

Lil Ass Gee

Ice Cube

Look at that lil' ass Westside doped out
Insane in the brain, little nigga servin' Caine
Use to have to axe could he cross the street
Now he's rollin' in a Gee, the Gee is on EHe's quick to hit you up with the two fingers spreaded
Don't roll that shit and hold that shit
Now you know what fuckin' set he's claimin'
A wild little nigga and it ain't no tamin' And just when you think everything is calm
That motherfucker is the first to bum
Like bang, ping, catch you with the sleeper
He'll draw down and then check his beeper He's clockin' them chicks and bucks
Gettin', his little dick sucked by the clucks
And will he do dirt? Fool, oh please
Little locs are harder then the OGz You fall to the ground and beg please
Just got served by little niggaz on the 10-speed
12 years old, got bumps they can't keep
A straight killer, a fool, a lil' ass Gee Goddamn, it's a trick
Use to have the G.I. Joe with the kung-fu grip
Now he's straight crip, or blood
Now ya sag, you use the blunt Now ya known as the favorite groupie
Goin' to camp and it ain't Camp Snoopy
But I ain't surprised
It's 12 months later, year, I see you got a little size You motherfuckin' crook
You want respect 'cos you didn't get'cha manhood took
Drinkin' that 'yac like it's no tomorrow
Westside hustler fucker-tory In the jail and it ain't no thang
Can't wait till you get 22's on the hang
A underage boy that's lookin' tossed
And that's ya idea of who you hide All you want for Christmas is guns and drinkers
Little nigga nuttier than a snicker
You don't wanna be like Mike, you wanna be like me
A fool, a killer, a lil' ass Gee See, I knew it wouldn't be long
They got your ass stretched like Stretch Armstrong
In the one-man cell, it got'cha thinkin'
Sendin' more kites than Benjamin Franklin 20 years old but ya still a veteran
Won't touch down till we're livin' like The Jetsons
Proud of ya self, because ya done done it
Gotcha 22's and your name on your stomach Never even think about a woman to fuck
Rather stand in line or bust the ass of a young buck
Got stuck, now you're bleedin'

Hospital ward, is got your reading Learn about the knowledge of self ya see
That ya mad enough to go and stick the death to these
See, it ain't about bein' hard
But that's whatcha tell the little homies in the yard Ya already done did 10
And wish you could start all over again
Brand new inmates and who do ya see
Your baby brother in shackles, a fool, a lil' ass Gee A fool, a lil' ass Gee
Yo, this go out to the little hard head homies
Who probably gon' see more, ah, assholes than pussy holes
When they get you in that system

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