

Really Doe

Ice Cube

To G or not to G, is the question
And like Smith told Wesson
I'm shady with the .380 old school diploma
I'll leave that ass in a coma, so
If you got a herringbone, Welcome to the Terrordome
Two-eleven, sorry Reverend
Oh my god, gettin robbed
Reach for the smog, "Atomic Dog"
Hard to swallow, janky as Rollo
Count to ten, and don't try to follow
Cause just like Waco, I can take fo'
ATF, to they death
Bust a left on Western, go and get a room
Don't want to be a felon like Stacey Koon
Get the right bitch, hit the light switch, here we go
Tap that ass like this really doe "You got to believe, somethin"
West Side Lynch Mob
"I got to believe in me"
Cause I'm a motherfuckin G
Cause I'm a mother-fuckin Thirty in a holdin tank, catch the vapors
Make me a pillow out of toilet paper
Concrete bench kickin' off the hemorrhoids;
Eses deep, don't fuck with dem boys
Phone check, collect call from the baller
Her mama said please don't call her
Do-Wah-Diddy, far from New Jack City
Seen one of my peers, "What the fuck you doin in here?"
He said, "One-eighty-seven on the enemy
And they treat me like I just shot a Kennedy!"
Deputy bitch thinks she's the Queen Bee
Ink on my thumb, index, and pinky
"Sir, what set you from?" Play dumb
"General popu-la-tion"
Mama put your house up, and I can bounce up
Out this motherfucker, that's why I love ya
Out like a boss, with a half-pint of sauce
Got the shit sewed up like Betsy Ross
What a friend know? Buy some indo
Never fuck with a silly ho really doe "You got to believe, somethin"

West Side Lynch Mob
"I got to believe in me"
Cause I'm a motherfuckin G
Cause I'm a mother-fuckin Knock you out like NyQuil, I'll kill you quick
You sucker-for-love-ass trick
So don't run up, wit ya gun up
Cause I got the back breaker, double pump rump shaker
Cause we can play hookie in the Aqua Boogie
With concrete Nikes, ya gets no stripes
Livin unforgiven with the mic on
And punks runnin like roaches with the light on
And that's all the shit I'm startin
Bust a cap (ka-kow-POW) like Jerome on Martin
You lookin for a punk with benefits
Cause you got a baby, that take many shits
And you know I got a grip like a baby on a tit
Scopin', hopin', thighs open
But I kick back, six-pack, and hit the Phillie slow
Hooker ho really doe "You got to believe, somethin"
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"I got to believe in me"
Cause I'm a motherfuckin G
Cause I'm a mother-fuckin "You got to believe, somethin"
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"I got to believe in me"
Cause I'm a motherfuckin G
Cause I'm a mother-fuckin

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