

Ice Cube "Extradition"

Visit "[Extradition](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Dear Mama, if some people came by the house lookin'
for me
I'm innocent of anything they say I done
Now I don't know when I'll be able to write you again
But I will be back to California to see you
Your son, Ice-mutherfucking-Cube

Keep my hand on my gun 'cos they got me on the run
I swear I didn't do what they say I done
Keep my hand on my gun 'cos they got me on the run
I swear I didn't do what they say I done

Ghetto destroyer, paranoia, I need a lawyer
This bitch named Netoia, say they lookin' for ya
Got to get the fuck out of here, yeah right
This bitch dimmed the lights, nigga, spend the night

Bust a quick nut, got to fuck up and gat on
'Cos this the same street I got shot on
So God bless Don Polla, double S
I gotta holla 'cos I'm smokin' on double breath

Freakin', niggaz be leakin', information
Got the feds seekin', incarceration
Niggaz say my name popped up, bitch hop up
Nigga close the shop up, they try to stop 'em

My cash flow leave me asshole neck it
'Gone in sixty seconds', burn all records
Nigga gettin' skinny eating dinnies
Count my pennies, only got a bag fulla twenties

Listen, these feds fishin' for this extradition
I'm on a mission, fuck 'em, fight 'em, dine 'em, ditch
'em
I gotta kick rocks, I can't pick locks
Or spend the rest of my life in a shits bath

It's so hard to get a room without a credit card
It's so hard not to let 'em know where you are
Tried to get a rented car, why'd he laughed when I
showed him cash

Had to mash 'fore he called the feds on my ass

Went to Vegas for the weekend, met a hoe down
freakin'

Hey bitch, why you sneakin'?

Grabbed the paper out her hand

Am I the man on the front page, same height, same
age

Rap gage, put it down the G-way

Got my hostage suckin' sausage on the freeway

She say, "Let's hear the circle K"

Ran inside and made the niggaz all pay

It's like I hit the Lotto outside Colorado

Brought it there for his wallet and my bottle

That's my motto and I gotta warn ya

Before I'm through, I'm going back to California

Keep my hand on my gun 'cos they got me on the run

I swear I didn't do what they say I done

Keep my hand on my gun 'cos they got me on the run

I swear I didn't do what they say I done

Listen, these feds fishin' for this extradition

I'm on a mission, fuck 'em, fight 'em, dine 'em, ditch
'em

I gotta kick rocks, I can't pick locks

Or spend the rest of my life in a shit bath

My boys Utah to Illinois

Set the poise, so I can infiltrate

All fifty states, can't wait till I'm back on my feet

Switch and shake this bitch in her sleep

Low key, you feds can't see me

I'm up in D.C. with strike number three

Clownin', made a little stock to get a little cock

Now I got niggaz bangin' and lootin' rock

I'm going back to Cali where it's bound with my strikes

Don't give a fuck who's on the marin or the mic

I should've known when I seen that motherfucker in the
lobby

Looking like he wanna rob me

Federal, don't like no black hetero sexual, intellectual

Tried to turn me into a vegetable

An I'm 'a sue all black and blue

When I come to hand cuff

Big gray bus, scandalous
'Cos they can't stand us
They get excited and I try to fight it
I'm going back to Cali for show, extradited

Keep my hand on my gun 'cos they got me on the run
I swear I didn't do what they say I done
Keep my hand on my gun 'cos they got me on the run
I swear I didn't do what they say I done

Listen, these feds fishin' for this extradition
I'm on a mission, fuck 'em, fight' em, dine 'em, ditch
'em
I gotta kick rocks, I can't pick locks
Or spend the rest of my life in a shit bath

Hey mama, when y'all send pictures you can't send a
Polaroid
They got to be the regular pictures
An' they got us in here puttin' in computer chips or
something
I don't know, like they playin' with us, it's like a game
It ain't nuttin' but a game to them mama, it's my life

Visit [Ice Cube](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.