Down For Whatever

Ice Cube

Damn, I'm broke, my feet hurt
(Inside the mind of a car jacker)
And that bitch is slippin'
Damn, it makes me wanna creep
Damn, it makes me wanna creep
I got something for your mind, your body and your soul
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Damn, I'm such a G, it's pathetic
Here comes the big-headed nigga that's dippin'
Sippin' on Courvoisier
Goddamn, I must have the floss today
Now pimpin' ain't easy but it's necessary
So I'm chasin' bitches like Tom chased Jerry
I'll put the pedal to the flo-uh
In my two-tone Ford explo-uh, you know how it's done
Sounds bumpin', ain't that sumthin'?
Jumped on the 110
She's flyin' in the blazer like Go Speed Racer
But I ain't gonna chase her like racer X
But I won't flex, 'til it's time to have sex
So when you wanna get togetha?
'Cause you know, a nigga like me
Is down for whatever, down and I'm down for whatever, down
When I was little, I didn't wanna be like Mike, I wanted to be like Ike
'Cause papa was a Rolling Stone in the sixties
And he liked Green just like Bill Bixby
Told me that my best friend was a ten and a twenty, pockets never skinny
Played 'Let's get it on' in the living room
And when he got drunk, you'll better give him room
'Cause he'll turn the party out sayin',
"This is my muthafuckin' house"
And y'all got to go through the door
And if you can't find the door

He'll help you with the four-four
Talkin' much shit on the grass
And straight down to blast
I'm still in my P.J's
He's in a turtleneck sweater and we down for whatever

And I'm down
Solid pro is down for whatever
The don Jaguar is down for whatever
And it don't seem to stop
Now, I don't talk a lot of shit
But when it's time to get busy with these ho's, let's go
'Cause I'd rather see a skinhead dead
Than my niggas wearin' blue or red
'Cause I got the gift
To hit them ho's swift
And I'm smellin' like a fifth
Of sumthin, yeah, that's right
I'm standin in the store, Koreans act so nice
'Cause I got potentials to blow up a winchells
Donut and you know what?
I'm cool like dat like digable planets
But don't take a nigga for granted
'Cause whether it's a verdict or the L.A. four, you just don't know
That this rappin'-ass nigga will change with the weather
And be down for whatever
And I'm down, creep
And I'm down for whatever, bumpin' in your jeep
Ice Cube, devoid of pop
And I will never dance for you trick-ass niggas
It makes me wanna creep
It makes me wanna creep

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