

## Ice Cube "Stop Snitchin'"

Visit "[Stop Snitchin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ice Cube

(Yeah!)

Callin' from a California state penitentiary

(Let me out this motherfucker)

We got over two million motherfuckers locked up

(Let me out this motherfucker)

Stop snitchin'

Now how many MC's must get booed

Before somebody say don't fuck with Cube

(You know!)

I'll strip you nude in your living room

(Butt ass)

Face down, paralyzed from the waist down

I'm a buckin' clown but don't fuck around

Doin' movies now but I'll lay you down

South Central style, pull them thangs out

Don't make a millionaire have to send you there

You know the story of the tortoise nigga and the hare

Nigga run, nigga run never get there

I'ma walk, fuck a bitch when I get there

Nigga this a marathon, ask Farrakhan

Fuck the cemetery that I'm buried on

(Fuck 'em)

The blood of Ice Cube got to carry on

(Forever)

Forever what the fuck are they yellin'?

"Gangsta, gangsta", nigga stop tellin'

Stop snitchin'

You can have whatever you want

In the hood, it's do's and don'ts

So when it get hot in this kitchen

Stop snitchin', nigga stop snitchin'

Microphone master, super rhyme maker

Gun blaster, who's the life taker

(Who?)

Who the fuck is a lifetime Laker?

I slap the Maybeline off Tammy Faye Baker

Who the fuck got more than an acre?  
In Los Angeles I got to have paper  
I'm a nigga, don't talk to my neighbors  
Straight asshole, always up in Vegas  
(Yay, yay)

Lay it out for these niggaz to follow  
Get the point but these points is hollow  
Now this here, is hard to swallow  
But if you do it's like hittin' the lotto

Little nigga with big bravado  
Hit the throttle niggaz hit the bottle  
Can give a fuck if they life is hollow  
Where the fuck was you  
When I rocked the Apollo, bitch?

Ay, who put this thing together?  
Me, that's who  
Who I trust? Who I trust?  
Me, that's who

Nigga nigga nigga, can't you see  
Somehow your words incarcerate me  
Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee  
Lock me up in my prime, Muhammad Ali

Get out whup yo' ass like Muhammad Ali  
Rumble in the Jungle, nigga don't play Dumbo  
In the hood nigga known as Colombo  
Get the people on the phone, tell the jumble

Spit fluid and swear he didn't do it  
Got my bottom bitch locked up with Martha Stewart  
She say she had the hoe cookin' deep dish  
She say Martha fuckin' cook fish and eat fish

West side y'all niggaz got to peep this  
That's your weakness, can't keep a secret  
Don't say shit, boy that's basic  
They want to send a nigga back to the slave ship  
Stop snitchin'

You can have whatever you want  
In the hood, it's do's and don'ts  
So when it get hot in this kitchen  
Stop snitchin', nigga stop snitchin'

You can have whatever you choose

But out here, it's don'ts and do's  
So after we finish this mission  
Stop snitchin', nigga stop snitchin'

Okay, okay

One two, in the place to be  
(Stop snitchin' man)  
You rockin' with Ice Cube  
And the homey Swizz Beatz  
(Keep your mouth shut man)

One two, in the place to be  
(Stop snitchin' man)  
You rockin' with Ice Cube  
And the homey Swizz Beatz  
(Keep your mouth shut man)

One two, in the place to be  
(Stop snitchin' man)  
You rockin' with Ice Cube  
And the homey Swizz Beatz  
(Keep your mouth shut man)

One two, in the place to be  
(Stop snitchin' man)  
You rockin' with Ice Cube  
And the homey Swizz Beatz  
(Keep your mouth shut man)

Keep your fuckin' mouth shut man

Visit [Ice Cube](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.