

Ice Cube, I Wanna Meet Sam

I wanna meet sam

"the army is the only way out for young, black Teenagers.

We'll provide you with housing, we'll provide you With education,

We'll provide you with everything you need to Provide a life.

We'll help you to be the best soldier in the u.s. Of a."

"'cause we do more before 7 a.m. Than most niggas to their whole life time."

I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming.

Verse one:

I wanna meet him, 'cause he tried to play me like a Trick,

But you see, I'm the wrong nigga to fuck wit.

I got the a to the muthafucking k, and it's ready

To rip,

Slapped in my banana clip.

And I'm looking,

Is he in watts, oakland, philly or brooklyn?

It seems like he got the whole country behind him,

So it's sort of hard to find him.

But when I do, gotta put my gat in his mouth,

Pump seventeen rounds make his brains hang out.

'cause the shit he did was un-called for,

Tried fuck a brother up the ass like a small whore.

And that shit ain't fly,

So now I'm setting up the ultimate drive-by.

And when you hear this shit,

It makes the world say damn, I wanna meet sam.

"Mama, some man at the front door."

"Uhm hi, I've got reasons to believe that someone In this household

Has just turned eighteen, am I correct?"

Verse two:

This is why I wanna meet the punk, 'cause he tried to take a muthafucking chunk of The funk.

He came to my house, I let 'em bail in,

'cause he said he was down with the L.M.

He gave up a little dat,

Then turned around, and pulled out a gat.

I knew it was a caper,

Tied me up, took me outside,

And I was thrown in a big truck.

And it was packed like sardines,

Pull of niggas who fell for the same scheme.

Took us to a place and made us work,

All day and we couldn't have shit to say.

Broke up the families forever,

And to this day black folks can't stick together,

And it's odd, broke us down, made us pray to his

God.

And when I think about it,

It makes me say damn, I wanna meet sam.

Verse three:

Now in '91, he wanna tax me,
I remember the son of a bitch used to axe me.
And hang me by a rope till my neck snapped,
Now the sneaky muthafucker wants to ban rap.
And put me on the dirt or concrete,
But God can see through a white sheet
'cause you're the devil in drag,
You can burn your cross while I burn your flag.
Try to give me the HIV,
So I can stop making babies like me.
And you're giving dope to my people chump,
Just wait till we get over that, huh.
'cause your ass is grass 'cause I'm a blast,
Can't bury rap, like your buried jazz.
'cause we stop being whores, stop doing floors,
So bitch you can fight your own wars.
So if you see a man in red, white and blue,
Getting chased by the lench mob crew.
It's a man who deserves to buckle,
I wanna meet sam 'cause he my uncle.