

Dave Berry

"Jackin For beats"

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Intro:

Wait a minute, hold on, get your ass up
Whassup nigga?
Get over there... shit
Ya lil punk ass nigga
C'mere, c'mere, c'mere boy
God damnit you stop that shit now
Take him to jail and get him the hell from in front of
this house
Now wait a minute, wait a minute, hey man
Whassup?
Wait a minute?
There are police, go!

Verse One:

Give me that beat fool, it's a full time jack move
Chilly Chill, yo homie mack the track move
And I'll jack any Tom, Dick and Hank
That's the name of the SUCKERS I done ganked
I get away from a copper
Drop a dime, I'll break you off somethin proper
With the L-E-N-C-H-M-O-B
T-Bone and that's J.D.
And here's how we'll greet ya
Stop fool, come off that beat ya
feel dumb cause you're caught in the dark
(ya lil nuttin ass mark)
Raise up, cause you cant' have it back
You said - "I ain't never got gaffled like that"
Off the end of the gat you choke
Short Dog's in the house - "Whattup loc?"
Nuttin but a come up
Gimme that bass, and don't try to run up
Cause you'll get banked somethin sweet
Ice Cube and the Lench Mob, is jackin for beats

Verse Two:

Huh, and even if you're down with my crew

*Yo Chuck man, i dodn't understand this man
You got to slow down*
I jack them too
And then we'll freak it
Kick that bass, and look what we did
Fade the grade, played, and made a few mil
and I keep stealin
Ice Cube'll make it funky
But right about now - *let's get up in the hump*
But I don't party and shake my butt
I leave that to the brothers with the funny haircurs
And it'll drive you nuts
Steal your beat, and give it that gangsta touch
Like jackin at night
Say hi to the three fifty-seven I'm packin
And it sounds so sweet
Ice Cube and the Lench Mob, is jackin for beats

Verse Three:

Ice Cube, will take a funky beat and reshape it
Locate a dope break, and then I break it
And give it that gangsta lean
Dead in your face as I turn up the bass
I make punk suckers run and duck because
I don't try to hide cause you know that I love to
jack a fool for his beat and then I'm Audi
So when I come to your town don't crowd me
Cause I know, you're gonna wanna kick it with me
But I know, none of y'all can get with me
So you think you're protected
Well you are til you put a funky beat on a record
Then I have to show and prove and use your groove
Cause suckers can't fade the Cube
And if I jack you and you keep comin
I'll have you marks a 100 Miles and Running!

*stop stop stop stop stop!
sa-prize, niggaz*

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