

# Growin' Up

## Ice Cube

[Ice Cube]

Ha ha, that's my shit

Turn it up

Uh, yeah I hear a beat like this, and think about growin' up

House parties, with gang-bangers showin' up

Represent your hood, everybody throw it up

They say Cube get on the mic, nigga blow it up

I used to lyrical, political

But now you want it sugarcoated like cereal

First I met Dre, then I met Yella (yes-sir)

Dr. Dre made me rap acapella

Me and Jinx did a show at Dudo's

With K-Dee, I think it was two shows

Then Dre introduced me to E

Cruisin' down the street in his red Jeep

He said, yo niggas we should flip it like this

Cause them Boyz N the Hood like the gangsta shit

I put the pen to the pad, young nigga was raw

And told the world how we felt about the law

It was real [Chorus: x2]

I see the happiness (all day every day)

I see the pain

Where am I (growin' up in the hood)

Back down memory lane [Ice Cube]

Oh shit, it's N.W.A.!

Them niggas on tour and they comin' our way

Lil' Eminem is still tucked away

In that trailer park, just bumpin' our tape

Jerry Heller tried to make his escape

I had to bounce, while other niggas got raped

Same niggas turned around and said fuck me

No FUCK YOU cause I'm down with Chuck D

And I'm 'bout to do a movie up, a classic

When I hit the screen, nigga it was magic

Never thought I'd see Eazy in a casket

Thanks for everything, that's on everything

I learned a lot of game from you

I like your son, he got his name from you

I tell him everything that he need to know

If he ask my advice, I won't think twice homey[Chorus][Ice Cube]  
From Boyz N the Hood, to XXX 2  
Everybody wanna know my next move  
Fans all around say "We love you Cube!"  
I wanna take time to say I love you too  
I love all my fans cause they know I'm a man  
And not a little boy or some fuckin' play toy  
A lot of niggas say I grew up on you  
And let me know if anybody fuck with'chu  
Cause you talk a lot of shit about the red, black and blue  
And how they treat a nigga called Katrina, did you see her  
White folks worry 'bout them fuckin' misdemeanor  
While black people dyin' in that God damn arena  
Just because I'm actin' nigga never stop rappin'  
It's in my blood homey, I'ma keep the party crackin'  
Money keep stackin' till they put me in a casket  
Who you think you fuckin' wit? Here's another classic[Chorus][Ice Cube]

I'm Ruthless, I'm Ruthless

Street Knowledge

Lench Mob

Westside

Uh[Chorus]

Songwriters

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