

# 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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