

# Ice Cube, You Don't Wanna Fuck Wit These (Unr

[Ice Cube]

You don't wanna fuck wit these

You don't wanna fuck wit these  
Run up you big-ass bitch and I'll have you clockin G's  
Wit my knockout jab, mess around and stab  
yo' ass in the gut, I don't give a fuck  
Down with the brown, clownin these honkies  
that got us in the mix with they 666  
Tricks get found, stinkin like tuna  
Bailin through your hood in my fresh suede Pumas  
And I don't hit gates, nigga pump yo' brakes  
cause I ain't runnin, you better start gunnin  
Take your hand off your metal  
There's nowhere to hide, cause the world is a ghetto  
Want my afro long like Mad Dawg  
on a velvet poster, 40 on the coaster  
cause moms don't play that shit  
Been hard on a nigga since (?)8-8-6(?)  
Sayin you need Jesus, cause I got the fresh sweatshirt  
with the three fat, creases  
And it's on like that, nigga where you at?  
At a phone booth, I'm comin in the Coupe  
Beanie pull over, fool there they go  
Drive real slow so we can let them hoes know  
that G's even bust on L.A.P.D.'s  
Make 'em eat cheese, cause they don't wanna fuck with these  
And he don't wanna fuck wit these

I got mo' flavor than a hoe with a dick  
and a stick of gum on her tongue, I get you sprung  
with the psycho-alpha-disco, my fist go  
in my pocket, grabbin on my pistol  
But I won't pull it out til it's time to spit  
Make the girls say, "Damn, niggaz can't have shit"  
Cause I see Satan, waitin in the cut  
for this black motherfucker, to bail out his hut  
And I don't give a mad-ass fuck  
about a sheriff who's tryin to tear-off a (??)  
My chinny chin chin hit him up with the right  
and then I bend bend got his ass in my sight  
My Chuck's hit the cement, then I bent the corner  
Yellin, "Cop Killer", and fuck Time-Warner"  
Got the wick-a-tick(??) niggaz say, damn he's so sweet  
Hypnotize yo' ass like that shit "Knee Deep"  
And you hate it, gang-affiliated  
Niggaz be bumpin, just a little somethin  
from that loc'ed out nigga that cater to the O.G.'s  
And let you know, that you don't wanna fuck wit these  
And you don't wanna fuck wit these  
And you don't wanna fuck wit these

Rollin through the hood, when I see a bitch  
I hit the switch, she's on my dick  
Fresh t-shirt, thick like I hangs  
They say I got St. Ide's rushin through my veins  
from the CRASH units, all the way to Vice  
They claimin Ice Cube, ain't nuttin nice  
cause I keep hittin, fuck Bill Clinton  
No repentin, just representin  
I can walk through the park cause it's crazy after dark  
Keep my hand on my gun, cause I ain't the one  
Bang you're dead, brains out your head  
I wish I was the nigga that invented infrared

Now I got it poppin but what's that odor?  
Smells like a hot pot of that bakin soda  
Cause I know nigs from A's to Z's slangin ki's  
Sayin you don't wanna fuck wit these

Nigga please