

# A Bird In the Hand

Ice Cube

(Big Bird: Sesame Street)

Hey look at this! I was cleaning out my nest  
And I found a book of my old poetry

(Ice Cube)

Fresh out of school cause I was a high school grad  
Gots to get a job 'cause I was a high school dad  
Wish I got paid like I was rappin' to the nation  
But that's not likely so here's my application  
Pass it to the man at AT&T  
'Cause when I was in school I got the A-E-E  
But there's no S-E for this youngsta  
I didn't have no money so now I have to hunch the  
Back like a slave, that's what be happenin'  
But whitey says there's no room for the African  
Always knew that I would clock G's  
But welcome to McDonald's can I take your order please  
Gotta sell ya food that might give you cancer  
'Cause my son doesn't take no for an answer  
Now I pay taxes that you never give me back  
What about diapers, bottles, and similac  
Do I gotta go sell me a whole lotta crack  
For decent shelter and clothes on my back?  
Or should I just wait for help from Bush  
Or Jesse Jackson, and operation Push  
If you ask me the whole thing needs a douch e  
A masengel what the hell cracker sell in the neighborhood  
To the corner house bitches,  
Miss porker, little Joe or Todd Bridges  
Or anybody that he know  
So I got me a bird, better known as a kilo  
Now everybody know I went from po' to a nigga that got dough  
So now you put the feds against me  
'Cause I couldn't follow the plan of the presidency  
I'm never givin' love again  
'Cause blacks are too fuckin' broke to be republican  
Now I remember I used to be cool  
Till I stopped fillin' out my W-2  
Now senators are gettin' high  
And your plan against the ghetto backfired  
So now you got a pep talk  
But sorry, this is our only room to walk  
'Cause we don't want to drug push  
But a bird in the hand is worth more than the bush

Tell the politicians, the hustlers: live and let live (yeah)  
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