

Ice Cube feat.Snoop Dogg,Lil Jon, Go To Church

Nigga you need to stop snitchin!
All that yip-yappin and jaw-jackin
Nigga if you scared, go to church
You knew the job was dangerous when you took it
Whattup it's the big boss Dogg
Snoop D-O-double-G, Eastside L.B.C.
And I'm bobbin to the beat of my O.G. homeboy Ice Cube
And I'm C-walkin on the motherfuckin concrete
Yo if you're fucked up, put your cups up
Ice Cube and Snoop Dogg, nigga what's up
See he's a gangster, I'm a hustler
Yo it's either thank ya, or it's fuck ya
I'm down with Lil Jon ain't got to pretend (YEAH!)
"Crunk Juice" nigga run the club that you in (HEY!)
You scary motherfuckers don't wanna bring the ruckus (NAH!)
You just spend all your time in the club tryin to duck us (WHAT?)
And if you walk by nigga, I'ma knock fire nigga
from yo' ass, you can come try nigga (HEY!)
In the hood, all the way down South (YEAH!)
I ain't Mike Jones, keep my name out'cha mouth bitch (Mike Jones)
We can get it crackin if it get to clickin clackin
Look at Mr. Jackson, nigga with no reaction
If you scared, go to church, we gon' hit you where it hurts
That don't work, we'll put you in the dirt
Cause a whole lot of rappers make a whole lot of noise (hey)
Lyrics full of steroids, niggaz paranoid (hey)
And when you get that blowup, it make you throw up
When you realize your favorite rapper ain't got no nuts
If you a scared motherfucker go to church (GO TO CHURCH)
If you a gutter motherfucker do your dirt (A DO YOUR DIRT)
If you a down motherfucker put in work (A PUT IN WORK)
IF you a crazy motherfucker go berzerk (A GO BERZERK!)
Click clackin, pistol-packin, Crip raggin folio
Who the only nigga in the club with the toolio
You ain't know? Yeah you did; there it was, there it is
"Is that Coolio?" Naw bitch, let me in
Jibba-jabba snatcher get at ya, spit at actors & rappers
Hang out with kidnappers and jackers
Make money off crackers; can you imagine how I keep shit crackin?
It's the big boss Dogg I'm back in action and smashin
I flash with the bling I sur-pass the supreme
You don't really wanna have a clash with my team
I mix hash with the green I'm the, last of the kings
If I got a bitch with me she got ass in them jeans
Rollin through yo' neighborhood, my Cadillac so clean
Servin all you suckers cause you all dopefiends
Just like that dopeman, nigga what's up?
You run up with that bullshit I'll fuck yo' ass up
You scared, you scared
You scared motherfucker you scared
You scared (you scared) you scared (you scared)
You scared motherfucker you scared (you scared)
It goes one for the money (HEY) two for the show (YEAH)
Three for the pussy, fo' for the glow (HEY)
Five for the rookies, six for the pros (NAH)
Seven for the numbers of them fuckin zeroes (WHAT?)
Eight for haters, nine for the cause
Ten for my niggaz, behind big bars (HEY)
Fuck these devils, and they laws (YEAH!)
Never question the size of Ice Cube's balls