

## One Inch Punch

### "The Gutter Shit"

Visit "[The Gutter Shit](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Ice Cube]

I been servin' niggas since 1985  
Niggas want the gutter  
Ice Cube, Jay-O Felony  
My nigga Gangsta, Squeek Rule  
Keep it gangsta y'all, keep it gangsta

(chorus) {:14}

Niggas want that gutter shit  
Fuck that other shit, that play it for your mother shit  
Ain't the rugged shit {repeat}

(verse one) {:25}

Keep it gangsta y'all, I want to thank you all  
Niggas comin' with that bullshit, it's gankin' y'all  
We can ride to this kinda shit and bank them all  
Nigga ball 'till you fall motherfucker thats all  
Can't none of y'all hang with me putin' in work  
Turn this motherfucker up unless you goin' to church  
Nowadays, crazy ass bitches want they bills paid  
But can't even make a good thang of kool-aid (ha ha)  
But chicken heads get chicken feed (bahk bahk)  
(a) Lil' dick and weed (bahk bahk)  
Everything that a chicken need (bahk bahk)  
Tryin' to pot I get real as Chris Rock  
Make a bitch hot, turn into Fort Knox (bitch know)  
It's Ice Cube comin' straight from the gutter  
Westcoast Don, you fags undastata (?)

[Jayo] (verse two) {:59}

There is sa-lethal in the gas chamber  
I'm full of anger, nigga the west is in the house  
But you still in for some danger  
And when i'm thru, I take your bitch and finger bang  
her  
But if she looks tossed up, i'll slang her  
Beat you like mama dearest with a clothes hanger  
Cuz the gang a niggas be tryin' to spit  
But you can't spit it like this  
I come equiped to rip, any battle  
And leave him strung in his crew

but they put me in the twist like Trump  
I can collapse or puncture, the lungs of anyone  
Give him a chance to spit his last word, unerve  
then he done  
20/20 ain't good enough  
Rappers they ain't seein' me, this Jay-O Felony  
And nobody can stand three of me  
Caution keep MC's out of my reach, i'm on a mission  
And be gettin' to your fuckin' hide to be called a  
physician  
Immediately, I puts it down at a show (Jay-O)  
But loked to choke the shit out a fool, nigga dat's on  
doo low

[Ice Cube]

Keep it gansta y'all, keep it gangsta (keep it gangsta)  
Keep it gansta y'all, keep it gangsta (keep it gangsta)  
Keep it gansta y'all, keep it gangsta (all my life)  
Keep it gansta y'all, keep it gangsta (all my life)

(verse three) {1:50}

I'm sick of these rap niggas lyin' 'bout they rich (what?)  
Lyin' 'bout they bitch (what?)  
Lyin' 'bout they dick (what?)  
I'm sick of these rap niggas lyin' 'bout they hits (huh?)  
Lyin' 'bout they whips (huh?)  
Lyin' 'bout they six (yeah)  
I'm sick of these rap niggas lyin' 'bout they clothes  
(brrrmmph!)  
Lyin' 'bout they hoes (uhh)  
Lyin' 'bout they rows (uhh)  
I'm sick of these rap niggas lyin' 'bout they house  
(punk!)  
Lyin' about they clout (yeah)  
Lyin' up in they mouth (yeah yeah)  
It's the Mah-hurage-ny, my niggas; kamekaze  
Illuminaughty, bitch hoes in they body  
We the riders, we push like mahz-er-aties  
Do karatees, on hatters, and you hotties  
Fuck the party, come on, my niggas focus  
We the richest, pretend that we the brokest  
Niggas notice, as soon as you're checking quotas  
We the coldest, so go and tell the rollers (biotch!)

[Gangsta] (verse four) {2:30}

Who dat? next out the game, in blue kahks  
Gangsta's the name, niggas wonderin' how I do that  
By the thug way, package and transportin' the drug  
way  
Only means of makin' a livin', the Crip and Blood way  
I'm on grates when i'm grindin'

I'm on stakes when i'm dinnin'  
And on sunday's on the wine  
Is you can't calm the savage beast (never)  
And I can make your birds rise like geese, K-Mac tell  
'em  
You sell 'em, I swell 'em, loke (sell 'em loke)  
Hard or soft determines how much a nigga sell 'em for  
We got the fish scale texture (fish scale)  
Now if you cook it yourself you get extras  
Dub that shit to death with this dub thang  
Only a few niggas left with this love mang  
So we cop together (yeah), put it in the beeker  
Rock together (uhh), claim blocks together  
And fuck cock together, nigga (brrrph!)

[Ice Cube] (chorus) {3:11}  
Niggas want that gutter shit  
Fuck that other shit, that play it for your mother shit  
Ain't the rugged shit {repeat}

(Squeek Rule)

[Squeek Rule] (verse five) {3:22}  
Look in my eyes  
I see the dollar sign dogg, and my dick start to rise  
Got to handle money, got to stack the money (tell 'em)  
Buzzin' like a bee cuz I crave for the honey  
Million dollar tickets make bitches look wicked  
So you innocent hoes, ain't got to like ta kick it  
I know you knows (uhh), cuz now my decimals (yep)  
Done fiend for the green, keep you itchin' in your panty  
hose  
Your eyes full of gleem (brrmmph!)  
You wanna get on my team, and live my dream  
Captain of the ship is what i'm boastin'  
Hit the three wheel motion, i'm the shit when i'm  
coastin' (uh huh)  
Down the boulevard, flossin' hard  
Lights hit the chrome, don't go lick 'em like a movie  
star  
Money makes me a savage (what it do?)  
Shit, I brake down the world for the cabbage (Squeek  
Rule)

[Ice Cube]  
Keep it gansta y'all, keep it gangsta  
Keep it gansta y'all, keep it gangsta  
Keep it gansta y'all, keep it gangsta (all my life)  
Keep it gansta y'all, keep it gangsta (all my life)

(chorus) {4:11}

Niggas want that gutter shit  
Fuck that other shit, that play it for your mother shit  
Ain't the rugged shit {repeat}

Visit [One Inch Punch](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.