

Anotha Level f Ice Cube

"Level N Service"

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Intro: Ice Cube

Title's n themes, and shit

Yaknowhatl'msayin? Just let this motherfucker come on

(yeah let's do this) And be fresh, like I am

(serious nigga?)

Verse One: Ice Cube

I wish I was in high school

So I could fuck young bitches like Anotha Level do

Let me hip you to my Lethal Injection

The black erection, in your midsection

I have you walking through

Like Bowlegged Lou, heidi heidi hoe, bitch

... it's on like a porno

I got Different Strokes like Willis and Arnold

Now, Mr. Drummond see me coming but

Watch your wife, for my dick'll be running a patch like

Slick Rick, thought I saw a putty-tat

Pussy fatter than the insane bitch that's singing

at the end of the game

Fumble more titties than Thurmond, Thomas, I'm as

great man as eight man, and Emmitt Smith

I got the gift to hit it swift

So bitch you need a lift and I'm out

Verse Two:

Well how can one young black mack unpack

papes in mad stacks with no gat? I'm cool like that

...and then some

I got styles in my files so I lend some, to the needy

You get up, kid, but you get hit up like graffiti

Yo this the A-L rhymes that we say well

So ease up, don't freeze up or get nervous

Cuz if you do loc got Levels-N-Service

So cock back and top that

I wear a top hat, I'm at the top cuz I'm all that

And extra adverbs, they're the kind you couldn't fuck
with

I got my style and I'm stuck with it

got levels-n-service (2X)

Verse Three: Bambino

I down a brew, then I check one two it

And tellin bitches bend over, cuz you know how we do it

In the W-E-S-T the best nothin less see

Smooth adolescent, anti-depressant Bambino

Suckaz, don't make me angry

Knockin fuckers out, when my Tanqueray's tangy

But I'm a playa, pullin Berry's like Holly

I freak hoes, and freak flows, with no follies

Like the proper brown eps, we're body
See most niggaz get paid and wanna cracker like Polly
But Levels-N-Service, you know what's up
And niggaz probably think I'm crazy cuz I'm bustin like
a nut
got levels-n-service

Verse Four:

The pressure is on, I combine and come bust rhymes
In thousands of shows and still have Miller time
I speed it up, I slow it downwww
I max, I smoke a pound
So sit back, and listen to me lyrically
come all over the track, I fake the wack
Fly honies I attract
Niggaz know not to act up, dips be on my tip
so much I tell em back up
But don't say nothin, just listen
I'm not on a mission, a wack MC dissing
I'm just here to present the rep of my group
We gots flavor, styles by the miles hoes and flows too
I'm tough actin like Tinactin for the feet
My niggaz love the way I'm reactin to the beat
It sounds sweet, I skate you to the street
And I make service, so niggaz get nervous
got levels-n-service (3X

