

Ice Cube "Limos, Demos & Bimbos"

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Feat. Mr. Short Khop)

[Intro]

(Hey did you hear that?)

Yeah just get the f**kin door! [car door opens and
Closes]

[Ice Cube]

Limos, demos and bimbos! (Hey slow this
motherf**ker down man)

Limos, demos and bimbos! (ugh ugh ugh ugh)

Hit the sunroof, and let's contemplate the freaks we
can run

Through

Got the chauffer pullin over

Snatch one inside, she wanna ride with this mission

Close the partition, he like to listen

All f**kin, no kissin, just smokin and drinkin

Super vets in a super stretch Lincoln

Thinkin bout the good ol' days of hip hop

In it's purest form before the eye of the storm

I could give a f**k about you hatin, on my way

To the Colliseum with seventeen-five waitin

They scream for the limousine, it's all clean

Tinted, your shit is rented, you know we spend it

While you worry bout the five mics, I'm in the limelight

Wit movies comin out, yo' time is runnin out

I just finished doin "Live At The Apollo"

Indication from my driver damn we're bein followed

[Mr. Short Khop]

You're livin so trife you need Jesus in your life

[Ice Cube]

I'm livin so trife I need Jesus in my life

[Mr. Short Khop]

You're livin so trife you need Jesus in your life

[Ice Cube]

I'm livin so trife I need Jesus in my life

Limos, demos and bimbos! (I'm only f**kin with the...)

Limos, demos and bimbos! (I'm livin so trife, ugh ugh

ugh ugh)

[Mr. Short Khop]

Caught him in motion, had me potent, let him know
about the
Showin
And how I'm knowin to keep it cracked open
Cans of ass-beatin, plus on how I crash meetins
And have your whole staff leavin half-breathin
Got shit to hold my own, big bucks
But Khop's soon to run it through em, nigga check nuts
Put to the test then put two to rest
Wiped out with lights out, two to the chest
Hold it now tell a few, legitimate
We loaded, for revenue, let's get this shit
And split this shit for three days, count it three ways
Nigga f**k what he say, havin heat pays
It's all about the thoroughbred, top choice with the
voice
That keep ??? moist
Mr. Short Khop expected the truest, dare you niggas
step to us
I stay connected til death do us

[Ice Cube]

You're livin so trife you need Jesus in your life

[Mr.Short Khop]

I'm livin so trife I need Jesus in my life

[Ice Cube]

You're livin so trife you need Jesus in your life

[Mr.Short Khop]

I'm livin so trife I need Jesus in my life

Limos, demos and bimbos! (I'm only f**kin with the...)

Limos, demos and bimbos! (I'm livin so trife I need

JESUS,

JESUS)

[Ice Cube]

The alley was pitch black, I'm in the back of this black
Lac

These f**kers pull up in a Ac

They don't understand the impact

Two thousand dollar three-piece suit, can you spend
that?

They call me the Don Mega (Don Mega) [motorcycle
speeding

Past]

Cos I'm down to play a double-header in stormy
weather

Superstar, goddamn them niggas got me

Stop the car and blast the paparazzi [gun shots,
Motorcycle]

[Mr. Short Khop]
You're livin so trife you need Jesus in your life
[Ice Cube]
I'm livin so trife I need Jesus in my life
[Mr. Short Khop]
You're livin so trife you need Jesus in your life
[Ice Cube]
I'm livin so trife I need Jesus in my life

Limos, demos and bimbos! (I'm only f**kin with the...)
Limos, demos and bimbos! (I'm livin so trife I need
Jesus, ugh)

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