the motherfuckin' problem solver  
So bring it on nigga, get brave  
It's plenty motherfuckers gettin' sent to early graves  
'Cause when a nigga gets fed  
Then all you motherfuckers get two to the fuckin' head

#### Songwriters

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