

# NWA, I Ain't tha One

Intro: girl, Ice Cube

[Ice Cube, do you think you could give me some money to get my hair done?] How short's your hair right now?

[Well you know I get it done every week, and I need my nails done too] Look, I'ma tell you like this

Verse One:

I ain't the one, the one to get played like a pooh butt  
See I'm from the street, so I know what's up  
On these silly games that's played by the women  
I'm only happy when I'm goin up in em  
But you know, I'm a menace to society  
But girls in biker shorts are so fly to me  
So I step to em, with aggression  
Listen to the kid, and learn a lesson today  
See they think we narrow minded  
Cause they got a cute face, and big-behinded  
So I walk over and say "How ya doin'?"  
See I'm only down for screwin, but you know  
ya gotta play it off cool  
Cause if they catch you slippin, you'll get schooled  
And they'll get you for your money, son  
Next thing you know you're gettin their hair and they nails done  
Fool, and they'll let you show em off  
But when it comes to sex, they got a bad cough  
Or a headache, it's all give and no take  
Run out of money, and watch your heart break  
They'll drop you like a bad habit  
cause a brother with money yo, they gotta have it  
Messin with me though, they gets none  
You can't juice Ice Cube girl, cause I ain't the one

Interlude One:

[Girrrrrl, you got to get these brothers for all the money  
you can honey. Cause if they ain't got no money, they can't  
do nothin for me but get out of my face.]

[I know what you mean girl, it ain't nothin right jumpin off  
unless he got dollars]

Verse Two:

Sometimes I used to wonder  
How the hell an ugly dude get a fine girl's number  
He's gettin juiced for his ducats  
I tell a girl in a minute yo, I drive a bucket  
And won't think nuttin of it  
She can ride or walk, either leave it or love it  
I show her that I'm not the O, the N-E, say  
I'm a ruthless N-I double-G A  
Cause I'm gamin on a female that's gamin on me  
You know I spell girl with a B  
A brother like me is only out for one thing  
I think with my ding-a-ling, but I won't bring no  
flowers to your doorstep, when we goin out  
Cause you'll take it for granted, no doubt  
And after the date, I'ma want to do the wild thing  
You want lobster huh? I'm thinking Burger King  
And when I take you, you get frustrated  
You can't juice Ice Cube and you hate it  
But you see, I don't go nuts  
Over girls like you with the BIG ol butts  
It start comin out the pocket, to knock it  
But when the damage is done...  
You can only lay me girl, you can't play me girl  
For the simple fact that, I ain't the one

Interlude Two:

[I don't care how they look if they got money,  
we can hook up but they ain't gettin none.]

[Yeah I just make em think they gonna get some,  
play up they mind a lil bit, and get that money.]  
[Oh Ice Cube, can I have some money pleeeeeease?]

Verse Three:

Give you money why bother  
Cause you know I'm lookin nothin like your father  
Girl, I can't be played or ganked  
Ganked means getting took for your bank  
Or your gold or your money or something  
Nine times outta ten, she's giving up nothing  
They get mad when I put it in perspective  
But let's see if my knowledge is effective  
To the brothas man they robbing you blind  
Cause they fine with a big behind, but pay it no mind  
Keep your money to yourself homie  
and if you got enough game  
You'll get her name and her number  
Without going under  
You can't leave em and love and stay above em  
I used to get no play now she stay behind me  
Cause I said I had a Benz 190  
But I lied and played the one  
Just to get some now she feels dumb  
To my homies it's funny  
But that's what you get trying to play me for my money  
Now don't you feel used  
But I don't give hoot, huh, because I knock boots  
You shouldn't be, so damn material  
And try to milk Ice Cube like cereal  
Now how many times do I have to say it  
Cause if I have to go get a gun  
You girls will learn I don't burn  
You think I'm a sucka, but I ain't the one

Outro:

[But you said you love me!]  
I don't see no rings on this finger  
[Why you doin me like this? I love you!]  
Yeah you love my money, I got what I wanted -- beat it  
More from artist :

N.W.A.

More from album :

Straight Outta Compton