Ice Cube "No Vaseline"

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Here's what they think about you Here's what they think about you Here's what they think about you

Got damn, I'm glad ya'll set it off Used to be hard, now you're just wet and soft First you was down with the AK And now I see you on a video with Michelle

Lookin' like straight pozas I saw it comin', that's why I went solo And kept on stompin' When ya'll mothafuckers moved straight outta Compton

Livin' with the whites, one big house And not another nigga in site I started off with too much cargo Dropped four niggas now I'm makin' all the dough

White man just rulin'
The niggas with attitudes, who ya foolin'?
Ya'll niggas just phony
I put that on my mama and my dead homeys

Yella boy's on your team, so you're losin' Ay yo, Dre, stick to producin' Callin' me Arnold, but you been a dick Eazy E saw your ass and went in it quick

You got jealous when I got my own company But I'm a man, and ain't nobody helpin' me Tryin' to sound like Amerikkka's Most You could yell all day but you don't come close

'Cuz you know I'm the one that flown
Ya done run 100 miles, but you still got one to go
With the L E N C H M O B, and ya'll disgrace the C P T
'Cuz you're gettin' fucked out your green by a white boy
With no Vaseline

Now you're gettin' done without Vaseline

Now you're gettin' done without Vaseline Now you're gettin' done without Vaseline Damn, it feels good to see people on it

The bigger the cap, the bigger the peelin' Who gives a fuck about a punk-ass villain? You're gettin' fucked real quick And Eazy's dick, is smellin' like MC Ren's shit

Tried to tell you a year ago
But Willie D told me to let a hoe be a hoe, so
I couldn't stop you from gettin' ganked
Now let's play big-bank-take-little-bank

Tried to dis Ice Cube, it wasn't worth it 'Cuz the broomstick fit your ass so perfect Cut my hair and I'll cut them balls 'Cuz I heard you're, like givin' up the drawers

Gang-banged by your manager, fella Gettin' money out your ass, like a mothafuckin' ready teller Givin' up the dollar bills Now they got the villain with a purse and high-heels

So don't believe what Ren say
'Cuz he's goin' out like Kunte Kinte
But I got a whip for ya Toby
Used to be my homey, now you act like you don't know
me

It's a case of divide and conquer
'Cuz you let a Jew break up my crew
House nigga gotta run and hide
Yellin' Compton, but you moved to Riverside

So don't front, MC Ren
'Cuz I remember when you drove a B 2-10
Broke as a mothafuckin' joke
Let you on the scene to back up the Verse Team

It ain't my fault, one nigga got smart and they rippin' your asshole apart By takin' your green, oh yeah The Villain does get fucked with no Vaseline

Now you're gettin' done without Vaseline

I never have dinner with the President I never have dinner with the President I never have dinner with the President And when I see your ass again, I'll be hesitant

Now I think you a snitch Throw a house nigga in a ditch Half-pint bitch, fuckin' your homeboys You little maggot Eazy E turned faggot

With your manager, fella Fuckin' MC Ren, Dr Dre and Yella But if they were smart as me Eazy E would be hangin' from a tree

With no Vaseline
Just a match and a little bit of gasoline
Light 'em up, burn 'em up, flame on
Till that Jheri curl is gone

On a permanent vacation
Off the Massa plantation
Heard you both got the same bank account
Dumb nigga, what you thinkin' 'bout?

Get rid of that Devil real simple
Put a bullet in his temple
'Cuz you can't be the Nigga 4 Life crew
With a white Jew tellin' you what to do

Pullin' wools with your scams Now I gotta play the Silence of the Lambs With a midget who's a punk too Tryin' to fuck me, but I'd rather fuck you

Eric Wright, punk, always into somethin'
Gettin' fucked at night
By Mista Shitpacker
Bend over for the goddamn cracker, no Vaseline

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