

## Ask About Me

Ice Cube

I check it in on the West Coast (Ask about me)  
I check it in in the Dirty South (a-yeay)  
I check it in in the Mid-West (hustle, man)  
I check it in on the East Coast (The Hustle Gang)  
(Look at me)  
(Don Matta')  
(Poppa Don)

Check my blood pressure,  
they think they fresher than the Don  
Prescription pills to keep me calm,  
Nigga, I'm da bomb!  
In the black Testerosa,  
Sippin' on Mimosa,  
A bleedin' ?nosa?  
I'm in the West, we ain't got the ?nego?  
Give me Sicko kilos from Puerto Rico  
When I okay it,  
So much cheese, you got to weigh it  
Never thought these niggaz was the feds  
"Freeze" was the sound  
I started lettin' off rounds,  
lay the whole fuckin' room down  
I don't wanna see Your Honor,  
Ratha eat pirhana from Benny Hana,  
Smokin' marijuana in my sauna,  
I done hade it with these attics and faggots,  
They them rattic causin' static,  
bring me my A-U-T-O-matic,  
oh niggaz wanna se how we ride  
Bitch, you know the muthafuckin' side,  
world muthafuckin' wide.

Make yo' hustle official,  
And them niggaz that's wit' you,  
gotta push tha issue,  
on the fools that dis you,  
whether pump or pistol,  
when it's up in yo' gristle,  
hand yo' mama a tissue,  
If I decide to kiss you.

Can you dig her?  
It's the bigger, seven-figure, super nigga  
Wit' the triggas at yo' dome,  
we like to roam,  
Through yo' muthafuckin' home like a comb  
and find the money that's gone  
And we'll take you, shake you,  
break you, take two,  
play you on wit' the chrome,  
nigga shoot!  
Execute, they try to electrocute  
I got too much loot  
Ya say I'm on yo' hit list,  
You niggaz miss,  
tryin' to turn my muthafuckin' cheese into Swiss

Rappers make bucks and I can hear it,  
hard to fear it,  
'Cuz I know you grew up on my lyrics  
It's the boss player,  
never lost hair over assholes,  
blast holes in you muthafuckin' tadpoles  
Like a bullfrog,  
nigga I'm a bullhog,  
guppies get worked like puppies by the bulldog  
Where millions never gave a fuck about Sicilians,  
or killas on T.V. can see,  
we got the real ones  
So check yo' muthafuckin CD-Rom  
and your World Wide Web, dot com,  
It's the Don Mega!

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What cha call it? (The Hustle Gang) (3x)  
What cha call it? (Hustle, man)

Ask About me (2x)