

# Wicked Wayz (Featuring mr. mike)

## Ice Cube

(Cube)  
Ha,Ha,Ha  
That's right nigga  
Southwest connection (straight up)  
Servin' more than peanuts bitch  
Niggas tryin' to stay rich(Mike)  
How many ways...can a killa get paid?(Mike)  
How many niggas want a gansta boogie  
I see the junkie in your eyes  
What do you see me when you see me  
A G in disguise  
Been hypnotized since '85 with gansta shit  
All you niggas get live and represent my click  
Got bits and pieces on my mind commin' together like lettuce  
Dear God protect us, cause we're mobbin' like Good Fellas  
Alias Carlion, maybe the war is on  
Prone to let my daughter live rich before she's grown  
If I murdered Capone, would you consider me a villain  
Chillin' with millionares, ex-killers, and set-trippers  
My murderous complex begin to hit 'cha  
Slip ya worse than New Jersey Drive niggas  
Cause I'm in a  
Rush to bust straps like mack-10's  
When I'm strapped in  
A '95 Impala  
Breakin' like Vegas for my dolla  
While I'm commin' like a hundred miles and gunnin' who gonna test  
The southwests connect when it ain't shit you possess  
Yes we got the endo  
Splurgin' in Benzo  
Turnin' virgins to nymphos  
Look what 'cha in fo  
A 'G that's gonna let his khakis sag  
Mr. Mike and Ice Cube, franch braids and rags  
Byatch(Chorus)X2  
How many wicked wayz, can a gansta' get his pays  
When he's trapped in a maze  
(Cube)  
I represent the phrase that says crime pays

Bitches can we fuck, niggas' can we blaze(Cube)  
I treat bitches like puppies  
I got a plate full of guppies  
Appropriate dish for the big fish  
Niggas' rich  
They have my straps  
Women with gaps  
Now they want to' sit in my laps and listen to raps  
But no  
Heard a nigga' tight named Mr. Mike  
Had to catch a flight, its only right  
Stepped of the plane, Mean Green and Tony Draper  
Killa was the caper  
Lets make some paper(Mike)  
See we can't get enough of this gansta' shit  
Sick as leukemia for weed in my gansta' click  
Lets take riches  
Witness two niggas' dome in the killa' zone  
Bring your killa' chrome  
Cause we headed to the terror dome  
Some niggas' never make it home  
As long as you got your front  
I got your back, its on like that  
And like this  
Let the weed blow, cause all you G's know  
Who got the wickedess flow  
The criminiminals(Chorus)X2  
(Cube)  
Say What  
Niggas' want to' short my cuts  
Say what  
Niggas' want to' check my nuts  
How you sound  
Ganstas' make the world go 'round  
Guppies bow down  
I'm with some killas' from H-town  
Chase his ass down to Atlanta, GA  
Find out where he stay  
Locate my gate  
Catch him in the hall  
Make his ass call  
And then I want ya'll to kill cousin's and all (Ha,Ha,Ha)  
They won't believe all the heat I bring  
From Palm Springs  
Niggas in line to catch the ring

Of the dyin'  
Keepin' it calm, so talk slow  
Cause you'll never know  
When I'm ready to blow  
I'm a pro of the lifestyle of the Bloods and Crips  
Make a lot of cookies filled with chocolate chips  
The Westsides always been down with the South  
With Suave mother fuckin' House(Chorus)X4

Songwriters

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