

Stop Snitchin'

Ice Cube

Ice Cube (yeah!) Callin from a California state penitentiary
(Let me out this motherfucker)
We got over two million motherfuckers locked up
(Let me out this motherfucker) Stop snitchin

Now how many MC's must get booed
Before somebody say don't fuck with Cube (you know!)
I'll strip you nude (butt-ass) in your living room
Face down, paralyzed from the waist down
I'm a buckin clown, but don't fuck around
Doin movies now, but I'll lay you down
South Central style, pull them thangs out
Don't make a millionare have to send you there
You know the story of the tortoise nigga and the hare
Nigga run nigga run never get there
I'ma walk, fuck a bitch when I get there
Nigga this a marathon, ask Farrakhan
Fuck the cemetery that I'm buried on (fuck 'em)
The blood of Ice Cube got to carry on (forever)
Forever what the fuck are they yellin?
"Gangsta Gangsta," nigga stop tellin - stop snitchin

You can have whatever you want
In the hood, it's do's and don'ts
So when it get hot in this kitchen
Stop snitchin, nigga stop snitchin

Microphone master, super rhyme maker
Gun blaster, who's the life taker (who?)
Who the fuck is a lifetime Laker?
I slap the Maybeline off Tammy Faye Baker
Who the fuck got more than an acre?
In Los Angeles I got to have paper
I'm a nigga, don't talk to my neighbors
Straight asshole, always up in Vegas (yay yay)
Lay it out for these niggaz to follow
Get the point, but these points is hollow
Now this here, is hard to swallow
But if you do it's like hittin the lotto
Little nigga with big bravado
Hit the throttle niggaz hit the bottle
Can give a fuck if they life is hollow
Where the fuck was you, when I rocked the Apollo, bitch?

Ay, who put this thing together? Me, that's who
Who I trust? Who I trust? ME, THAT'S WHO!

Nigga nigga nigga, can't you see
Somehow your words incarcerate me
Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee
Lock me up in my prime, Muhammad Ali
Get out whup yo' ass like Muhammad Ali
Rumble in the Jungle, nigga don't play Dumbo
In the hood nigga known as Columbo
Get the people on the phone, tell the jumble
Spit fluid and swear he didn't do it
Got my bottom bitch locked up with Martha Stewart

She say she had the hoe cookin deep dish
She say Martha fuckin cook fish and eat fish
Westside y'all niggaz got to peep this
That's your weakness, can't keep a secret
Don't say shit, boy that's basic
They want to send a nigga back to the slave ship
Stop snitchin

You can have whatever you want
In the hood, it's do's and don'ts
So when it get hot in this kitchen
Stop snitchin, nigga stop snitchin

You can have whatever you choose
But out here, it's don'ts and do's
So after we finish this mission
Stop snitchin, nigga stop snitchin

Okay, okay

One two, in the place to be
You rockin with Ice Cube, and the homey Swizz Beatz
(4x)

{Keep your fuckin mouth shut man}