

# 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 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

Chorus:

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

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 henesees, 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

Chorus:  
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.