

## Ice Cube

# "Endangered Species (Tales From The Darkside)"

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Peace. haha don't make me laugh!  
All I hear is muthafucker's talkin' sucotash  
Livin' large, tellin' me to get out the gang  
I'm a nigga, gotta live by the trigger  
How the fuck do you figure?  
That I can say peace and the gunshots won't cease  
A point scored- they could give a fuck about us  
Every cop killin' goes ignored  
They just send another nigga to the morgue  
Since I'm young, they consider me the enemy  
If I was old, they'd probably be a friend of me  
They rather catch us with guns and white powder  
To serve, protect, and break a niggas neck  
They kill ten of me to get the job correct  
And 'fuck tha police' in the tape deck  
You should listen to me 'cause there's more to see  
Call my neighborhood a ghetto 'cause it houses  
minorities  
'cause I'm the one with the trunk of funk  
The other color don't know you can run but not hide  
These are tales from the darkside...

Verse two:

'cause we ain't got it too good in america  
You wanna free africa, I stare at yuh  
I can't 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  
Tonight the crew gonna have a little fun  
Mad as fuck, thinkin' about the payback  
I went home and cocked the barrel of my shotgun  
It's 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  
It'll be a drive by homicide  
But to the light side it don't matter none

But to me it's just another tale from the darkside...  
Verse three: chuck d

Standing in the middle of war  
The middle we flex  
When we die, they won't make check  
The term they apply to us is a nigga  
Call it what you want, 'cause I'm comin' from the  
coroner  
Ebony can't see to the darkside  
Same applies with a phd  
Who'z black - don't 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 what's under my waist  
[standin on the verge] of them gettin' brown  
That's a fact got a fear on their bozack  
Run, run, run, their ass off, they can not hide  
Yet cube, they can't fuck with the darkside!

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