

## Go to Church

Ice Cube

Nigga you need to stop snitchin!  
All that yip-yappin and jaw-jackin  
Nigga if you scared, go to church  
You knew the job was dangerous when you took it

Whattup it's the big boss Dogg  
Snoop D-O-double-G, Eastside L.B.C.  
And I'm bobbin to the beat of my O.G. homeboy Ice Cube  
And I'm C-walkin on the motherfuckin concrete

Yo if you're fucked up, put your cups up  
Ice Cube and Snoop Dogg, nigga what's up  
See he's a gangster, I'm a hustler  
Yo it's either thank ya, or it's fuck ya

I'm down with Lil Jon ain't got to pretend (YEAH!)  
"Crunk Juice" nigga run the club that you in (HEY!)  
You scary motherfuckers don't wanna bring the ruckus (NAH!)  
You just spend all your time in the club tryin to duck us (WHAT?)  
And if you walk by nigga, I'ma knock fire nigga  
from yo' ass, you can come try nigga (HEY!)  
In the hood, all the way down South (YEAH!)  
I ain't Mike Jones, keep my name out'cha mouth bitch (Mike Jones)  
We can get it crackin if it get to clickin clackin  
Look at Mr. Jackson, nigga with no reaction  
If you scared, go to church, we gon' hit you where it hurts  
That don't work, we'll put you in the dirt  
Cause a whole lot of rappers make a whole lot of noise (hey)  
Lyrics full of steroids, niggaz paranoid (hey)  
And when you get that blowup, it make you throw up  
When you realize your favorite rapper ain't got no nuts

If you a scared motherfucker go to church (GO TO CHURCH)  
If you a gutter motherfucker do your dirt (A DO YOUR DIRT)  
If you a down motherfucker put in work (A PUT IN WORK)  
IF you a crazy motherfucker go berzerk (A GO BERZERK!)  
(2x)

Click clackin, pistol-packin, Crip raggin folio  
Who the only nigga in the club with the toolio  
You ain't know? Yeah you did; there it was, there it is  
"Is that Coolio?" Naw bitch, let me in  
Jibba-jabba snatcher get at ya, spit at actors & rappers  
Hang out with kidnapers and jackers  
Make money off crackers; can you imagine how I keep shit crackin?  
It's the big boss Dogg I'm back in action and smashin  
I flash with the bling I sur-pass the supreme  
You don't really wanna have a clash with my team  
I mix hash with the green I'm the, last of the kings  
If I got a bitch with me she got ass in them jeans  
Rollin through yo' neighborhood, my Cadillac so clean  
Servin all you suckers cause you all dopefiends  
Just like that dopeman, nigga what's up?  
You run up with that bullshit I'll fuck yo' ass up

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You scared, you scared  
You scared motherfucker you scared  
You scared (you scared) you scared (you scared)  
You scared motherfucker you scared (you scared)  
(2x)

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It goes one for the money (HEY) two for the show (YEAH)  
Three for the pussy, fo' for the glow (HEY)  
Five for the rookies, six for the pros (NAH)  
Seven for the numbers of them fuckin zeroes (WHAT?)  
Eight for haters, nine for the cause  
Ten for my niggaz, behind big bars (HEY)  
Fuck these devils, and they laws (YEAH!)  
Never question the size of Ice Cube's balls