

Mr. Mike

"Wicked Wayz"

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f/ Ice Cube

(Cube)

Ha,Ha,Ha

That's right nigga

Southwest connection (straight up)

Servin' more than peanuts bitch

Niggas tryin' to stay rich

(Mike)

How many ways...can a killa get paid?

(Mike)

How many niggas want a gansta boogie

I see the junkie in your eyes

What do you see me when you see me

A G in disguise

Been hypnotized since '85 with gansta shit

All you niggas get live and represent my click

Got bits and pieces on my mind commin' together like lettuce

Dear God protect us, cause we're mobbin' like Good Fellas

Alias Carlion, maybe the war is on

Prone to let my daughter live rich before she's grown

If I murdered Capone, would you consider me a villain

Chillin' with millionaires, ex-killers, and set-trippers

My murderous complex begin to hit 'cha

Slip ya worse than New Jersey Drive niggas

Cause I'm in a

Rush to bust straps like mack-10's

When I'm strapped in

A '95 Impala

Breakin' like Vegas for my dolla

While I'm commin' like a hundred miles and gunnin'
who gonna test

The southwests connect when it ain't shit you possess

Yes we got the endo

Splurgin' in Benzo

Turnin' virgins to nymphos

Look what 'cha in fo

A 'G thats gonna let his khakis sag

Mr. Mike and Ice Cube, franch braids and rags

Byatch

(Chorus)X2

How many wicked wayz, can a gansta' get his pays

When he's trapped in a maze

(Cube)

I represent the phrase that says crime pays

Bitches can we fuck, niggas' can we blaze

(Cube)

I treat bitches like puppies

I got a plate full of guppies

Appropriate dish for the big fish

Niggas' rich

They have my straps

Women with gaps

Now they wanna' sit in my laps and listen to raps

But no

Heard a nigga' tight named Mr. Mike

Had to catch a flight, its only right

Stepped of the plane, Mean Green and Tony Draper

Killa was the caper

Lets make some paper

(Mike)

See we can't get enough of this gansta' shit

Sick as leukemia for weed in my gansta' click

Lets take riches

Witness two niggas' dome in the killa' zone

Bring your killa' chrome

Cause we headed to the terror dome

Some niggas' never make it home

As long as you got your front

I got your back, its on like that

And like this

Let the weed blow, cause all you G's know

Who got the wickedess flow

The crimiminals

(Chorus)X2

(Cube)

Say What

Niggas' wanna' short my cuts

Say what

Niggas' wanna' check my nuts

How you sound

Ganstas' make the world go 'round

Guppies bow down

I'm with some killas' from H-town

Chase his ass down to Atlanta, GA

Find out where he stay

Locate my gate

Catch him in the hall

Make his ass call

And then I want ya'll to kill cousin's and all (Ha,Ha,Ha)

They won't believe all the heat I bring

From Palm Springs

Niggas in line to catch the ring

Of the dyin'

Keepin' it calm, so talk slow

Cause you'll never know

When I'm ready to blow

I'm a pro of the lifestyle of the Bloods and Crips

Make a lot of cookies filled with chocolate chips

The Westsides always been down with the South

With Suave mother fuckin' House

(Chorus)X4

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