

Say Hi to the Bad Guy

Ice Cube

Intro: (*guy talking*) Good evening, police, do not try to adjust your radios. there is nothing Wrong. we have taken control over this city as to bring you this special Bulletin and we will return this motherfucker to ya as soon as the national Guard move in. Verse 1: The cops wanna catch the nigga that won't fetch

But I'll blast ya, never call ya master
Who is that kickin up shit much faster?
Rollin on a scooter, you know I might do ya
See a black clock and my buckshots run right thru ya
I never knew ya
Cos I'm not a trick
You can suck the biggity-dick, I'm not the piggity-pig
I get away quickity-quick
On the plane to south central
Never get played by the monkey wrench ho
Steady mobbin I'm just like robin hood
Up to no good, so many bitches on my wood
To the right of me and to the left of me
Bitch, I got so much game I need a referee
Throw a penalty of ass interference
Damn, y'all over me, so bitch get on the bitch
Here comes the cops so I better hit the fence
Better run fast cos the dobermans pinch
And I won't play mine in the daytime
Goddamn, here comes the canine
Four legged copper that wants to use ice cube as a whopper
But who's the first nigga to outrun a chopper?
No lie say hi to the bad guy

Interlude: (*cube talkin with officer*) Fuck! (hey guys, where ya headed?)

Nowhere, man (got your licence and registration?)
Yeah, hold up, right here (hey, what's in that box back there?)
Nuttin, aah, nuttin (they happen to be donuts?)
(ya got a glazed donut? how bout a beerclaw?)
Aaah... (if you don't have one, I got ta gaffle ya)

What? you gon' gaf... yeah! Verse 2: See one-time, hit em up

Cos you know the lench mob is down to get em up
People think ice cube roll with the gangs
Cos I'm in a coupe de sittin on thangs
Ain't gotta tell me twice about the jack
See a got a 9 in my lap ta take care of that
Caps get peeled on the regular
Cos niggas try to get me for my cellular
Knick knack paddy wack, the mack daddy's back

Kidnappin hos like the patty hurst jack
Have the white ho, where the fo'-fo'?
Go rob a liquor store, they can't blame it on a nigga row
Bring the money to the rooster
Had the bitch and the mob bein the booster
Damn, can't stand when the bitch get sent to sample *? bran? *
And come back up man
You wanna point the finger at me cos the og
Is souped like chef boy-ar-de
Humpin, jumpin, had the place jumpin
Goddamn, gotta break you off sometin
You wanna know why I bust in half
Now look at you now
Huh, and I'm out real fast
Get the paper out yo' ass, baby
Yo, here we go, listen to the po'
Shoot the bo-bo and act like ya know, ho
Fuck with the flow and die
When I walk by say hi to the bad guy
Interlude: Ai yo man, there's just one left (I'll make a deal with ya)
What? (aah, ya got one of those powdered donuts?
(how bout that twister? if it have cream in the middle, I'm gonna have to
Gaffle ya!))
You gon' gaffle us? (hey, can I reach back there and get one? 0
Aaah yeah homie, go on and reach ahead here
Duck ya head in here man
gun shots
(what kind of cop killer are you?)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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