Ice Cube, Tomorrow

[Ice Cube]
All hail to the West coast, I am the grand wizard
The West coast warlord, and the future is today

Cause tomorrow - that shit never come
I worry 'bout today and this urban decay
I worry 'bout hip-hop, when did it flip-flop
Get whack, and turn into gridlock
I don't know is it a government plot?
I don't give a fuck whether you love it or not
That's all we got and if you throw it away
You dumb as OJ, off a for-tay
In your Izod, this the rap God
What'chu gon' put up, in your iPod?
Downloader, what'chu gon' do
when your favorite MC, got to sue you
Cause he got to eat ain't nuttin taboo
Get your ass beat by Erykah Badu
Cause you wanna steal this good music
Put me out of business, now you lose it

[Chorus: sung with ad libs]
Tomorrow, don't you worry 'bout
tomorrow (that shit never come)
This is very hard to swallow
Keep your hand up on that throttle
Don't you worry 'bout tomorrow

[Ice Cube]
Tomorrow, I'ma handle my business
But today, I'ma drink this liquor
Cause tomorrow, I might be a little quicker
But today, I'm just the same old nigga
You know that shit is still a day away
Do yo' thang baby put your life on layaway
Cause everybody is Nostradamus
Boy don't you know that tomorrow ain't promised?
To all the lil' mamas
Don't do a nigga, like Isiah Thomas
If you a bitch, please be honest
Actin like a hoe you're not an an-gel
While you're, daydreamin 'bout your future
Motherfucker come around the corner and shoot you
Don'tcha, get stuck in neutral
Put your shit in drive, while you still alive cause

[Chorus]
Tomorrow, don't you worry 'bout
tomorrow (that shit never come)
This is very hard to swallow
Keep your hand up on that throttle
Don't you worry 'bout tomorrow

[Ice Cube]
Tomorrow~! That shit never come
I know it sounds strange but today is never done
I'm up in the Range when the clock strikes 1
While y'all countin sheep, I'm countin Benja-mons
Up on my feet at the break of the sun
President of the Gangster Na-tion
We don't go to war, we go to the store
We rob from the rich, and give to the poor
Hip-Hop, oh what a bore
Lettin college motherfuckers run the front door

(Fuck that!) Let's take it back to the streets
Don't let Viacom, dictate the heat
The nerve of them, I never heard of dem
Askin me about, my urban spins
And if I got about, a thousand of them
I'm a crate MC, accordin to them Fuck that!

[Chorus - repeat 2X]
Tomorrow, don't you worry 'bout
tomorrow (that shit never come)
This is very hard to swallow
Keep your hand up on that throttle
Don't you worry 'bout tomorrow

[Ice Cube to fade]
All hail to the West coast, I am the grand wizard
The West coast warlord, the future is today
Get your grind on mayne, get your grind
on mayne, get your grind on