

## Dave Berry

### "Extradition"

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[Ice Cube Talking]

Dear Mum, If some people came by the house lookin  
for me

I'm innocent of anything they say I done  
Now I don't know when I'll be able to write you again  
But I will be back to California to see you  
Your son, Ice-motherfucking-Cube

[Hook 1]

Keep my hand on my gun cos they got me on the run  
I swear I didn't do what they say I done (x2)

[Verse 1]

Ghetto destroyer, paranoia, I need a lawyer  
This bitch named Netoia, say they lookin for ya  
Got to get the fuck out of here (yeah right)  
This bitch dimmed the lights (nigga, spend the night)  
Bust a quick nut, got to fuck up and gat on  
Cos this the same street I got shot on  
So God bless the Impala double-S  
I gotta holla cos I'm smokin on double breasts  
Tweakin, niggaz be leakin, information  
Got the feds seekin, incarceration  
Niggaz say my name popped up  
Bitch hop up  
Nigga close the shop up  
They tryina stop up my cashflow  
Leave me asshole naked (fuck!)  
Gone in sixty seconds, burn all records  
Nigga gettin skinny eating Denny's  
Count my pennies, only got a bag fulla twenties

[Hook 2]

Listen, these Feds fishin for this extradition  
I'm on a mission, fuck 'em, fight 'em, dodge 'em, ditch  
'em  
I gotta kick rocks, I can't pick locks  
Or spend the rest of my life in a shit-box

[Verse 2]

It's so hard to get a room without a credit card

It's so hard not to let 'em know where you are  
Tried to get a Rent-A-Car  
Whitey laughed when I showed him cash  
Had to mash 'fore he called the Feds on my ass  
Went to Vegas for the weekend  
Met a ho down for freakin  
Hey bitch, why you sneakin?  
Grabbed the paper out her hand  
Am I the man on the front page? (Fuck!)  
Same height, same age (click-click)  
Rap gauge, put it down the G-way  
Got my hostage suckin sausage on the freeway  
She say let's hit or suck ok?  
Ran inside and made the niggaz all pay  
It's like I hit the Lotto outside Colorado  
Brought a ??? for his wallet and my votto  
That's my motto and I gotta warn ya  
Before I'm through, I'm going back to California

[Hook 1]

[Hook 2]

[Verse 3]

My boys, Utah to Illinois  
Settin decoys, so I can infiltrate  
All fifty states  
Can't wait till I'm back on my feet  
Switch and shake this bitch in her sleep  
Low key you feds can't see me  
All up in D.C. with strike number three  
Clownin, made a little stock to get a little cock  
Now I got niggaz bangin in Little Rock  
I'm going back to Cali westbound with my strikes  
Don't give a fuck who's on the marin or the mic  
I should've known when I seen that motherfucker in the  
lobby  
looking like he wanna rob me (Fuck!)  
Federal, don't like no black hetero-sexual, intellectual  
Tried to turn me into a vegetable  
An I'm 'a sue all black and blue  
When I come to-hand cuff (Fuck y'all!)  
Big grey bus, scandalous (Fuck you too!)  
Cos they can't stand us  
They get excited and I tried to fight it (mama)  
I'm going back to Cali for sure, extradited

[Hook 1]

[Hook 2]

[Ice Cube talking]

Hey mama, when y'all send pictures you can't send a

polaroid  
Got to be the regular pictures  
An' they got us in here puttin' in computer chips or  
something  
I don't know. Like they playin with us, it's like a game  
It ain't nuttin' but a game to them mama  
It's my life

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