

# Robbin Hood (Cause It Ain't All Good)

Ice Cube

My job is to tell it like it is  
See who the fuck I'ma jack today  
Nigga broke, shit and it's early in the mornin'  
Today I'm going to tell you the story of Robin Hood

At last, grab my ski-mask out the closet  
Now let's see how big did my balls get?  
I brush my teeth, it takes a thief  
Swervin' 'cause I'm tryin' to roll up the chronic leaf

At a stop sign, I take a hit and hold it in  
I cough, now I'm off  
Drivin' down the two-lane highway  
It's all bad, thinkin' 'bout shit I never had

Pass through the W.S. neighborhood  
Knowin' I can do my best in Westwood  
Cut off by a white BM, driven by a yuppie  
He sticks up his finger like fuck me

Now I gotta follow him home, with my chrome  
Send him to the Twilight Zone, it's on  
Niggaz say I'm gone 'cause I'm fuckin' with the rich  
Say what but they all full of bitch, yeah

Don't need a snitch so I'm rollin' solo  
In a straight bucket, no it ain't a low, low  
He pulls up to a seven bedroom, eight bath  
Oh yeah, he's got to feel the wrath

Pistol to the neck, devil turn off the Westec  
And when you're rollin' have mo' respect, bitch  
Tied his ass up and took everything I could  
A nigga straight robbin', mobbin', back to the hood

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Since two-eleven is my favorite number  
Fuck squabbin' 'cause I be Robbin' like the Boy Wonder  
Holy bandit, leave yo' ass stranded and you know that  
Unhook the LoJack, cellular phone under the flo' mat

They wanna say that it's federal  
Actin' like your ninety-five Coupe is headed fo'  
Beirut they wanna shoot me like a terrorist  
But I don't give a fuck 'cause I'm takin' care of this

Trigger finger got blisters  
Heard from your sisters, you be rollin' on the twisters

Now when we meet, I can make your heart beat  
And make you feel so neat

Or you can get us fifteen  
Twenties out the ATM, I'll take all of them, give 'em up  
I'm king of the Slim Jim, it's the incredible  
Nine-oh-two-one-oh, is where I'm headed foe

Don't need no Merry Men, I fuck around and bury them  
If they told, what I stole  
Motherfuckers got to know that I'm lethal  
Steal from the rich and slide it to my people

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I stalk rich ass people like Hudson Hawk  
Bitch don't talk, let's take a walk  
Nigga got nuttin' to lose, you know the rules  
The purse and the jewels or the eleven o'clock news

Which one? Magnum gun to the titties  
Makin' scared devils move from my city  
With the strong-arm, fuck the long arm of the law  
Bitch count to ten and forget who you saw, hurry up

Had to clock her with the handle  
'Cause your husband's a thief with an S and L scandal  
Don't feel bad if you're stuck up  
Nobody move, nobody get, shut the fuck up

I'm nervous, quick to serve this  
Heat in yo' meat, make your blood skeet  
A nigga just tryin' to get on his feet  
So hurry up, rich bitch, before I twitch

She said, "Don't rape me and don't kill me"  
Nigga don't want to fuck, yo' filthy ass  
Just give me the cash and we good  
All I wanna do is rob you on my way to the hood

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Robbin' Hood 'cause it ain't shit good, yeah

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