

# Ice Cube, Cross 'Em Out And Put A 'K

[Intro - Ice Cube:]

Brrrgh!

Ai!Ai!

In about four seconds,a gangsta will begin to speak

Well it's the mad chickenhawk with the dirty lick style  
And pullin 211's ever since TAA-DOOW  
There's ten million ways to die  
Choosin Mack and hit the boopin floosin  
Off this gang-bang music  
So all I'd wanna got the room stumped  
I'm smokin,make dough like Trump  
Cookin ??? to they chunk,punk!  
Straight off dust,nigga trust I bust  
And cross em out and put a'K if they ain't down with us

It's off the hook,nigga,I'm a Westside crook,nigga  
The forty motherfuckin dollars on my books,nigga  
I'm not an MC,I'm not a G  
I mean I'm A-to fuckin-Z and everything in between  
Rappers like gangbangin cos I'm in it to the fullest  
And my hood ain't never dodgin bullets  
It's all about the Bloods and Crips,no one tri-ips  
Colours and dips,bitches and chips,nigga!

Woo-000-000-000-000-000

What's this my ??? low-grader system

That takes puff B-I-itches on the premises

Nigga be dissin on a down low

So now my motto's:"Fuck every rapper from the East and the West Coast"

New School,Old School,I hate you motherfuckers

I'm steady plottin,cracklin my ass wit'cha album covers

Cross em out and put a'K

Then no Saint days,nigga,then run the fuckin holidays

[Chorus - 3x:]

'Ey! I Cross 'Em Out and Put a 'K!

Inglewooooood!

Nigga! To South Central L.A.!

Goddamn nigga!This shit make me sick  
All these West Coast cowards ridin New York beat(Brrrgh!)  
Busters get sprayed wearin high-top fades  
And Cango's backwards with dark-ass shades  
No switchblades,nigga,we shoots  
That's how it is on the West when you're true to your roots  
So kill the action,punk,hootchie bitches clown  
Nigga get your sag on and keep your pants legs down

Check it!Ho shut your mouth and get naked!  
I'm Connected and ain't no bitches singin on this record  
No R&B tracks,just niggas on wax  
Kickin facts with these gang-bang raps  
Every nigga in the industry wanna rap with me  
Like it's all good,you ain't from my hood  
Nigga,I don't even like your shit,I don't like your form  
I'm true,your through,nigga FUCK you!

Nigga get off,this shit is wacked  
Fuck that,I bust you in the can with a motherfuckin propajack  
Spit on ya,shit on ya when I get on your pissil  
You're goin up and your fuckin cos I ain't lovin none of ya  
And even the female rappers are gettin smacked  
Stabbed in the titties and kicked in the back

Cos I'm a westside Connection hista  
Bored from a lover dishin nothin but (?foolers?) and dirty rubbers

[Chorus]

[Interlude - Ice Cube:]

Brrrrgh!

In about four seconds,a killa will begin to speak

Now you can cross out the busters and snitches  
B-Real and Miss Muggs is like Hollywood bitches  
From the niggas I know in the streets I run through  
Swear to god bitch,real it ain't one dog and no(body)  
So watch what you say,who ya talkin bout,ya tweakin  
And keep hogs out'cha mouth when ya bitch ass is speakin  
I'm sick wit it,cappin'cha dome till I hit it  
This Westside Connection,Cypress know they can't fuck with it

Use to get kisses and hugs,now I'm servin ya slugs  
Fuck B-Real and Muggs,y'all niggas ain't no fuckin thugs  
Be all surprised,everybody dies  
From Columbian neckties covered with fright  
Ya fuckin maggots,ya fuckin faggots  
I shoulda hurt you,every motherfucker that I know wanna hurt you  
So when I pull my spray-can to spray  
I'm sprayin C-H-K all motherfuckin day

I once knew this bitch by the name of Q-Tip  
Who claim he had a problem with this gangsta shit  
Behind closed doors,runnin his mouth like a trick-in  
Till this nigga bout the name of Dove caught him slippin  
Tied his ass up and threw him in the truck  
Put an apple in his mouth and dug his ass out  
I ??? ??? lead him then down his body stashed  
In a trash bag with a cue-cover in his ass

[Chorus]

[Outro - Ice Cube:]

Don't go chasin waterfalls  
Stick to them dicks and balls you're used to  
Punk ass motherfuckers!  
Brrrrgh!