

Ice Cube "If I Was Fucking You"

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[Intro]

['Big Worm' talking]

Yeah that's cool
Er, everything closed so we just
We might as well just go straight to the hotel
And just get some rest
Let me slide this dick up on in ya

[Verse 1]

[Ice Cube]

If I was fucking you right about now
You'd have a dick stuck in you (yeah)
Have to go brag to your fucking crew
On how this rap nigga dick you down
Kendo passed them guts and didn't have to kick you
down
Who this bitch nigga wit' you now?
Do we know about your X-files?
And your sex styles?
And all the niggaz that you think about fucking
And all the shit you know you really wanna do when we
buzz it (hahaha)

[K-Mac]

If I was fucking you, shit, it'd be like drama (yeah)
And you might get tripped on by my baby mama (hey
mac)
So do what I tell you and everything'll be alright
You're cute as fuck, plus that ass is tight (hype)
Get the fuck on 'fore these niggaz start to fight
I can see it in your eyes, you wanna fuck tonight
Give Herden everything, she got a fool in love (fool)
Gave it up to me and gangsta after the club

[Mr Short Khop]

If I was fucking you, I'd be pakin the piss
The horny weight dick gettin' laid is for chips
Bitch I'm tryina' make grits
Him in with the trojan pack 'o six
Hin the gin and juice the mix
No time to pause, gots to drop draws
Prep through a half spankin', breakin' down walls
With tactics, nigga used two proper lactics (double-up)
Hit the twat chopper style

Bang it up back *[echo]*

[Chorus]

If I was fucking you *[echo]*

[overlapping] ooh, oo, yeah, a, ahh, uhh, uh, come on

[Verse 2]

[Ice Cube]

If I was fucking you, you'd be like fuck everybody

Kill, this pussy yours

Washin' dishes, rubbin' floors

Doin' chores for a nigga

Open doors for a nigga

Ridin' shotgun, holdin' forty-fours for a nigga

At the motelly, got you on your belly

In come morcelli

Niggaz calling K-Mac, bitches calling Kelly

Do it like Arthur Fonzarelli, hit the lights

So we can try to reform these potential dities

[K-Mac]

If I was fucking you, you'd be spendin' all your dough
(yeah)

Buying nigga shit, that you don't even know (mm)

Credit card maxed out

Bank account tapped out

Writin' bad cheques (hahaha)

When I call you break your neck

You do whatever please me, runnin' burs while I take it
easy

Will as you do whatever, live your life just to please me

These buster-ass niggaz make the shit so easy

(He was fucking me?) for sheazly

[Mr Short Khop]

If I was fucking you, I'd let the homies fuck too

Run up in the guts bust nuts and we're through

Hey you feenin'

cooch screamin', heatin' cleanin'

Tag-teamin', suckin' semen *[echo]*

Keep it low, put it in your grill cos you love me

With video footage of you giving nigga scully (got you)

Hold it till you've chocked off the bitched and got got

And roll one to smoke, grab my shit and shake my spot

[Chorus]

[Intro]

['Big Worm' talking]

Nineteen inches of complicated funk. hahahaha

Ango urgin', probably be vomiting dick for a week
though

Suckin' on semen, hahahahahahah...

Hmmm... be careful what you wish for, you just might
get it

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