

Limos, Demos & Bimbos

Ice Cube

(Hey, did you hear that?)
Yeah, just get the fuckin' door
Limos, demos and bimbos
(Hey, slow this motherfucker down, man)
Limos, demos and bimbos
Hit the sunroof and let's contemplate the freaks we can run through
Got the chauffer pullin' over
Snatch one inside, she wanna ride with this mission
Close the partition, he like to listen
All fuckin', no kissin', just smokin' and drinkin'
Super vets in a super stretch Lincoln
Think 'bout the good ol' days of hip hop
In its purest form before the eye of the storm
I could give a fuck about you hatin' on my way
To the coliseum with seventeen-five waitin'
They scream for the limousine, it's all clean
Tinted, your shit is rented, you know we spend it
While you worry 'bout the five mics, I'm in the limelight
Wit movies comin' out, yo' time is runnin' out
I just finished doin', 'Live At The Apollo'
Indication from my driver, damn, we're bein' followed
You're livin' so trife, you need Jesus in your life
I'm livin' so trife, I need Jesus in my life
You're livin' so trife, you need Jesus in your life
I'm livin' so trife, I need Jesus in my life
Limos, demos and bimbos
(I'm only fuckin' with the)
Limos, demos and bimbos
(I'm livin' so trife)
Caught him in motion, had me potent, let him know about the showin'
And how I'm knowin' to keep it cracked open
Cans of ass-beatin', plus on how I crash meetin's
And have your whole staff leavin' half-breathin'
Got shit to hold my own, big bucks
But Khop's soon to run it through 'em, nigga check nuts
Put to the test, then put two to rest
Wiped out with lights out, two to the chest
Hold it now tell a few, legitimate
We loaded for revenue, let's get this shit

And split this shit for three days, count it three ways
Nigga fuck, what he say, havin' heat pays
It's all about the thoroughbred, top choice with the voice
That keep [Incomprehensible] moist
Mr. Short Khop expected the truest, dare you niggas step to us
I stay connected til' death do us
You're livin' so trife, you need Jesus in your life
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(I'm livin' so trife, I need Jesus)
The alley was pitch black, I'm in the back of this black Lac
These fuckers pull up in a ac
They don't understand the impact
Two thousand dollar, three-piece suit, can you spend that?
They call me the Don Mega
'Cos I'm down to play a double-header in stormy weather
Superstar, goddamn them niggas got me
Stop the car and blast the paparazzi
You're livin' so trife, you need Jesus in your life
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