

Ice Cube "Robbin' Hood (Cause It Ain't All Good)"

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My job is to tell it like it is
See who the fuck I'ma jack today
Nigga broke, shit and it's early in the mornin'
Today I'm going to tell you the story of Robin Hood

At last, grab my ski-mask out the closet
Now let's see how big did my balls get?
I brush my teeth, it takes a thief
Swervin' 'cause I'm tryin' to roll up the chronic leaf

At a stop sign, I take a hit and hold it in
I cough, now I'm off
Drivin' down the two-lane highway
It's all bad, thinkin' 'bout shit I never had

Pass through the W.S. neighborhood
Knowin' I can do my best in Westwood
Cut off by a white BM, driven by a yuppie
He sticks up his finger like fuck me

Now I gotta follow him home, with my chrome
Send him to the Twilight Zone, it's on
Niggaz say I'm gone 'cause I'm fuckin' with the rich
Say what but they all full of bitch, yeah

Don't need a snitch so I'm rollin' solo
In a straight bucket, no it ain't a low, low
He pulls up to a seven bedroom, eight bath
Oh yeah, he's got to feel the wrath

Pistol to the neck, devil turn off the Westec
And when you're rollin' have mo' respect, bitch
Tied his ass up and took everything I could
A nigga straight robbin', mobbin', back to the hood

All my niggaz love the adventures of
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Since two-eleven is my favorite number
Fuck squabbin' 'cause I be Robbin' like the Boy Wonder
Holy bandit, leave yo' ass stranded and you know that
Unhook the LoJack, cellular phone under the flo' mat

They wanna say that it's federal
Actin' like your ninety-five Coupe is headed fo'
Beirut they wanna shoot me like a terrorist
But I don't give a fuck 'cause I'm takin' care of this

Trigger finger got blisters
Heard from your sisters, you be rollin' on the twisters
Now when we meet, I can make your heart beat
And make you feel so neat

Or you can get us fifteen
Twenties out the ATM, I'll take all of them, give 'em up
I'm king of the Slim Jim, it's the incredible
Nine-oh-two-one-oh, is where I'm headed foe

Don't need no Merry Men, I fuck around and bury them
If they told, what I stole
Motherfuckers got to know that I'm lethal
Steal from the rich and slide it to my people

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I stalk rich ass people like Hudson Hawk
Bitch don't talk, let's take a walk
Nigga got nuttin' to lose, you know the rules
The purse and the jewels or the eleven o'clock news

Which one? Magnum gun to the titties
Makin' scared devils move from my city
With the strong-arm, fuck the long arm of the law
Bitch count to ten and forget who you saw, hurry up

Had to clock her with the handle
'Cause your husband's a thief with an S and L scandal
Don't feel bad if you're stuck up
Nobody move, nobody get, shut the fuck up

I'm nervous, quick to serve this
Heat in yo' meat, make your blood skeet
A nigga just tryin' to get on his feet

So hurry up, rich bitch, before I twitch

She said, "Don't rape me and don't kill me"
Nigga don't want to fuck, yo' filthy ass
Just give me the cash and we good
All I wanna do is rob you on my way to the hood

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All my niggaz love the adventures of
All my niggaz love the adventures of
All my niggaz love the adventures of
Robbin' Hood 'cause it ain't shit good, yeah

You know somethin' Robbin'? You know somethin'
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You know somethin' Robbin'?
You're takin' too many chances, you must be joking
You're takin' too many chances, you must be joking

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