

She Couldn't Make It On Her Own

Ice Cube

She had to get the pimp
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California air
Chain all blue like it's runnin' out of air
I keep a bad bitch with a fat derriere
And you know that hoe fresher than a new pair
Retro elevens on the pedal, I'm taking this to the next level
Competition best to dress up in a Chevelle
And if you niggas still wanna make a deal with the devil
I can help you meet him, introduce you to my barrel
All you artists walkin' round with yo wack raps
(Wack raps)
They gettin' fucked by the game, Kat Stacks
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And any nigga thinkin' he can make it happen
I'll be outside of Staples with the bitches and Phantom, mothafucka
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Pull up on them bitches, steppin' out on 30 inches
In my L.A. Dodger fitted with some Louie V stichin'
Niggas wanna catch me slippin'
Yeah, they prayin' and they wishin'
'Cause a nigga clockin' dough
And I'm fuckin' all they bitches
(Yo, you fuckin' all they bitches?)
Yeah, I'm fuckin' all they bitches
And it's money over bitches

And I'm preachin' my religion
'Cause this game that I'm livin' about as cold as my wrist is
If you know my paps then you know I'm bout the business
Smoke big trees
(Big trees)
Christmas
Smoke big trees
(Big trees)
Christmas
Chain supersix
(Supersix)
Sickless
Chain supersix
(Supersix)
Sickless
My flow retarded nigga
My flow retarded nigga
Gifted, gifted
This games' a bitch watch me pimp it
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What about me?
If you don't kick it with me, who ya gon' kick it with?
Ice Cube is the shit, who you been speakin' with?
They been lyin' to you if they told you different
I got a different, cool type of temperament
West coast style baby, on some California shit
They might've told ya that I was hard on the bitch
You know how it go, some bitches think they slick
Look at me and think they about to get rich
(Get rich)
Uh, oh, uh, oh, danger, danger
You are, you are a stranger
Who am I? I am the long ranger, Tonto tell
I'll run yo fuckin' ass through the ringer
(It goes)
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