

# Stop Snitchin'

Ice Cube

Ice Cube (yeah!) Callin from a California state penitentiary  
(Let me out this motherfucker)  
We got over two million motherfuckers locked up  
(Let me out this motherfucker) Stop snitchin

Now how many MC's must get booed  
Before somebody say don't fuck with Cube (you know!)  
I'll strip you nude (butt-ass) in your living room  
Face down, paralyzed from the waist down  
I'm a buckin clown, but don't fuck around  
Doin movies now, but I'll lay you down  
South Central style, pull them thangs out  
Don't make a millionare have to send you there  
You know the story of the tortoise nigga and the hare  
Nigga run nigga run never get there  
I'ma walk, fuck a bitch when I get there  
Nigga this a marathon, ask Farrakhan  
Fuck the cemetery that I'm buried on (fuck 'em)  
The blood of Ice Cube got to carry on (forever)  
Forever what the fuck are they yellin?  
"Gangsta Gangsta," nigga stop tellin - stop snitchin

You can have whatever you want  
In the hood, it's do's and don'ts  
So when it get hot in this kitchen  
Stop snitchin, nigga stop snitchin

Microphone master, super rhyme maker  
Gun blaster, who's the life taker (who?)  
Who the fuck is a lifetime Laker?  
I slap the Maybeline off Tammy Faye Baker  
Who the fuck got more than an acre?  
In Los Angeles I got to have paper  
I'm a nigga, don't talk to my neighbors  
Straight asshole, always up in Vegas (yay yay)  
Lay it out for these niggaz to follow  
Get the point, but these points is hollow  
Now this here, is hard to swallow  
But if you do it's like hittin the lotto  
Little nigga with big bravado  
Hit the throttle niggaz hit the bottle  
Can give a fuck if they life is hollow  
Where the fuck was you, when I rocked the Apollo, bitch?

Ay, who put this thing together? Me, that's who  
Who I trust? Who I trust? ME, THAT'S WHO!

Nigga nigga nigga, can't you see  
Somehow your words incarcerate me  
Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee  
Lock me up in my prime, Muhammad Ali  
Get out whup yo' ass like Muhammad Ali  
Rumble in the Jungle, nigga don't play Dumbo  
In the hood nigga known as Columbo  
Get the people on the phone, tell the jumble  
Spit fluid and swear he didn't do it  
Got my bottom bitch locked up with Martha Stewart

She say she had the hoe cookin deep dish  
She say Martha fuckin cook fish and eat fish  
Westside y'all niggaz got to peep this  
That's your weakness, can't keep a secret  
Don't say shit, boy that's basic  
They want to send a nigga back to the slave ship  
Stop snitchin

You can have whatever you want  
In the hood, it's do's and don'ts  
So when it get hot in this kitchen  
Stop snitchin, nigga stop snitchin

You can have whatever you choose  
But out here, it's don'ts and do's  
So after we finish this mission  
Stop snitchin, nigga stop snitchin

Okay, okay

One two, in the place to be  
You rockin with Ice Cube, and the homey Swizz Beatz  
(4x)

{Keep your fuckin mouth shut man}