

## Ice Cube f/ Kokane, W.C. "Spittin' Pollaseeds"

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[Ice Cube]

Fuck a ghostwriter, sittin' in the back  
of the studio tryin' to write a nigga rap  
It's the muppet show, most niggaz 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'ma 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 dyke sayin' what ya don't like  
Who deserve 5 Mics, who deserve 2  
But the nigga with 2 still can serve you  
This West Coast flow is different than the East  
But it ain't no different in the street

[Chorus: Kokane]

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 niggaz is salty they'll make you choke  
Oh oh, you niggaz got me fucked up

[Ice Cube]

I'm spittin' pollaseeds on the porch with the torch  
In case these niggaz 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 (\*slap\*) now yo' ass feelin' tingley  
Now you're doin' shit like Darryl Stingley  
Don't get stung by the motherfuckin' stingray  
Jumpin' over niggaz, y'all better king me  
Put your rap careers up on eBay  
Crazy Toones is the motherfuckin' DJ  
Baby drop to your knees, he deserves a BJ

I got a big brother nicknamed CJ  
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

[Chorus: Kokane]

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 niggaz is salty they'll make you choke  
Oh oh (I'm spittin' pollaseeds)

[W.C.]

Quick to twist ya, hit ya, it's the chipper  
Pistol gripper, skip-skipper runnin' up in your rearview  
mirror  
Ready to bust with my bandana, bumpin' oldies  
Cube throw me the lob like Odom to Kobe  
So I could bust a Crip Walk on these niggaz  
Yellow tape off these niggaz, fuck all these salty  
niggaz  
They can't hold our shit  
Gangsta rap ain't dead, motherfuckers just stole our  
shit  
All you niggaz 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 Westside 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 niggaz like pollaseeds

[Chorus: Kokane]

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 crack 'em one by one, 'cause I don't wanna be greedy  
Because these niggaz is salty they'll make you choke,  
oh oh

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