

# Maniac In The Brainiac

Ice Cube

In every game, we gotta have the brains and the muscle  
The game and the hustle... to be real on these streets  
So here you have it, the Brainiac  
Ice Cube  
With the Maniac  
Mack 10

While ya'll niggas think about the pape  
I think about which Titanic I'mma sink  
The iceberg, with the nice words  
I slice verbs and predicets, ghetto etiquette  
Y'all better get, this dime-mega shit  
The Braniac, the theory be conspiracy  
Keep my eye on the birdie, but never get my hands dirty  
Verbally call the Maniac and his attack dogs  
Signing contracts with automatic jack clause

I get full of their shit and take flight on these niggas  
'Bout to show these so-called  
Wig-splitters and nigg-hitters  
Who the man be, and what the number one clique is  
Let my nuts hang on these busts  
And hoes see how big my dick is  
Maniac Mack 10 always keep the heat toted  
And teflon tips keep the .44 loaded  
Straight quoted in nine-trey, by the dime  
Now we connected  
He said, "Mack, when you westsidin' and ridin' is expected"  
So I...

Maniac with Brainiac, Mack 10!  
You do the drivin', while I do the jackin'  
Maniac with Brainiac, Mack 10!  
My nigga if you plot it, best believe I got it  
And it's on... feel the chrome

You in the Stargate, trying t'escape, it's not an option  
Got torture techniques for them lies, don't ever lie  
Just put the car in drive, we can go ride- get this money  
Determined as the Energized Bunny, make a left  
Underground parking, guns start sparkin'  
ATF enemies all around start chargin'  
Tryin' to fuck up my new suit and my weekend  
Ask me what you want, you bitch! I ain't speakin'

Shit, I gives a fuck what the next nigga think  
(?) gives a fuck how much bitch you say you ain't  
It's like this on mine, potna  
By all means, I got the ball  
So it's your life, not mine nigga, so you make the call  
Now, I can blow your brains out, punk and act the fuckin' fool  
Or you can hand your guns over, and let everything be cool  
But know this: I won't hesitate to peel your wig back  
I'm off that wet-bomb and the whole fifty yak  
It's Mack the Maniac, nigga

What's the plan? Everything thought out

Everything bought out, like Bill Gates  
My niggas love steel weights  
I'm still great, after 12 muthafuckin' years  
I (?) your ass after 12 muthafuckin' beers  
I act kind to my peers and everybody that listen  
They know when the Brainiac's missin'  
The big fish, hanging with the chicken hawk  
Got all the haters, claimin' that they wanna talk

You argue wit 'em and negotiate, and I really wanna kill 'em  
I'm tired of the bullshit, man I really wanna peel 'em  
Dog, I knew they were scareless  
'Cause my brother Snoop told us  
So fuck the money and the dope that they punk-ass owe us  
Now when I see 'em, it ain't no question it's all the way on  
But I'mma wait in front of they momma house  
For that one nigga to get home  
And when I gun, watch his body jump  
And it's all going to amaze me  
To see his own self  
Layin' there with his own brains on the pavement

And it's on... keep takin' 'til it's gone  
And it's on... feel the wrath of the chrome  
Wessiiide!  
Ice Cube the Brainiac  
Mack 10 the Maniac