

# The Bomb

Ice Cube

It's like a holocaust to the boss when I toss  
Too much knowledge kicked then you're lost  
In a shuffle of feet, Jinx the fiddler  
And I control your mind like Hitler  
You bow and vow to authority  
See now, a sucker with a style just boring me  
So I show K.N.O.W.

L.E.D.G.E. it might trouble you  
Then I transform like a Decepticon  
With a mic as a bomb  
In my right palm  
But I don't stay calm  
So panic  
Others can't flow so they go schizophrenic  
You thought I dropped a dud in your face  
Until you taste the blood of the bass  
Then you faint, or better yet pass out  
When I'm on the mic, believe it's ass out  
You think you're raw so you draw  
You lose, you're hung, you bite your tongue  
The whole town saw in awe as you strangle  
A noose on your neck, and you dangle  
From side to side in the blazing heat  
You're beat, you're dead, the fools fell off  
You feel you're turning red, it's said  
That your head burst  
And this is only the first verse  
Of the bomb

Don't break up the fight let them rumble  
Over the years I've watched some go super-bad quick  
Now the smell of the pen has got them sick to the stomach  
Now ask yourself, who's stupid?  
I take funky funky beats and I loop it  
And pimp slap you in the face with the bass  
And the boom from the bomb that I drop  
Stop  
You have a flat top as a fashion  
I love Black women with a passion  
But when they gotta go and show their ass in  
I gotta clown the hoes, yeah  
You gotta watch the ones with the big derrieres  
They'll steer you wrong  
Ice Cube's got it going on, hit me  
For the gangster boogie two times for the gangster rhyme  
The system ain't wholesome  
They want to put a young brother in Folsom  
And others see me on lockdown  
But I come up foul then they get knocked out, word  
To the brother that rolls the herb  
Everybody getting knocked to the curb like that  
Jinx got the gat, and it's a fact  
He'll kick a funky beat to peel your cap  
Now who's the mack?  
Who's the hoe?  
Who's the trick?  
I got many, many styles won't you take a pick

But don't be alarmed  
When I trip and stumble and fumble  
And drop the (rewind)  
Drop the bomb

I'm solo, you ask how I'm living  
Still dropping more shit than a pigeon  
With the L, the E, the N, the C, the H,  
The M, the O, the B, the great  
Lyrics that make the beat swing and I gotcha  
It's the hip-hopper that don't like coppers  
And if you try to upset the pot son  
You get kicked in the chest like a shotgun  
I make the beats, I make the breaks  
I make the rhymes that make you shake  
Make you find  
Ice Cube never caught in the middle  
I make shit to kick you in the ass a little  
And still never hesitate to stutter step  
Or bust a repetition on the mic  
Still dissing all the hype  
From left to right  
How many left to fight?  
So what that Lench Mob like?