

AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted

Ice Cube

Ice Cube with The Lench Mob, I got it goin' on
A nigga that's livin' in the city of the criminal zone
One time can't keep the law in order
'Cos everybody's goin' crazy for a quarter
You're tuned in to the number one crew in the area
The way I'm talkin' I'm scarin', ya
I'm darin' ya to raise hell and bail and brag and sag
Or beat down for ya flag 'Cos if you is or you ain't a gangbanger
Keep one in the chamber
'Cos you'll get them thangs put on ya son
Ice Cube has got the 4-1-1
All the ol' school house fellows are crooks
So I get jealous looks
They keep thinkin' did my hair grow?
Will the boys 'n' the hood have to beat down Ice Cube? Hell no, I'll static son, you'll see it's okay
I keep my 9 anyway
For the day one of my homies wanna squab
I'm still rollin' wit The Lench Mob AmeriKKKa's most wanted
Back in the day I did my share of dirt
Sometimes I got away clean, sometimes people got hurt
But if you know me, you know that I'm liable
To bust a cap 'cos it's all about survival of the fittest I'm a menace crook
I did so much dirt I need to be in the Guinness Book
From the shit I took from people
I reap all your fat shit, jack, back to the criminals sect
I leave crew after crew but they can't catch me yet
'Cos I'm slick and slippery
They can't get wit me, cops ain't shit to me
I can't dig a pig so I drop the dogs
And sweat 'em like sweat hogs
And get mad, mad 'cos I'm the nigga that flaunt it
AmeriKKKa's most wanted Aiyo, here's what the poster read
'Ice Cube is wanted dead', that's all it said
I put heads to bed and fled the scene wit all the green
Hear shots and si-reens When I feen first they yo' rings, now they my rings
So give it up punk and then I just
Put another jack in progress, it's the American way
'Cos I'm the G A N G S T A Ice Cube, a motherfuckin' cut-throat
And tried to catch the early bird but they slept, so who gets the worm?
And if I'm caught in a trap, you know I'ma beat the rap
With a payoff, cop gotta lay off, FBI on my dick, stay off I'm not a rebel or a renegade on a quest
I'm a nigga with a 'S' on his chest
So get the Kryptonite cos I'm a rip tonight

'Cos I'm scarin' ya, wanted by America
Aiyo Cube man, they on your ass
Word, but who the fuck is heard?

It's time to take a trip to the suburbs

Let 'em see a nigga invasion

Point blank for the caucasian
Cock the hammer then crack that ol' smile

Take me to your house, pal

Got to the house, my pockets got fat, see

Crack the safe, got the money and the jewelry
Three weeks later, I'm at the P A D

Had a little fly ass bitch wit me

Sittin' in a dig, yo it couldn't be

Whattup G? Saw my face on TV
Damn, oh shit! I didn't know I lucked out

Struck out, I gotta get the fuck out

Pack my bags and tried to hit the door when

The ol' bitch down the street must've turned me in
'Cos the feds was out there ten deep

I got hassled and gaffled in the back seat

I think back when I was robbin' my own kind

The police didn't pay it no mind
But when I start robbin' the white folks

Now I'm in the pen wit the soap on a rope

I said it before and I'll still taunt it

Every young brother where the colour is most wanted

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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