

## NWA % Ice Cube

### "We Are One/Definition of Love"

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Chorus (J-Dawg + Uncredited speaker):

Despite the hard time and sacrifice we all get judged,  
let it be written in blood,  
The definition of love,  
Despite the hard time and sacrifice we all get judged,  
let it be written in blood,  
The definition of love

(Threat):

I remember back in the days, findin' ways to get paid,  
Hit the arcade for change, ain't no games to be played,  
A lil' renegade, unafraid to step out and hustle,  
On a level with young rebels, tryin' to get out the  
ghetto,  
Makin' deals with the Devil, knowin' it costs to ball,  
When the ghetto, 'cross the wall be the names of my  
lost doggs,  
Lord bless 'em all, to the system we all fall,  
In the pen tryin' to be rich, ballin' to be the shit,  
I'm callin' my bitch, only got one wish,  
And that's God take the soul when the rest get out of  
control,  
Who knows what the future holds? The streets made a  
nigga cold,  
This ghetto take your breath when you're at the end of  
your rope

Chorus

(J-Dawg):

I wish life was easy like Sunday mornings, but it's not,  
God help us, soldiers they BLEED for envy and GREED,  
and we all selfish,  
Who dealt this?  
Tell me why we all born dyin'?  
Tryin' to do right, forgive me if I do wrong tryin',  
But I'm lost, confused, walkin' 'round blind as FUCK,  
Poverty-stricken, hard times, tyin' us up,  
Relyin' on crutches, to help support the weight of the  
World,

The way I relate to the World is like chasin' a squirrel,  
Every day I'm wonderin', what he got prepared for me?  
And honestly Dogg, I'm scared to see,  
For the simple fact I gots to do dirt,  
until he gets done with me what I did,  
What goes around comes around nigga, fuck it, ya  
dig?  
And the life that we live is a puzzle, but the pieces are  
missin',  
The ghetto full of blood thirsty niggas seekin' attention,  
I'm deep in the trenches, duckin' with my enemies  
shootin',  
Before you judge me, send me to jury cuz I need to  
know...

Chorus

(Threat):

The situation I'm facin' daily got me goin' crazy,  
It's like I'm, losin' my mind, runnin' out of time to shine,  
Down to my last dime,  
Back to doin' pastimes,  
Shit I used to do Dogg, and I'm down to blast mine,  
This gotta be the last time, we suffer for loot,  
So get the champagne and pop it, cuz it ain't no  
stoppin',  
Down in the boot, Black Menace blessed with the right  
chemistry,  
Cappin' through the industry,  
Dog fightin' with the enemies,  
The trees be the remedy to deal with the false love,  
Livin' foul, supremely many thugs get crossed up,  
Tossed up, but who are we to judge the sinners?  
Despite the hard times let it be written, who love the  
menace?

Chorus

(J-Dawg):

Nigga my lifestyle crazy,  
Dealin' with niggas shady as oak trees,  
Taught me a lesson, now I'm confessin' on both knees,  
It ain't easy up in this World my nigga,  
We earled from liquor, dependin' on that girl to get  
richer,  
I paint the picture, show it to God and ask him "What's  
wrong?",  
You comin' to get us? Could you please tell me exactly  
how long?  
And I ain't rushin', but I'm trustin' you gone give me  
some time,

To handle my business with this music and keep this  
rightfully mine,  
My life's on the line, at least that's how I feel when I  
bail,  
I hear 'em whisperin', niggas wishin' that I still was in  
jail,  
Fake thugs, showin' fake love, then fuck them niggas,  
Except for bullets when I'm bustin', I ain't got nothin' to  
give 'em,  
The definition of what these fake niggas, tend to call  
love,  
And even sour, knowin' half these niggas scared to  
shed blood,  
But I'm spreadin' slugs, I'm a nigga who ain't got  
nothin' to lose,  
Spendin' the rest of my life fuckin' with trues

Chorus (2x)

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