

Limos, Demos & Bimbos

Ice Cube

(Hey did you hear that?)

Yeah just get the fuckin' door! [car door opens and closes]

Limos, demos and bimbos! (Hey slow this motherfucker down man)

Limos, demos and bimbos! (ugh ugh ugh ugh)

Hit the sunroof, and let's contemplate the freaks we can run through

Got the chauffeur pullin' over

Snatch one inside, she wanna ride with this mission

Close the partition, he like to listen

All fuckin', no kissin', just smokin' and drinkin'

Super vets in a super stretch Lincoln

Thinkin' bout the good ol' days of hip hop

In its purest form before the eye of the storm

I could give a fuck about you hatin', on my way

To the Coliseum with seventeen-five waitin'

They scream for the limousine, it's all clean

Tinted, your shit is rented, you know we spend it

While you worry bout the five mics, I'm in the limelight

Wit movies comin' out, yo' time is runnin' out

I just finished doin' "Live At The Apollo"

Indication from my driver damn we're bein' followed

You're livin' so trife you need Jesus in your life

I'm livin' so trife I need Jesus in my life

You're livin' so trife you need Jesus in your life

I'm livin' so trife I need Jesus in my life

Limos, demos and bimbos! (I'm only fuckin' with the)

Limos, demos and bimbos! (I'm livin' so trife, ugh ugh ugh ugh)

Caught him in motion, had me potent, let him know about the showin'

And how I'm knowin' to keep it cracked open

Cans of ass-beatin', plus on how I crash meeting's

And have your whole staff leavin' half-breathin'

Got shit to hold my own, big bucks

But cop's soon to run it through em, nigga check nuts

Put to the test then put two to rest

Wiped out with lights out, two to the chest

Hold it now tell a few, legitimate

We loaded, for revenue, let's get this shit

And split this shit for three days, count it three ways

Nigga fuck what he say, havin' heat pays

It's all about the thoroughbred, top choice with the voice

That keep ? moist

Mr. Short Khop expected the truest, dare you niggas step to us

I stay connected til death do us

You're livin' so trife you need Jesus in your life

I'm livin' so trife I need Jesus in my life

You're livin' so trife you need Jesus in your life

I'm livin' so trife I need Jesus in my life

Limos, demos and bimbos! (I'm only fuckin' with the)

Limos, demos and bimbos! (I'm livin' so trife I need Jesus, Jesus)

The alley was pitch black, I'm in the back of this black Lac

These fuckers pull up in a Ac
They don't understand the impact
Two thousand dollar three-piece suit, can you spend that?
They call me the Don Mega (Don Mega)
Cos I'm down to play a double-header in stormy weather
Superstar, goddamn them niggas got me
Stop the car and blast the paparazzi

You're livin' so trife you need Jesus in your life
I'm livin' so trife I need Jesus in my life
You're livin' so trife you need Jesus in your life
I'm livin' so trife I need Jesus in my life

Limos, demos and bimbos! (I'm only fuckin' with the)