

I Wanna Kill Sam

Ice Cube

The army is the only way out for a young black teenager.
We'll provide you with housing, we'll provide you with education
We'll provide you with everything you need to survive in life
We'll help you to be the best soldier in the U.S. of A.

Because we do more before 7 A.M.

Than most niggers do in their whole lifetime

I'm comin'

I'm comin'

I'm comin'

I'm comin'

I wanna kill him, 'cause he tried to play me like the trick

But you see, I'm the wrong nigga to fuck with

I got the A to the motherfuckin' K, and it's ready to rip

Slapped in my banana clip and I'm lookin'

Is he in Watts, Oakland, Philly or Brooklyn?

It seems like he got the whole country behind him

So it's sort of hard to find him

But when I do, gotta put my gat in his mouth

Pump seventeen rounds make his brains hang out

'Cause the shit he did was uncalled for

Tried to fuck a brother up the ass like a small whore

And that shit ain't fly

So now I'm settin' up, the ultimate drive-by

And when you hear this shit

It make the world say

"Damn, I wanna kill Sam"

Do the niggaz run this motherfucker?

Do the niggaz run this motherfucker?

Momma, some man at the front do'

Sit yo' ass down

Uhh hi, I have reason to believe that someone in this household

Has just turned eighteen, am I correct?

Here's why I wanna kill the punk

'Cause he tried to take a motherfuckin' chunk of the funk

He came to my house, I let 'em bail in

'Cause he said he was down with the L.M

He gave up a little dap

Then turned around, and pulled out a gat

I knew it was a caper

I said, "Please don't kill my mother," so he raped her
Tied me up, took me outside
And I was thrown in a big truck
And it was packed like sardines
Full of niggaz, who fell for the same scheme
Took us to a place and made us work
All day and we couldn't have shit to say
Broke up the families forever
And to this day black folks can't stick together
And it's odd
Broke us down, made us pray, to his God
And when I think about it, it make me say
"Damn, I wanna kill Sam"
I'm comin'
I'm comin'
I'm comin'
Now in ninety-one, he wanna tax me
I remember, the son of a bitch used to axe me
And hang me by a rope 'til my neck snapped
Now the sneaky motherfucker wanna ban rap
And put me under dirt or concrete
But God, can see through a white sheet
'Cause you the devil in drag
You can burn your cross, well I'll burn your flag
Try to give me the H-I-V
So I can stop makin babies like me
And you're givin' dope to my people chump
Just wait 'til we get over that hump
'Cause yo' ass is grass cause I'ma blast
Can't bury rap, like you buried jazz
'Cause we stopped bein' whores, stop doin' floors
So bitch you can fight your own wars
So if you see a man in red white and blue
Gettin' janked by the Lench Mob crew
It's a man who deserves to buckle
I wanna kill Sam 'cause he ain't my motherfuckin' Uncle
We've gone nowhere in 200 years?, That's correct
We-we-we've gone nowhere in 200 years?, That's correct
We-we-we've gone nowhere in 200 years?, That's correct

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