What Can I Do? (Westside Remix)

Ice Cube

In any country prison is where society sends it's failures
But in this country society itself is failing. Today how you like me now I'm in the mix?

It's 1986 and I got the fix with the chicken and a quota

Got the baking soda let the water boil workers all loyal

Dropped out the twelve'th

'cause my wealth is shorter than a midget on his knees

Now I slang keys

Infest my hood with crack, 'cause I'm the mack

Take a nation of millions to hold me back

Too big for my britches, and I got bitches

Now I'm hittin' switches, niggas want my riches

Used to get 18 when my G was alive, now a key is 13-5

'89s the number, another summer

Police ain't get no dumber

Streets dried up, used to think it would last

But being a king-pin is a thing of the past

They tried to blast me for selling a boulder

Now I got my ass in Minnesota

Got my own crew, it's on brand newDamn, what can I do?TodayAlready done stack me half a mill ticket

Bought a house next to Prince, so now I can kick it

Now I got ends, wavin' to my friends, rollin' in my Benz

Goin' to see the Twins, play at the dome

Police are tappin' my mobile phone

I'm almost home

Gettin' excited, indited, spent a grip and a year tryin' to fight it

Lawyer got paid, plea, no contest

And everything I own got repossessed

Now take a look at the dust

And I'm happy 'cause I only got 36 months

Never picked up a book

But my arms are 16 inches, niggas look

Can't wait for '92 so I can get with my crew

And see, what can I do? Today Fucked up in the pen, now it's ninety-fo

Back in LA, and I'm bailin' in the dough

Everybody, now I gotta start from scratch

So where to work at, and niggas smirk at

Me say ain't nothin' poppin' from here to the LB

What you tell me?

No it ain't crack, and everybody's jackin' for a coupe

'cause, they sent in the troops
Even tho I got muscle, that ain't my hustle
Takin' niggas shit in a tussle
No skills to pay the bills
Takin' 'bout education to battle inflation
No college degree, just a dumb ass G
(Yeah you Nigga, who me?)
I got a baby on the way, damn it's a mess
Have you ever been convicted of a felony? Yes
Took some advice from my Uncle Fester
All dressed up in polyester

Welcome to McDonald's may I please help you?

Shit, what can I do?TodayThe white man has broke every law known to man to establish AmeriKKKa.

But he'll put you in the state penitentiary,

He'll put you in the federal

Penitentiary for breaking these same laws.

Now we gonna look and see if

This motherfucker is guilty for the laws

He'll put you in jail forDrug using, drug selling, armed robbery, strong armed robbery, grand Larceny, rape, racketeering, conspiracy to commit murder, extortion, Aggravated assault, mayhem, sodomy of the black man, trespassing, Embezzlement, purgery, kidnapping, smuggling, grand theft, brandishing A firearm, carrying a concealed weapon, breaking and entering, and Premeditated cold-blooded murder. Guilty on every charge.

Songwriters

Ross, Arthur / Simmons, Mychal-Kae / Taylor, Victor / Ware, Leon / Jackson, O'SheaPublished by Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group, A.S.B. MUSIC

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