

Ice Cube, So Many Rappers In Love

[Ice Cube:]

Aquarius, hahahaha, and my name is Larry

[Chorus:]

It's so many rappers in love

On the radio

It's so many fake ass thugs

On the radio

[Mack 10:]

Listen up motherfuckers

This is Mack 1-0, to all these niggaz on the radio simpin to these hoes

What happened to the thugs, drugs and G hits?

Talkin all the soft shit just to please a Biz-Nitch

And some of y'all is street and know the gangsta mode

It's like this, fuck a bitch

And that's the G code

We used to sell raw kill and give toe tag

Now ever since 9-11 rappers wave a white flags

But me I keeps it gutter, just like before

I'm a warrior so I stay prepared for war

Ain't nuttin wrong wit spoilin a bitch, especially if you got it

Her suckin you, you fuckin her

Gettin freaky and earotic

But if it ain't ruff, it ain't me

And I refuse to turn R-A-P, in R&B

You went from hardcore to pop

Just to be on top

I give Cool J his props and that's where it stops

[Ice Cube:]

(Connect Gang Nigga)

[Chorus:]

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[W.C.:]

The pussy gets cream

Real niggaz ain't simpin, Oh noooo!!

I'm sick of niggaz, trick niggaz throw my radio in a ditch

Nigga, cause all I hear is bitch niggaz

Fake ass R&B thugs in hot as sweaters, with bullshit messages and tight ass vests

Fuck hip hop, y'all need to call it simp hop

Sock that bitch in the back of her head and take the cock

Hoe shut up, I'm bout to load the fuck up

And if I hear another nigga in love I'm throwin up

Load it up, pick the gun up

I'm fed up, cause radio with wimp bitch men, I'mma fuck you snuff heads up

Soft niggaz get the gay channel, when I slap an R&B thug off his motherfuckin piano

DJ's need to let the ghetto back in the club

There's too many fake ass thugs, too many rappers in love

Mothafuckers stiff pussies

[Chorus:]

It's so many rappers in love

On the radio

It's so many fake ass thugs

On the radio
It's so many rappers in love
On the radio
It's so many fake ass thugs
On the radio

[Ice Cube:]

You used to be hardcore
What the fuck you lookin hard for nigga standin on the park fo'
Wit yo golf club rappers
Get off drugs, extasy is turnin niggaz into soft thugs
Wit all these promises, showin straight bitches where yo mama live
I know what time it is
I'm the game lord, here to punish you
For lyin to every bitch that your runnin to
Tryna show every hoe how fly you are
You's a motherfuckin fool if you buy the bar
I'm buyin two drinks, fuck you skanks
Both of em mine, what chu think
I gets full of liquor, pound a stripper
You gets drunk nigga, pull up wit her
Drivin yo shit, like it's her shit
Under the surface, you like her bitch
Make a nigga sick to his stomach

[Chorus:]

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[WC:]

A baby, I used to be a gangster rapper
But right now, I like flowers, I love watchin birds in the park
I love takin long walks in the park
I just love you
I love watchin yo kids
I love, I just love poetry
I love you