

## Ice Cube "True To The Game"

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Aey, yeah you, motherfucker  
You know who I'm talkin' to  
Yeah, you that motherfucker that betrayed  
Your homeboys and you ain't shit  
Yeah, you about to get your motherfuckin'  
Ghetto pass revoked motherfucker  
Punk-ass Mark, bitch-made, punk-ass trick in a basket  
You got caught up in the mix

It's the nigga ya love to hate with a new song  
So what really goes on  
Nothin' but a come-up, but ain't that a bitch  
They hate to see a young nigga rich  
But I refuse to switch even though  
'Cause I can't move to the snow  
'Cause soon as y'all get some dough  
Ya wanna put a white bitch on your elbow

Movin' out your neighborhood  
But I walk through the ghetto and the flavor's good  
Little kids jumpin' on me  
But you, you wanna be white and corny  
Living way out  
"Nigger go home" spray-painted on your house  
Tryin' to be white or a Jew  
But ask yourself, who are they to be equal to?

Get the hell out, stop bein' an uncle Tom  
You little sell-out, house nigga scum  
Give somethin' back to the place  
Where you made it from  
Before you end up broke  
Fuck around and get your ghetto pass revoked  
I ain't sayin' no names, you know who you are  
You little punk, be true to the game

Yeah, motherfucker  
Yeah, you thought we forgot, huh?  
Yeah, get a little money  
And moves out the neighborhood and shit  
But you still ain't shit

When you first start rhymin'  
It started off slow and then you start climbin'  
But it wasn't fast enough I guess  
So you gave your other style a test  
You was hardcore hip-hop  
Now look at yourself, boy you done flip-flopped  
Givin' our music away to the mainstream  
Don't you know they ain't down with the team

They just sent they boss over  
Put a bug in your ear and now you crossed over  
On MTV but they don't care  
They'll have a new nigga next year  
You out in the cold  
No more white fans and no more soul  
And you might have a heart attack  
When you find out the black folks don't want you back

And you know what's worse?  
You was just like the nigga in the first verse  
Stop sellin' out your race  
And wipe that stupid-ass smile off your face  
Niggas always gotta show their teeth  
Now I'm a be brief be true to the game

Yeah motherfucker, I see you got your fancy cars and  
shit  
But you know what, you still ain't shit  
That's right, I caught you slippin'  
You know I could've gat you  
Yeah, but I didn't even trip

A message to the Oreo cookie  
Find a mirror and take a look, G  
Do you like what you see?  
But you're quick to point the finger at me  
You wanna be the big fish, you little guppy  
Black man can't be no yuppie  
You put on your suit and tie and your big clothes  
You don't associate with the Negroes

You wanna be just like Jack  
But Jack is callin' you a nigga behind your back  
So back off genius  
I don't need you to correct my broken English  
You know that's right you ain't white  
So stop holdin' your ass tight  
'Cause you can't pass  
So why you keep tryin' to pass with your black ass?

Mister big

But in reality, you're shorter than a midge  
You only got yourself to blame  
Get a grip, Oreo and be true to the game

And Ice Cube practices what he preaches  
He continues to live in South Central, Los Angeles  
And he puts his money into projects that improve the  
neighborhood  
Be true to the game

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