

## Ice Cube "Ask About Me"

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I check it in on the West Coast  
(Ask about me)  
I check it in in the Dirty South  
(Ay-yeah)  
I check it in in the Midwest  
(Hustle, man)  
I check it in on the East Coast  
(The Hustle Gang, look at me)  
(Don Matta', Poppa Don)

Check my blood pressure, they think they fresher than  
the Don  
Prescription pills to keep me calm, nigga, I'm da bomb  
In the black Testerosa, Sippin' on Mimosa, a bleedin'  
nosa  
I'm in the West, we ain't got the nego

Give me Sicko kilos from Puerto Rico when I okay it  
So much cheese, you got to weigh it  
Never thought these niggaz was the feds  
"Freeze" was the sound, I started lettin' off rounds

Lay the whole fuckin' room down  
I don't wanna see Your Honor  
Ratha eat pirhana from Benny Hana  
Smokin' marijuana in my sauna

I done hade it with these attics and faggots  
They them rattic causin' static, bring me my A U T O  
matic  
Oh, niggaz wanna se how we ride  
Bitch, you know the muthafuckin' side, world  
muthafuckin' wide

Make yo' hustle official and them niggaz that's wit' you  
Gotta push tha issue on the fools that dis you  
Whether pump or pistol when it's up in yo' gristle  
Hand yo' mama a tissue if I decide to kiss you

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(Ask about me)  
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(Don Matta', Poppa Don)

Can you dig her? It's the bigger, seven-figure, super  
nigga  
Wit' the triggas at yo' dome, we like to roam,  
Through yo' muthafuckin' home like a comb  
And find the money that's gone

And we'll take you, shake you, break you, take two  
Play you on wit' the chrome, nigga shoot  
Execute, they try to electrocute, I got too much loot  
Ya say, I'm on yo' hit list, you niggaz miss

Tryin' to turn my muthafuckin' cheese into Swiss  
Rappers make bucks and I can hear it, hard to fear it  
'Cuz I know you grew up on my lyrics  
It's the boss player, never lost hair over assholes

Blast holes in you muthafuckin' tadpoles  
Like a bullfrog, nigga I'm a bullhog  
Guppies get worked like puppies by the bulldog  
Where millions never gave a fuck about Sicilians

Or killas on T.V. can see, we got the real ones  
So check yo' muthafuckin' CD-Rom  
And your World Wide Web, dot com  
It's the Don Mega

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What cha call it?  
(The Hustle Gang)  
What cha call it?

(The Hustle Gang)  
What cha call it?  
(The Hustle Gang)  
What cha call it?  
(Hustle, man)

Ask about me  
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