

B.G. F/ Juvenile**"You Ain't Gotta Lie Ta Kick It"**

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[Chris Rock]

You ain't gotta lie ta kick it

[Ice Cube] (verse one) { :02 }

I know ya like to see me doin' bad

But i'm doin' good, fuck the police that's rollin' thru my neighborhood

Fuckin' peaker wood see me in the five speed

I don't care if his motherfuckin' eyes bleed (yeah yeah!)

This is my weed, this is my world

Don't get mad when you see them hundred spokes twirl

Candied out while you spit yo' last on the pearl

The Don Daada, i'm hotta than holly watta

Wish i was your baby fatha, cuz i got a fuckin' head on my shoulder

And lead in my holster, face on the poster

The kinda nigga that you wanna get close ta'

But you can't so you start the lyin'

Just like that nigga that think he dyin'

Get ta cryin', snitchin' and testifyin'

To all my people if i'm talkin 'bout your baby mama

When she meet Ice Cube tell her save the drama

[Chris Rock]

Yo Cube, im goan have all da biches here

--You ain't got to lie ta kick it--

Yo man fuck dem bitches, dey ain't call me back

But i just paged my auntie

--You ain't got to lie ta kick it--

[Ice Cube]

Tell your mama, tell your daddy, tell your auntie

--You ain't got to lie ta kick it--

Tell your cousin, tell your sister, if she want me

--You ain't got to lie ta kick it--

[Ice Cube] (verse two) {1:02}

I'm a be as real as I can with this
Not just the fake analyst on canabis, who only say that
the world is
Scandalist, without findin' out a way to handle this
Dismantle this, either with the rhyme or the fist
How the fuck we get in the belly of this bitch?
I be rich if it wasn't for the snitch
Lyin' to the enemies, wild conspiracies
I'm a say this 'till the day that I die
Seven thirty fives bring on bitches lies
While you bullshitin', I'm hard hittin' like
2pac, I keep spittin' 'till my heart stop
Young niggas tryin' to tell me that i'm played
Once they say you played, nigga you must be payed
(HA HA! huh ha)
Pushin' weight since the tenth grade do my thing
Got more plaques than Jordan got rings, nigga sayin'

[Chris Rock]

Yo Cube, i got the new Biz 9000

--You ain't got to lie ta kick it--

I got the Playstation in the windshield nigga!

--You ain't got to lie ta kick it--

[Ice Cube]

Tell your mama, tell your daddy, tell your auntie

--You ain't got to lie ta kick it--

Tell your cousin, tell your sister, if she want me

--You ain't got to lie ta kick it--

[Ice Cube] (verse three) {2:02}

I hate to see your ass comin' (yep), with your mouth
runnin'
Talkin' 'bout somethin' (what?), that ain't meanin'
nothin'
'Bout your second cousin (hmm), who be always
buzzin'
Where she was or wasn't, who she now fuckin'
Stories by the dozen Punch you got the sequel (what?)
To let you tell it Randy Moss is your people
It's evident, your ass lie like the president
But stretch marks on your mouth is the evidence (ha

ha)
How the fuck can your friends be the benjamins?!
(punk)
And your little ass car's full of fender benz
There you go on the stand with your hand up (lyin')
Testifyin' about a man that's in handcuffs
We should do you like the Mack said
And if he lie like a crackhead pop 'em like a black head
Let him ooze, let him loose
Let him lie by his motherfuckin' ass on the news (yeah
yeah)

[Chris Rock]
Yo Cube, check out this ring, 69 karots

--You ain't got to lie ta kick it--

It's Kryptonite nigga, Kryptonite!

--You ain't got to lie ta kick it--

[Ice Cube]
Tell your mama, tell your daddy, tell your auntie

--You ain't got to lie ta kick it--

Tell your cousin, tell your sister, if she want me

--You ain't got to lie ta kick it--

{repeat last 4 lines}

[Chris Rock - ad lib outro...]

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