## Ice Cube "Doin' What It 'pose 2Do"

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Thinkin' about what he gon' do next

Ride, ride through the hood Keep it low to the ground Ride through the hood Keep it low to the ground

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Ride through the hood Keep it low to the ground Low, low to the grown Low to the ground

You see my lo' lo' (Doin' what it 'pose 2do) And that fo' do' (Doin' what it 'pose 2do)

You know my big watch (Doin' what it 'pose 2do) I make the bitches watch (Doin' what it 'pose 2do)

I see that big ass (Doin' what it 'pose 2do) When you walk pass (Doin' what it 'pose 2do)

You know my shit shine (Doin' what it 'pose 2do) I make the bitch mind (Doin' what it 'pose 2do) Had to come through, shine on you niggaz Stop lyin' on a nigga, got my nine on your liver Fuck around and go, blind on a nigga Do time for a nigga, put your mind on your mirror

All you niggaz that's materialistic
Don't fuck wit'cha boy or become a statistic
Ice Cube is very artistic
But I'm still from the hood, will take your existence

So motherfuckers tryin' scratch my paint
It's West Coast in the house, what the fuck you thank?
I'm big bank guy, spent on my outfit
'Cause I'm fly and your ass ain't about shit

I let that bullshit do what it 'pose to do Go to the club, grab me a hoe or two Understand, God has a chosen few Fuck around and I'll put some holes in you

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Now e'ry motherfucker in here bitchin', we rollin' In that big body wide thang, a nigga patrollin' Y'all jealous of the ass that a nigga be holdin' Ain't scared of the po' po' and what they patrollin'?

Gotta job motherfucker, I work for myself I got benefits bitch, dental and health I do it 24/7, I rob 7-11
If I had to, I take it straight back to heaven

'Witta Attitude', I got the Range blowed out

So if you jack me homey, I never jump out I just tickle these switches and tickle these bitches That's lickin' all on my paint job like liquorish

I know a lotta dances, they call me Jolly Ranchers 'Cause I shine like Rudolph, nigga fuck Prancer Ice Cube, reflect like chrome When I'm in the hood, I run it like Rome

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Call her ass right there, she got that kush And I'ma run all through it like Reggie Bush And I'ma hit that bush like George Bush In the middle of the night like a crook

Don't fuck with her, her ass is average
Only fuck with the ones with the whole package
Who gives a fuck if yo' ass look good
If yo' ass can't cook good, that's on the hood

Fine bitches, you shit out of luck
'Cause I'm prolly gon' eat more than I fuck
You got do it all, not just send them all
Cook and cleaning, love a nigga's shitty drawers

Naw, I'll keep you flossin' up at Ready Tellers The kinda shit that make them other bitches jealous Pull up, jump out, I'm like new money And watch the bees in the house come and get the honey

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