

# Endangered Species (Tales From the Darkside)

## Ice Cube

Peace don't make me laugh!  
All I hear is motherfuckers rappin' succotash  
Livin' large, tellin' me to get out the gang  
I'm a nigga, gotta live by the trigger  
How the fuck do you figure?  
That I can say peace and the gunshots will cease?  
Every cop killer goes ignored  
They just send another nigga to the morgue  
A point scored- they could give a fuck about us  
They rather catch us with guns and white powder  
If I was old, they'd probably be a friend of me  
Since I'm young, they consider me the enemy  
They kill ten of me to get the job correct  
To serve, protect, and break a niggas neck  
Cause I'm the one with the trunk of funk  
And 'Fuck tha Police' in the tape deck  
You should listen to me cause there's more to see  
Call my neighborhood a ghetto cause it houses minorities  
The other color don't know you can run but not hide  
These are tales from the darkside You wanna free Africa, I stare at yuh  
Cause we ain't got it too good in America  
I can't fuck with them overseas  
My homeboy died over a key of cocaine  
It was plain and simple  
The 9mm went "pop" to the temple  
"pop pop pop" was the sound I put the bitch down  
And ran to the schoolyard bathroom  
Looked in the trash can yo it had room  
So I ducked my ass in it for a minute  
Covered with trash I had to lay back  
Mad as fuck, thinkin' about the payback  
Tonight the crew gonna have a little fun  
I went home and cut the barrel of my shotgun  
It's gettin' critical, I stole a 5.0  
I let it go, drive real slow  
I yelled out 'Ice Cube sucker'  
The shot-gun kicked, and it murdered motherfuckers  
I told you last album  
When I got a sawed off, bodies are hauled off

Its a shame, that niggas die young  
But to the light side it don't matter none  
It'll be a drive by homicide  
But to me its just another tale from the dark side  
Standing in the middle of war  
In the middle we flex  
When we die, we won't make Jet  
+Ebony+ can't see to the light side  
The term they apply to us is a nigga  
Call it what you want, cause I'm comin' from the coroner  
Sayin my rhymes with a Ph.D.  
Who's black, don't wanna role, sells his soul  
Watch his head go rollin'  
Who the fuck are they foolin'?  
Nobody knows, but I suppose the color of my clothes  
Matches the color of the one on my face  
As they wonder whats under my waist  
Standin' on the verge of them gettin' brown  
That's a fact got a fear on their bozack  
Run, run, run, their ass off, they can not hide

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