

# Ice Cube, Say Good-Bye To The Bad Guy

Intro: (\*guy talking\*)

Good evening. police, do not try to adjust your radios. there is nothing Wrong. we have taken control over this city as to bring you this special Bulletin and we will return this guy to ya as soon as the national Guard move in.

Verse 1:

The cops wanna catch the nigga that won't fetch  
But I'll blast ya, never call ya master  
Who is that kickin up shit much faster?  
Rollin on a scooter, you know I might do ya  
See a black clock and my buckshots run right thru ya  
I never knew ya  
Cos I'm not a trick  
You can suck the biggity-dick, I'm not the piggity-pig  
I get away quickity-quick  
On the plane to south central  
Never get played by the monkey wrench hoe  
Steady mobbin I'm just like robin hood  
Up to no good, so many bitches on my wood  
To the right of me and to the left of me  
Bitch, I got so much game I need a referee  
Throw a penalty of ass interference  
Damn, y'all over me, so bitch get on the bitch  
Here comes the cops so I better hit the fence  
Better run fast cos the dobermans pinch  
And I won't play mine in the daytime  
Goddamn, here comes the canine  
Four legged copper that wants to use ice cube as a whopper  
But who's the first nigga to outrun a chopper?  
No lie say good-bye to the bad guy.

Interlude: (\*cube talkin with officer\*)  
(hey guys, where ya headed? )  
Nowhere, man (got your licence and registration? )  
Yeah, hold up, right here (hey, what's in that box back there? )  
Nuttin, aah, nuttin (they happen to be donuts? )  
(ya got a glazed donut? how bout a beerclaw? )  
Aaah... (if you don't have one, I got ta gaffle ya)  
What? you gon' gaf... yeah!

Verse 2:

See one-time, hit em up  
Cos you know the lynch mob is down to get em up  
People think Ice Cube roll with the gangs  
Cos I'm in a coupe de sittin on thangs  
Ain't gotta tell me twice about the jack  
See a got a 9 in my lap ta take care of that  
Caps get peeled on the regular  
Cos peoples try to get me for my cell  
Knick knack paddy wack, the mack daddy's back  
Kidnappin hoe's like the patty hurst jack  
Have the white hoe, where the fo'-fo'?'  
Go rob a liquor store, they can't blame it on a nigga row  
Bring the money to the rooster  
Had the bitch and the mob bein the booster  
Damn, can't stand when the bitch get sent to sample \*? bran? \*  
And come back up man  
You wanna point the finger at me cos the og  
Is souped like chef boy-ar-de  
Humpin, jumpin, had the place jumpin  
Goddamn, gotta break you off sometin

You wanna know why I bust in half  
Now look at you now  
Huh, and I'm out real fast  
Get the paper out yo' ass, baby  
Yo, here we go, listen to the po'  
Shoot the bo-bo and act like ya know, hoe  
Fuck with the flow and die  
When I walk by say good-bye to the bad guy.

Interlude:

Ai yo man, there's just one left (I'll make a deal with ya)  
What? (aah, ya got one of those powdered donuts?  
(how bout that twister? if it have cream in the middle, I'm gonna have to  
Gaffle ya!)  
You gon' gaffle us? (hey, can I reach back there and get one? 0  
Aaah yeah homie, go on and reach ahead here  
Duck ya head in here man  
\*gun shots\*  
(what kind of cop are you?)