

Ice Cube, Spittin' Pollaseeds

Ice Cube:

Fuck a ghost writer sittin in the back
Of the studio, tryin to write a nigga rap
It's the muppet show,
most niggas need a&r (a&r) to tell them how to fuck a hoe
Ice Cube, true mc,
Write everything I say, even back in the day
I'm a spit it, how I feel it, fuck a gimmick
You can keep your catchy lines, I'm a 'bout to write a rhyme
If you got a backpack, tryin' to act black
Think you know the culture, you's a fuckin' vulture
You never a approached the mic
You dress like a dyke, sayin what you don't like
Who deserves five mics, who deserves two
But the nigga wit two still can serve you
This West Coast flow is different in the East
But in ain't no different in the streets

Chorus:

I'm spittin' pollaseeds - I'm spittin' pollaseeds
I crack 'em one by one cause I don't want to be greedy
Cause the salt might make it so
I'm spittin' pollaseeds
I crack 'em one by one cause I don't want to be greedy
Cause, these niggas is salty
Will make you choke ohh oh
You miggas got me fucked-up

Ice Cube:

I'm spittin pollaseeds on the porch with the torch
In case these niggas come around to see the porsche
When i branish, muthafuckers vanish
They don't understand like a nigga speak in spanish
No comprende, me no speak no enlgehh
Here a (smack), now yo ass feelin' tingle
Now you doin shit like Darrel Stingleeh
Dont get stung by the muthafuckin sting ray
Keep it movin niggas, y'all better king me
Put your rap careers up on ebay
Crazy toons is the muthafuckin' D.J.
Baby drop to your knees, he deserves a bj
I got a big brother, nicknamed cj
When you see him in the hood take it eazy
If you a breezehh, take him to the heezehh
Do him like Halley Barry did Michael Eleehh

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WC:

I ain't playin
I got pulled over by the police
And I had some pollaseeds in my hand
The police pulled me over and said
2017, we got a young black nigga over here
Age 18, look like he's 35
Look like he drinkin a henese, and smoke every night

I need back up
This Nigga might have a 22 with duck tape on the handle

Wit the twista Hit ya, It's the chippa
Pistol grip, the sciff scippa, ready to finger rear view mirror
Ready to bust wit my bandanna bumpin oldies
Cube, throw me the line like golden the kobe
So I can bust a crippwalk on these niggas
Yellow tape, bark these niggas, fuck all these salty niggas
They can't hold our shit
Gangsta rap ain't dead, muthafuckers just stole our shit
All y'all niggas know its alamoni
All y'all did is switch yo name and ate a style up like ravioli
Own your club raps and pisses talk shit
I'll knock your Comm-A-Dee glasses off ya face under the transmission nigga
From the West side, fuckin' up the program
Wit the surplus, Highly hangin up the blow hand
Dub-zizzala Tippin on them drolics indeed
Spittin shells at you niggas like pollaseeds

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