

Marc Anthony F/ Jessica Simpson**"What Can I Do?"**

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[sampled announcer]

In any country, prison is where society sends it's failures

But in this country, society itself is failing

[Ice Cube]

HeIIII yeah! Uhh..

Ta-dow! Uhh..

Ta-dow! Uhh..

Ta-dow! UHH!

Ta-dow, how ya like me now I'm in the mix
It's nineteen-eighty-six and I got the fix
with the chicken and a quota, got the bakin soda
Let the water boil, workers all loyal
Dropped out the twelveth cause my wealth is shorter
than a midget on his knees, now I slang ki's
Infest my hood with crack, I'm the mack
+It Take a Nation of Millions to Hold Me Back+
Too big for my britches, and I got bitches
Now I'm hittin switches, niggaz want my riches
Used to get 18, when my G was alive
Now a ki' is 13-5
Eighty-nine's the number, another summer
(Get down!) Police ain't get no dumber
Streets dried up, used to think it would last
But being a kingpin is a thing of the past
They tried to blast me for slangin a boulder
Now I got my ass in Minnesota
Got my own crew, it's on brand new
Damn, what can I do? Oooh

Ta-dow, what can I do?

Ta-dow, what can I do?

Ta-dow, how ya like me now?

Ta-dow, what can I do?

Ta-dow, what can I do?

Ta-dow, how ya like me now? Fool

[Ice Cube]

Already done stacked me half a meal ticket

Bought a house next to Prince, now I can kick it
Now I got ends, wavin to my friends
Rollin in a Benz, goin to see the Twins
play at the 'dome; police are tappin my mobile phone
I'm almost home
Gettin excited, indicted
Spent a grip and a year tryin to fight it
Lawyer got paid; plea, no contest
cause everything I own, got repossessed
Now take a look at the dust
And I'm happy cause I only got 36 months
I never picked up a book
cause, my arms are 16 inches, nigga look (OOOH)
Can't wait for ninety-two so I can get with my crew
and see, what can I do

Ta-dow, what can I do?
Ta-dow, what can I do?
Ta-dow, how ya like me now?
Ta-dow, what can I do?
Ta-dow, what can I do?
Ta-dow, how ya like me now?

[Ice Cube]

Fucked up in the pen, now it's ninety-fo'
Back in L.A., and I'm bailin through the do'
Everybody, know I gotta start from scratch
So where the work at, and niggaz smirk at
me sayin ain't nuttin poppin from here to the L.B.
What you tell me?
No it ain't crackin, everybody's jackin for a Coupe
Since, they sent in the troops
Even though I got muscle, that ain't my hustle
Takin a nigga's shit in a tussle
No skills, to pay the bills
Talkin about education to battle inflation
No college degree, just a dumb ass G
(Yeah you fool..) Who me?
I got a baby on the way, damn it's a mess
Have you ever been convicted of a felony? Yes
Took some advice from my Uncle Fester
All dressed up in polyester
Welcome to McDonalds may I please help you?

[Mack 10]

Yeah you can help me punk
Give me all of the money, or I'm dumpin
That's on my momma
Ay homeboy, while you at it
gimme large fries, a strawberry shake
A Big Mac, cause this Mack 10 fo' life

[Ice Cube]

Can I roll wit you? What can I do?
Now I'm on the run, with a gun
and this fool I don't know, pedal to the flo'
Swervin, servin all of the pigs
Just because they tryin to split my wig
I'm in custody, L.A.P.D.
One more felony, strike number three
Twenty-five to life in cell block two
It's true, that's what I gotta do, oooh

Ta-dow, what can I do?
Ta-dow, what can I do?
Ta-dow, how ya like me now?
Ta-dow, what can I do?
Ta-dow, what can I do?
Ta-dow, how ya like me now?
Wesssssyde! What can I do, what can I do?
Ice Cube.. what can I do, what can I do?
What can I do, oooh

[sampled announcer]

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failures
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