

## 2 N The Morning

Ice Cube

Yeah, this is a story of a famous dog  
Of a dog that chases its tail, will be dizzy

Met her snake ass at a barbecue bash  
She had a lot of ass and a twenty dollar stash  
Of some of that superb 'erb  
She said, "I got the chronic, so fuck whatcha heard"

"Ice Cube do you wanna hit this?  
This shit is hype, sho' you right"  
Soon as she passed me the J and a lighter  
Me and this hoodrat bitch got tighter

Talkin' all day on the blanket  
With her ass jacked up, beggin' me to spank it  
Lookin' like a host from the Barbary coast  
Nigga don't wanna get burnt like toast

Whassup wit deez nuts in ya me-outh  
Aight everybody, c'mon we out  
Took her to the six dollar hole in the wall  
And I like how she's holdin' the balls

Gobble, gobble from the incision  
Stuff that bitch and it ain't Thanksgiving  
Didn't even have to fuck all night long  
Take me home, damn, it's on

Jumped out the cover, snatched off the rubber  
Met the hoe's mother, yo, whassup?  
Got the seven digits and I'm gone'n  
That's the kinda bitch you can call at 2 n the morning

Not just knee deep, she was O.G., deep  
When she did the freak with me  
Not just knee deep, she was O.G., deep  
When she did the freak with me

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I bumped this hoe on the danceflo'  
Where you wanna go? She said, "I don't know"  
I thought I had a treat in the passenger seat  
Now her ass wanna get somethin' to eat

From where? She said, "Denny's I figure"  
I said hell naw 'cause they don't like niggaz  
Let's go to my house and order Domino's  
And maybe I can get the bitch out her clothes

Got to the panties, her ass started fightin'  
And I'm thinkin 'bout my dog, Mike Tyson  
Took her ass home, all alone  
Whoa-oh, there go the phone

Ay whatcha doin'? Nuthin'

Then what about screwin'?  
Now I'm fuckin' and I'm yawnin'  
But thank God for the bitch  
That'll come at 2 n the morning

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You the kind of girl to eat a dick up raw  
And drink a 40 through a straw  
And I love ya, 'cause you're down to get dug  
And your man don't know you're gettin' fucked by a thug

You a woman that's true  
Doin' what the fuck you wanna do  
And it's cool, 'cause you got a purse full of rubbers  
And I'm a friend of your brother's

So jump your freaky ass in your Hyundai  
I got a room at the Omni  
Nothin' tricky, no you ain't picky  
Whassup Nikki? Down for a quickie

Get your lil' Dickie and your Mickey and you're straight  
And gotta be at work by 8  
Called you last night, you wasn't home and  
Damn, it's half past 2 n the morning

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Hello?  
Yo, whassup? This Cube, whatchu doin'?  
I'm asleep  
Asleep? Get yer ass up and come over here  
Want me to drive way over there?  
Yeah, come on through and shit, y'know, it's about 2  
Alright, here I come