

Ice Cube, Korea Wants A Word With You

Skankin' Pickle

You threaten us by saying
you'll beat our chop suey asses
But chop suey is Chinese food
that is eaten by the masses
The least you could have done
is got my country's food right
Poolgoogie, jajamnim, chop che,
goktoogie
Now why in the world would
someone with power in his speech
Feel that he can judge an entire race
by the few that he has come to hate?
I'm just so sick of hate
or maybe hate is sick of me
But to judge me without knowing me
is such a disgrace

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Fight, fight, fight the power
who's that?
'Cause if I knew I'd end it all like that
But I think the power's in each
one's self
And if we all opened up
there would be no more mess
And no more race bashing
or gang warfare
Or innocent people lying dead
from stares
It's making me sick
I need a breath of fresh air
Give me a chance to think
'cause I know I still care

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