

Ice Cube, Street Fighter

[Intro: Ice Cube]

Let's get ready to rumbllllle!

Ha ha ha ha ha ha hahhhhhh

Ah ha ha ha ha ha hahhhhhh

So you wanna fight me?

[scratched: "We are at war!" - Sister Souljah]

Heh, heh heh heh!! [scratching continues]

HMM! Heh heh heh!! ("We are, we are...")

Step into MY arena ("We are, we are...")

Yeah nigga! ("We are at war!")

[Ice Cube:]

Y'all punk-ass ninjas can't wait to see the Ice break

Bailin through the hood with my chocolate rice cakes

15 ninjas in a row

Jumpin out the bushes with they tae kwon do, yo

I jumps in my stance fo' protection

Kickin off my coat like "The Chinese Connection";

Wah-CHOP~! Watch 'em all drop, you can't stop a

heater teach ya get the grasshopper

I'm the illest nigga that you ever seen

Master of the flying guillotine

On with my journey, cops say I need an attorney

fo' my celly, hit they ass with my Jim Kelly

At the Japanese deli fo' my troop

And we all take malt liquor, in our wonton soup

Oops as I smell my fork

It smells like sweet'n'sour pork

They rush me from the left.. and they rush me from the right

Here come the chef with the Ginsu knife

He wanna take my life, I put that on my momma

Insert my ass at Benihana's now

Which style will I use this week? Ahhh

The "Quicker Blood" technique

Here they come, one by one they get done

by the chosen one, nigga "Rising Sun";

It's 11 to 1, yet no one left

Servin these fools in my game of death

It seems like we fight everytime we meet

I bow when I greet, let's take it to the street

[Chorus: Ice Cube]

Let's get ready to rumbllllle!

[scratched: "Let's get it on" - Chuck D]

Let's get ready to rumbllllle! Street Fighter

("Let's get it on")

Let's get ready to rumbllllle!

("Let's get it on")

Let's get ready to rumbllllle! Street Fighter

("Let's get it on")

[Ice Cube:]

God damn there's a blind old man on my corner

And he could try to get with me, if he wanna

CAUSE THEY COME FROM MILES AROUND to try to stop me

I just keep bailin with my 40 ounce of sake

I got my eyes on ass real steady

I'm ready; he pulls out the black machete

With my luck, I think I'm stuck

It's a quarter to twelve so I pulls out my numchuks

Start to workin with style and finesse

But the old man's blind so he's not impressed

I swing; he hits me with the BOOM PANG PING~!

Fallin to the ground I can hear my ears ring

He smiles, my neighbor dials 911
Fool don't you know my guillotine weighs a ton
You're no match - I throw and I snatch
Decapitate his ass - nigga catch! Ahh
Many black belts wanna try and snatch a pebble
from the mas-ter, but I'm much fas-ter
Just ask Bruce Lee
Him, and Brandon died, befo' I can who-ride

[Interlude:]

("We are at war!") ("We are at war!")
("We are, we are...") ("We are at war!")
Street Fighter
("We are at war!") (Anyone, who opposes me)
("We are at war!") (will be destroyed)
("We-we, we-we, we-we, we are at war!")

[Ice Cube:]

I'm breakin everybody down to they very last chromosomes
So send your, punk-ass ninjas
I mess around and make turtle soup!
Do a flip, flop, tuck back on a drum loop
Master of the flying guillotine is my chorus
I want to kill Chuck Norris
And my trigger's the invisible fist
Eatin Fatburgers with my chopsticks
Doin drivebys with my poison darts
That's bamboo, I want to ~~Van Damme~~ Van Damme too
So don't mess around and let me hit you
With this killafied Westside jiu-jitsu
HA HA HAH!! SO WHO WANTS TO FIGHT ME~?!
Before you come in my house nigga take off your Nikes
and bow, and I'll show you how to withstand this
cannabis, phantamous praying mantis
It's like Chinese arithmetic
Cause you never ever thought you'd see the Dragon saggin
Life is cheap, I bow when I greet
So let's take it to the streets, HAH!

[Chorus x2: minus Cube saying "Street Fighter"]

("Let's get it on") [x4]