

W.C., Guilty By Affiliation

From hood to hood, city to project, the project
Nigga what's the motherfuckin' dialect?
Gangstas, caught in a shuffle
Niggaz tryin' to turn a constant struggle to the positive hustle
Whether it's the yay or the 9-to-5
The pills or the chronic, we hustle to stay alive
And if you ain't Reggie Bush runnin' a rock
You better be good as Kobe slingin' a jumpshot
Cause round here the odds of success is nimble
It's like Russian Roulette with five bullets in the barrel
I'm located on the map, with latinos and black
American dream is pistol and a dope sack
Where they process, strip us down to scan us
Lock us up and ban us, the city of bandanas
Where we, grind steadily and move to the 12-gauge melody
Just livin' in the hood is a felony

[Chorus: Ice Cube]

And if you guilty by affiliation
And you're subject to humiliation
And you're facin' incarceration
Probation or under investigation
Throw your hands up to the sky
Oh Lord please tell me why
My own people gon' testify
I'm in the hood and I don't have a alibi

[W.C.:]

I'm lookin' at my TV
The commercials keep tellin' me, nigga 'Be All You Can Be'
But if ain't BET or in the backseat
of the LAPD I'd barely see me
It's a trip, the whole world finna rap
But when it's time to shine, where all the real niggaz at?
Do a nigga gotta be rich, just to get over?
Do a nigga gotta be a bitch to sit next to Oprah?
It must be the walk but I'ma keep it O.G.
I'm a nigga that like soul food and to smoke weed
And stay breaded, hit the corner on the hog
with my middle finger twisted, index and pinky spreaded
A sellout nigga, I'm the wrong type
West Coast nigga, take flight on site
I know they hate to see me comin'
But, I gots to put the blue Chuck's on the pedal
and rep it for the ghetto

[Chorus: Ice Cube]

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[W.C.:]

Fo-fo' up under my zipper
Cause bein' black ain't a job it's a motherfuckin' adventure
Look, the gun shots won't cease
And rollin' by, if it ain't my enemies then it's the police
I'm askin', which one will kill me faster?
Is it that drive-by, or the cigarette causin' cancer?
God made a promise that we all gon' die

Along the ride nigga might as well ball and get high
So I'm sittin' back with the zig-zag, grabbin' and snappin'
The gank back for action just in case I gotta get to clappin'
Cause niggaz is playin' elimination
And where I'm from every nigga's guilty by affiliation
That's why we ride and the young die
And you lucky if you live to pass 25
That's why they hate to see me comin'
But, I gots to put the blue Chuck's on the pedal
and rep it for the ghetto

[Chorus: Ice Cube]

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[W.C. (Ice Cube):]

I gotta rep where I'm from (Where you from?)
South Central where the good die young
(Where you at?) Western & Imperial
It's the pure West Coast, comin' out your stereo
I gotta rep where I'm from (Where you from?)
South Central where the good die young
(Where you at?) Western & Imperial
It's the pure West Coast, comin' out your stereo