

Ice Cube

"You Don't Wanna Fuck Wit These"

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[Ice Cube]

You don't wanna fuck wit these

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Run up you big-ass bitch and I'll have you clockin G's

Wit my knockout jab, mess around and stab

Yo' ass in the gut, I don't give a fuck

Down with the brown, clownin these honkies

That got us in the mix with they 666

Tricks get found, stinkin like tuna

Bailin through your hood in my fresh suede Pumas

And I don't hit gates, nigga pump yo' brakes

Cause I ain't runnin, you better start gunnin

Take your hand off your metal

There's nowhere to hide, cause the world is a ghetto

Want my afro long like Mad Dawg

On a velvet poster, 40 on the coaster

Cause moms don't play that shit

Been hard on a nigga since (?)8-8-6(?)

Sayin you need Jesus, cause I got the fresh sweatshirt

With the three fat, creases

And it's on like that, nigga where you at?

At a phone booth, I'm comin in the Coupe

Beanie pull over, fool there they go

Drive real slow so we can let them hoes know

That G's even bust on L.A.P.D.'s

Make 'em eat cheese, cause they don't wanna fuck with these

And he don't wanna fuck wit these

I got mo' flavor than a hoe with a dick

And a stick of gum on her tongue, I get you sprung

With the psycho-alpha-disco, my fist go

In my pocket, grabbin on my pistol

But I won't pull it out til it's time to spit

Make the girls say, "Damn, niggaz can't have shit"

Cause I see Satan, waitin in the cut

For this black motherfucker, to bail out his hut

And I don't give a mad-ass fuck

About a sheriff who's tryin to tear-off a (??)

My chinny chin chin hit him up with the right

And then I bend bend got his ass in my sight

My Chuck's hit the cement, then I bent the corner
Yellin, "+Cop Killer+, and fuck Time-Warner"
Got the wick-a-tick(??) niggaz say, damn he's so sweet
Hypnotize yo' ass like that shit "Knee Deep"
And you hate it, gang-affiliated
Niggaz be bumpin, just a little somethin
From that loc'ed out nigga that cater to the O.G.'s
And let you know, that you don't wanna fuck wit these
And you don't wanna fuck wit these
And you don't wanna fuck wit these

Rollin through the hood, when I see a bitch
I hit the switch, she's on my dick
Fresh t-shirt, thick like I hangs
They say I got St. Ide's rushin through my veins
From the CRASH units, all the way to Vice
They claimin Ice Cube, ain't nuttin nice
Cause I keep hittin, fuck Bill Clinton
No repentin, just representin
I can walk through the park cause it's crazy after dark
Keep my hand on my gun, cause I ain't the one
Bang you're dead, brains out your head
I wish I was the nigga that invented infrared
Now I got it poppin but what's that odor?
Smells like a hot pot of that bakin soda
Cause I know nigs from A's to Z's slangin ki's
Sayin you don't wanna fuck wit these

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