

## Ice Cube "Us"

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*[Verse One:]*

Could you tell me who released our animal instinct?  
Got the white man sittin' there tickled pink.  
Laughin' at us on the avenue  
Bustin' caps at each other after havin' brew  
We can't enjoy ourselves  
Too busy jealous... Of each other's wealth  
Commin' up is just in me  
But the Black community is full of envy  
Too much back-stabbin'  
While I look up the street I see all the japs grabbin'  
Every vacant lot in my neighborhood  
Build a store, and sell their goods  
To the county of sips (?)  
You know us po niggas: nappy hair and big lips?  
Four or five babies on your crotch  
And you expect Uncle Sam to help us out?  
We ain't nothin' but porchmonkeys  
To the average bigot, redneck honky  
You say comin' up is a must  
But before we can come up, take a look at US

*[Verse Two:]*

And all y'all dope-dealers...  
Your as bad as the po-lice- cause ya kill us  
You got rich when you started slangin' dope  
But you ain't built us a supermarket  
So when can spend our money with the blacks  
Too busy buyin' gold an' Caddilacs  
That's what ya doin' with the money that ya raisin'  
Exploitin' us like the Caucasians did  
For 400 years - I got 400 tears- for 400 peers  
Died last year from gang-related crimes  
That's why I got gang-related rhymes  
But when I do a show ta kick some facts

Us Blacks don't know how ta act  
Sometimes I believe the hype, man  
We're messin' up ourselves and blame the white man  
But don't point the finger you jiggaboo

Take a look at yourself ya dumb nigga you  
Pretty soon hip-hop won't be so nice  
No Ice Cube, just Vannilla Ice  
And yall sit and scream and cus  
But there's no one ta blame- but US

*[Verse Three:]*

US ... will always sing the blues  
'Cause all we care about is hairstyles and tennis shoes  
But if ya step on mine ya pushed a button  
"Cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin'  
Just like a beast  
But I'm the first nigga ta holler out {PEACE, BLACK  
MAN}  
I beat my wife and children to a pulp  
When I get drunk and smoke dope  
Got a bad heart condition  
Still eat hog-mogs an' chitlin's  
Bet my money on the dice and the horses  
Jobless, so I'm a hope for the armed forces  
Go to church but they tease us  
Wit' a picture of a blue-eyed Jesus  
They used to call me Negro  
After all this time I'm still bustin up the chiffarobe  
No respect and didn't know it  
And I'm havin' more babies than I really can afford  
In jail 'cause I can't pay the mother  
Held back in life because of my color  
Now this is just a little summary  
Of US, but yall think it's dumb of me  
To put a mirror to ya face, but trust  
Nobody gives a fuck about...

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