

Spittin' Pollaseeds

Ice Cube

Fuck a ghostwriter, sittin' in the back
Of the studio tryin' to write a nigga rap
It's the Muppet show, most niggas need A&R
To tell 'em how to fuck a hoe
Ice Cube, true emcee
Write everything I say, even back in the day
I'm a spit it how I feel it, fuck a gimmick
You can keep your catchy lines, I'm bout to write a rhyme
If you got a backpack tryin' to act black
Think you know the culture? You's a fuckin' vulture
You never approached a mic
You're dressed like a dike sayin' what ya don't like
Who deserve five Mics, who deserve two
But the nigga with two still can serve you
This West Coast flow is different than the East
But it ain't no different in the street

I'm spittin' pollaseeds (I'm spittin' pollaseeds)
I crack 'em one by one 'cause I don't wanna be greedy
Cause the salt might make you choke
(I'm spittin' pollaseeds) I'm spittin' pollaseeds
I crack 'em one by one 'cause I don't wanna be greedy
Because these niggas is salty they'll make you choke
Oh oh, you niggas got me fucked up

I'm spittin' pollaseeds on the porch with the torch
In case these niggas come around to see the Porsche
When I brandish, motherfuckers vanish
They don't understand like a nigga speakin' Spanish
No comprende, me no speak no Engle
Here now yo' ass feelin' tingley
Now you're doin' shit like Darryl Stingley
Don't get stung by the motherfuckin' stingray
Jumpin' over niggas, y'all better king me
Put your rap careers up on eBay
Crazy Toones is the motherfuckin' D-J
Baby drop to your knees, he deserves a B-J
I got a big brother nicknamed C-J
When you see him in the hood take it easy
If you a breezy, take him to the heezy
Do him like Halle Berry did Michael Ealy

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I crack 'em one by one, 'cause I don't wanna be greedy
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Oh oh (I'm spittin' pollaseeds)

Quick to twist ya, hit ya, it's the chipper
Pistol gripper, skip-skipper runnin' up in your rear view mirror
Ready to bust with my bandanna, bumpin' oldies
Cube throw me the lob like Odom to Kobe
So I could bust a Crip Walk on these niggas
Yellow tape off these niggas, fuck all these salty niggas
They can't hold our shit

Gangsta rap ain't dead, motherfuckers just stole our shit
All you niggas owe us alimony
All you did was switch your name and ate our style up like ravioli
On your club raps I'm pissin', talk shit I'll knock your Comodi glasses
Off your face under the transmission, nigga
From the West side fuckin' up the program
With the surplus hanky hangin' out the Brougham
Dub Sizzla, dippin' on them 'draulics and D's
Spittin' shells at you niggas like pollaseeds

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