

Ice Cube "Say Hi To The Bad Guy"

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[Intro: (guy talking)]

Good evening. Police, do not try to adjust your radios.
There is nothing
wrong. We have takin control over this city as to bring
you this special
bulletin and we will return this motherfucker to ya as
soon as the National
Guard move in.

[Verse 1:]

The cops wanna catch the nigga that won't fetch
But I'll blast ya, never call ya master
Who is that kickin up shit much faster?
Rollin on a scooter, you know I might do ya
See a black clock and my buckshots run right thru ya
I never knew ya
Cos I'm not a trick
You can suck the biggity-dick, I'm not the piggity-pig
I get away quickity-quick
on the plane to South Central
Never get played by the monkey wrench ho
Steady mobbin I'm just like Robin Hood
up to no good, so many bitches on my wood
To the right of me and to the left of me
Bitch, I got so much game I need a referee
Throw a penalty of ass interference
Damn, y'all over me, so bitch get on the bitch
Here comes the cops so I better hit the fence
Better run fast cos the dobermans pinch
And I won't play mine in the daytime
Goddamn, here comes the canine
Four legged copper that wants to use Ice Cube as a
whopper
But who's the first nigga to outrun a chopper?
No lie say hi to the bad guy

[Interlude: (Cube talkin with officer)]

Fuck! (Hey guys, where ya headed?)
Nowhere, man (Got your licence and registration?)

Yeah, hold up, right here (Hey, what's in that box back there?)

Nuttin, aah, nuttin (They happen to be donuts?)

(Ya got a glazed donut? How bout a beerclaw?)

Aaah... (If you don't have one, I got ta gaffle ya)

What? You gon' gaf... Yeah!

[Verse 2:]

See one-time, hit em up

cos you know the Lench Mob is down to get em up

People think Ice Cube roll with the gangs

cos I'm in a coupe de sittin on thangs

Ain't gotta tell me twice about the jack

see a got a 9 in my lap ta take care of that

Caps get peeled on the regular

cos niggas try to get me for my cellular

Knick knack paddy wack, the mack daddy's back

Kidnappin hos like the Patty Hurst jack

Have the white ho, where the fo'-fo'?

Go rob a liquor store, they can't blame it on a nigga
row

Bring the money to the rooster

Had the bitch and the Mob bein the booster

Damn, can't stand when the bitch get sent to sample ?
bran?

and come back up man

You wanna point the finger at me cos the OG
is sooped like Chevro RD

Humpin, jumpin, had the place jumpin

Goddamn, gotta break you off sometin

You wanna know why I bust in half

Now look at you now

Huh, and I'm out real fast

Get the paper out yo' ass, baby

Yo, here we go, listen to the po'

Shoot the bo-bo and act like ya know, ho

Fuck with the flow and die

When I walk by say hi to the bad guy

[Interlude:]

Ai yo man, there's just one left (I'll make a deal with ya)

What? (Aah, ya got one of those powdered donuts?)

(How bout that twister? If it have cream in the middle,
I'm gonna have to

gaffle ya!)

You gon' gaffle us? (Hey, can I reach back there and
get one?0

Aaah yeah homie, go on and reach ahead here

Duck ya head in here man
[gun shots]
(What kind of cop killer are you?)

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