

Ice Cube "Hood Robbin'"

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"Hood Robbin'"

[Ice Cube]

(If I can sell you the American Dream, I can sell you anything...)

[Verse 1]

I got to get out, I'm gettin put out of my house
I got to pack up my refrigerator and couch
It's a set up, but the bank wants me out
Or the L.A.P.D. will smoke me out
This "adjustable rate"- it choked me out
They gave me a loan and I had no clout
They gave me a house, for me and my spouse
Called my mama and my aunt, y'all should re-finance
I let 'em dance wit' the devil
Dig they own grave, and I gave them the shovel
FUCK, my daddy built that house
And when he got drunk, he almost killed that house
Is this American dream, or the American scheme...?
...That got me walkin these American streets?
It's kinda sad when you have to get a hernia
Because ya helped ya grandmama move furniture

(If I can sell you the American Dream, I can sell you anything...)

[Verse 2]

Look at this maggot... with his stimulus package
I can give a fuck about a Dow Jones average
What the fuck you do when your pay check is average?
Law abiding citizen, turned into a savage
Got to feed the children, got to feed the habit
Fell into a rabbit hole, chasin that rabbit
Now I'm in Wonderland, feelin like the Son of Sam
I'm at'cho West coast branch, GUN IN HAND
I'ma feel like Superman...
Walk by the teller, better call a trooper ma'am (Wahh)
It's the revenge of the lambs
Big bad wolf, we sick of these scams
Sick of these plans, sick of this dance
Walked into his office, took the nine out my pants

(Wahh)
You not a man, you a (serpent)
Then I prayed to God, let the nine get to workin
(I better get to workin)

[Hook]

You know, I heard they hood robbin
Your money or your life, and it ain't no stoppin 'em
(I better get to workin)
You know, I heard they hood robbin
Your money or your life, and it ain't no stoppin 'em
Ain't that a bitch?
When you got to steal from the poor, and give to the
rich?
Ain't that a bitch?
When you got to steal from the poor, and give to the
rich?

[Verse 3]

Drug dealer M.D.
Doctor Feel Good, give you what'chu need
In California, prescribe that weed, Oxy Contin, and
Codeine
Turn ya grandmama into a fiend
And see this Cyanide? The first hit ain't free
I know you're bout to die, but let me see your ID
I know you're bout to lie, but can ya pay this fee?
If you can't pay, then please have a seat
You can't see a doctor, but you can see a priest
We can't save ya life 'til we got some insurance
Your premium is paid, at that assurance
I hope ya got endurance
They got me on hold, and I'm under the influence
Nurse high as a kite, in charge with my life
And everything is lost, without Blue-Cross

[Hook]

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You know, I heard they hood robbin
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Ain't that a bitch?
When you got to steal from the poor, and give to the
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[Outro]

Whatever you need, we got it for cheap right here baby
This America, it ain't gon' cost ya nothin...

But a arm and a leg... maybe one of them motherfuckin
ears, haha
Don't trip, just put in on ya credit card...
Put it in ya baby' name, haha

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