

My Summer Vacation

Ice Cube

This is the final boarding call for flight 1259
departing from Los Angeles, final destination to St. Louis
Thank you

Damn G, the spot's gettin hot
So how the fuck am I supposed to make a knot?
Police looking at niggaz through a microscope
In L.A. everybody and they momma sell dope
They trying to stop it
So what the fuck can I do to make a profit?
Catch a flight to St. Louis
That's cool, cause nobody knew us
We stepped off the plane
Four gang bangers, professional crack slangers
Rented a car at wholesale
Drove to the ghetto, and checked in a motel
Unpacked and I grab the three-eighty
Cause where we stayin, niggaz look shady
But they can't fade South Central
Cause bustin a cap is fundamental
Checkin out every block close
Seein which one will clock the most
Yeah this is the one no doubt
Bust a U Bone, and let's clear these niggaz out

Ay ay man, whassup nigga?
Yo, well this Lench Mob nigga!

Now clearin em out meant casualties
Still had the L.A. mentality
Bust a cap, and out of there in a hurry
Wouldn't you know, a driveby in Missouri
Them fools got popped
Took their corner next day, set up shop
And it's better than slangin in the Valley
Triple the profit makin more than I did in Cali
Breakin off rocks like Barney Rubble
Cause them mark-ass niggaz don't want trouble
And we ain't on edge when we do work
Police don't recognize the khakis and the sweatshirts
Getting bitches and they can't stand a
Nineteen-ninety-one Tony Montana
Now the shit's like a war
of gang violence, where it was never seen before
Punks whirl when the gat bust
Four jheri curl niggaz kickin up dust
And some of them are even lookin up to us
Wearing our colors and talkin that gang fuss
Giving up much love
Dyin for a street, that they ain't even heard of
But other motherfuckers want to stand strong
So you know the phrase, once again it's on

Top of the news tonight, gangs from South Central
Los Angeles which are known for their driveby shootings
have migrated into East St. Louis
leaving three dead and two others injured

No arrests have been made
Police say this is a nationwide trend
with similar incidents occurring in Texas, Michigan, and Oklahoma
(female voice repeating in background:
"If it can happen here, it can happen anywhere")

BOOM, my homie got shot he's a goner black
St. Louis niggaz want they corner back
Shooting in snowy weather
It's illegal business, niggaz still can't stick together
Fuckin police got the four-one-one
that L.A. ain't all, surf and sun
But we ain't thinkin, bout the boys
Feudin, like the Hatfields and McCoys
Now the shit's gettin tricky
Cause now they lookin for the colors and the khakis
Damn, the spot's gettin hot from the battle
About to pack up and start slangin in Seattle
But the NARCs, raid about six in the morning
Try to catch a nigga while he's yawnin
Put his glock to my chest as I paused
Went to jail in my motherfuckin drawers
Tryin to give me, fifty-seven years
Face'll be full of those tattooed tears
It's the same old story and the same old nigga stuck
And the public defender ain't givin a fuck
The fool must be sparkin
Talkin about a double life plea bargain
You got to deal with the Crips and Bloods by hand G
Plus the Black Guerilla family
And the white pride don't like Northside
And it's a riot if any more niggaz die
No parole or probation
Now this is a young man's summer vacation
No chance for rehabilitation
Cause look at the motherfuckin years that I'm facin
I'ma end it like this cause you know what's up
My life is fucked