

# Ice Cube, Gangsta's Fairytale, Pt. 2

Intro: Little Russ

Hey muthafuckin' cube, what the fuck's wrong with you?  
You didn't kick the rest of that gangsta fairytale shit.  
Why don't you kick it one good time.  
Niggas on the playground wanna know what's happenin'.  
You left em hangin man, what the fuck?

Verse 1: Ice Cube

Little boy blue is outta folsome  
Now them three little pigs gotta roast him  
Drivin down sesame street and I bet  
That little muthafucker's out fuckin' smurfette  
Ain't saw the wolf yet, but it's no doubt  
They'll catch his ass slippin at his grandma house  
They got the MAC-10 pointed out the coop  
Cause they gotta follow they nose like fruit loops  
Peeped out little miss muffet on her tuffet eatin grits  
She saw the MAC-10 and the bitch had the shits  
Ran into her house, called up her crew  
Cause red riding hood wants to kill little boy blue  
And the wolf too, what is mister rogers doing?  
Moved out his jordan, bought him a ewing  
Him, little boy blue and the wolf in the cellar  
Planning on gettin cinderella  
Cause cinderella still works for the pigs  
Through with the dwarfs, doin' bebe's kids  
Now snow white got the horny ass fever  
Doin' the beauty's beast like jungle fever  
Now the word's on the street  
When the crews meet  
You better make alot of room  
Cause it's on with the pigs and them other nigs  
When the cow jump over the moon, everybody jump.

Verse 2:

Now little boy blue is up front  
With the nine millimeter, ready for the hunt  
Little red riding hood caught his ass slippin'  
Drew down on the boy cause the bitch is steady trippin'  
About to get loose with the deuce deuce.  
That's when the boy said, "What about the gang truce?"  
The little hoe had no words  
The wolf came around and the bitch got served  
Three little pigs bought wigs  
Dressed like sheep, cinderella is little bo peep  
Tryin to creep, on the crew  
The wolf, the rogers, the blue, they through  
Cause the pigs did the buck buck bang, ping  
Now you hear the fat lady sing  
Cinderella ran like a trick  
To the pay phone cause the bitch is still a snitch  
Now the pigs are caught by the pigs and taken  
In the pen to get fried like bacon  
You still can't trust no hoe  
And ice cube'll tell the kids how the stories, should go.

Outro: Little Russ

Yeah cube, man that shit was dope nigga.  
You all that and a bowl of grits.  
Nigga that shit was on props, nigga.  
Yeah that's how you kick that shit for the ninety-deuce, nigga.  
What's happenin nigga?  
Yeah nigga that's gangsta fairytale part 2 nigga.  
All you trick ass niggas can't fuck with it.

