

Ice Cube

"The Nigga Ya Love To Hate"

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I heard pay back's a motherfucking nigga
That's why I'm sick of gettin' treated like a goddamn
stepchild
Fuck a punk 'cause I ain't him
You gotta deal with the nine double limb

The damn scum that you all hate
Just think if niggas decide to retaliate
They try to keep me from running up
I never tell you to get down it's all about coming up

So what they do go and ban the AK?
My shit wasn't registered any fucking way
So you better duck away run and hide out
When I'm rolling real slow and the lights out

'Cause I'm about to fuck up the program
Shooting out the window of a drop top Brougham
When I'm shooting let's see who drop
The police the media and suckers that went pop

And motherfuckers that say they too black
Put 'em overseas they be begging to come back
They say keep 'em on gangs and drugs
You wanna sweep a nigga like me up under the rug

Kicking shit called street knowledge
Why more niggas in the pen than in college?
Now 'cause of that line I might be your cell mate
That's from the nigga ya love to hate

Fuck you, Ice Cube
Yeah, ha ha, it's the nigga you love to hate
Fuck you, Ice Cube
Ay, yo baby, your mother warned you about me
It's the nigga you love to hate
Yo, you ain't doing nothing pops
Yo, you ain't doing nothing pops for the brothers
What you got to say for yourself?
You do like how I'm living? Well, fuck you

Once again it's on, the motherfucking psycho

Ice Cube the bitch killa cap peeler
Yo, runnin' through the line like Bo
It's no pot to piss in I put my fist in

Now who do ya love to hate
'Cause I talk shit and down the eight ball
'Cause I don't fake you're begging I fall off
The crossover might as well cut them balls off

And get your ass ready for the lynching
The mob is droppin' common sense and
We'll gank in the pen will shank
Any Tom Dick and Hank or get the ass

Fake it ain't about how right or wrong you live
But how long you live
I ain't with the bullshit, I meet cold bitches no hoes
Don't wanna sleep so I keep popping No Doz

And tell the young people what they gotta know
'Cause I hate when nigga's gotta live low
And if you're locked up I dedicate my style in
From San Quentin to Rykers Island

We got 'em afraid of the funky shit
I like to clown so pump up the sound
In the jeep make the old ladies say
Oh, my God wait it's the nigga ya love to hate

Fuck you Ice Cube
Yeah, c'mon fool
It's the nigga you love to hate
Fuck you Ice Cube
Yeah, run up punk
It's the nigga you love to hate
Yo, who the fuck you think you are calling girls bitches?
You ain't all that that's all I hear, bitch, bitch
I ain't nobody's bitch, a bitch is a

Soul Train done lost they soul
Just call it train 'cause the bitches look like hoes
I see a lotta others damn
It almost look like the Bandstand

You ask me did I like Arsenio
About as much as the bicentennial
I don't give a fuck about dissing these fools
'Cause they all scared of the Ice Cube

And what I say what I portray and all that
And ain't even seen the gat

I don't wanna see no dancing
I'm sick of that shit listen to the hit

'Cause yo if I look and see another brother
On the video tryin' to out dance each other
I'm a tell T Bone to pass the bottle
And don't give me that shit about role model

It ain't wise to chastise and preach
Just open the eyes of each
'Cause laws are made to be broken up
What nigga's need to do is start loc-ing up
And build mold and fold thyself into shape
Of the nigga ya love to hate

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