

## What They Hittin' Foe?

Ice Cube

Fucking around in a crap game  
Niggas think I'm soft cause now I'm in the rap game  
And I don't hang out as much  
Bang out dope cuts  
Standing on stage and I'm grabbing my nuts  
But when it comes to getting in a circle  
I'm hitting sevens turning broke niggas purple  
Looking for Little Joe and the dumb nigga scream and choke  
When deuce-deuce hit the floor yo  
Now which of ya wanna fade the twenty?  
I'm turnin your fat pockets skinny  
Ah yeah I'm shaking the ivory  
And boom it's like they die for me  
Fool you can get loud, get mad, hit the joint  
But don't forget my point  
There it is yo  
I put my Nike on the bet so it won't slide  
Money gone cause I'm never hitting deuce-five  
I'm never hitting four-trey no way  
You wanna leave but come on hoe stay  
Nigga see but that'll work  
Poppa needs brand-new shoes and a sweatshirt  
Fool you can't even fuck with that  
And now that I'm winning I gots to get my gat  
Cause I see your homies starting to look  
And broke motherfuckers they make the best crooks  
And I'm feeling like a baller  
Bucking fools now the circles getting smaller  
Now you wanna go and scheme  
Punk niggas like you just love to triple-team  
So I pick up my money and start walking  
Cause now I let the gat start talking  
Now since ya'll lost you wanna go out like a sucker  
Take that motherfucker