

# Hood Robbin'

Ice Cube

Man, I ain't gon' be shit in the morning  
After drinking that, uh  
If I can sell you the American dream  
I can sell you anything

I got to get out, I'm getting put out of my house  
I got to pack up my refrigerator and couch  
It's a set-up, but the bank wants me out  
Or the L.A.P.D. will smoke me out

This adjustable rate, it choked me out  
They gave me a loan, and I had no clout  
They gave me a house for me and my spouse  
Called my mamma and my aunt, y'all should refinance

I let 'em dance with the devil  
Dig they own grave, and I gave them the shovel  
Fuck, my daddy built that house  
And when he got drunk, he almost killed that house

Is this American dream or the American scheme  
That got me walking these American streets?  
It's kinda sad when you have to get a hernia  
'Cause you help your grandmamma move furniture

If I could sell you the American dream  
I could sell you anything

Look at this maggot with a stimulus package  
I can give a fuck about a Dow Jones average  
What the fuck you do when your paycheck is average?  
Law abiding citizen turned into a savage

Got to feed the children, got to feed the habit  
Fell into a rabbit hole chasing that rabbit  
Now I'm in Wonderland feeling like the Son of Sam  
I'm at your West Coast branch, gun in hand

I'ma feel like Superman, walk by the teller  
Better call a trooper, man  
It's the revenge of the lambs  
Big Bad Wolf, we sick of these scams

Sick of these plans, sick of this dance  
Walked into his office, took the 9 out my pants  
You not a man, you a serpent  
Then I prayed to God and let the 9 get to work

I better get to workin', you know I heard they hood robbin'  
Your money or your life and it ain't no stopping 'em  
I better get to workin', you know I heard they hood robbin'  
Your money or your life and it ain't no stopping 'em

Ain't that a bitch  
When you got to steal from the poor and give to the rich  
Ain't that a bitch  
When you got to steal from the poor and give to the rich

Uh, drug dealer, M.D.  
Doctor Feel Good, give you what you need  
In California, prescribe that weed  
OxyContin and codeine

Turn your grandmamma into a fiend  
I see the sign, not at first, it ain't free  
I know you 'bout to die, but let me see your ID  
I know you 'bout to lie, but can you pay this fee?

If you can't pay, then please have a seat  
You can't see a doctor, but you could see a priest  
We can't save your life 'til we got some assurance  
Your premium is paid at that insurance

I hope you got endurance  
They got me on hold, and I'm under the influence  
Nurse high as a kite in charge with my life  
And everything is lost without Blue Cross

You know I heard they hood robbin'  
Your money or your life and it ain't no stopping 'em  
You know I heard they hood robbin'  
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Ain't that a bitch  
When you got to steal from the poor and give to the rich  
Ain't that a bitch  
When you got to steal from the poor and give to the rich

Whatever you need  
We got it for cheap right here, baby  
This America, it ain't gonna cost you nothing  
But a arm and a leg

Maybe one of them motherfuckin' ears  
Don't trip, just put it on your credit card  
Put it in your baby name