

Ice Cube

"Endangered Species (Tales From The Dark Side) (feat. Chuck D) (remix)"

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Peace. haha dont make me laugh!
All I hear is muthafuckers talkin sucotash
Livin large, tellin me to get out the gang
Im a nigga, gotta live by the trigger
How the fuck do you figure?
That I can say peace and the gunshots wont cease
Every cop killin goes ignored
They just send another nigga to the morgue
A point scored- they could give a fuck about us
They rather catch us with guns and white powder
If I was old, theyd probably be a friend of me
Since Im young, they consider me the enemy
They kill ten of me to get the job correct
To serve, protect, and break a niggas neck
Cuz Im the one with the trunk of funk
And fuck tha police in the tape deck
You should listen to me cuz theres more to see
Call my neighborhood a ghetto cuz it houses minorities
The other color dont know you can run but not hide
These are tales from the darkside...
Verse two:
You wanna free africa, I stare at yuh
Cuz we aint got it too good in america
I cant fuck with them overseas
My homeboy died over a key of cocaine
It was plain and simple
The 9mm went pop to the temple
pop pop pop was the sound I put the bitch down
And ran to the schoolyard bathroom
Looked in the trash can yo it had room
So I ducked my ass in it for a minute
Covered with sweat I had the layback
Mad as fuck, thinkin about the payback
Tonite the crew gonna have a little fun
I went home and cocked the barrel of my shotgun
Its gettin critical - I start the five point o
There they go - drive real slow
I yelled out ice cube sucka
Shotgun hit - and murder mutahfuckers
I told you last album, when I got a sawed off, bodies

are hard off
Its a shame, that niggas die young
But to the light side it dont matter none
Itll be a drive by homicide
But to me its just another tale from the darkside...
Verse three: chuck d
Standing in the middle of war
The middle we flex
When we die, they wont make check
Ebony cant see to the darkside
The term they apply to us is a nigga
Call it what you want, cuz Im comin from the coroner
Same applies with a phd
Whoz black - dont wanna role - sells his soul
Watch his head go rollin
Who the fuck are they foolin?
Nobody knows, but I suppose the color of my clothes
Matches the color of the one on my face as they
wonder whats under my waist
[standin on the verge] of them gettin brown
Thats a fact got a fear on their bozack
Run, run, run, their ass off, they can not hide
Yet cube, they cant fuck with the darkside!

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