

2 N The Morning

Ice Cube

Yeah, this is a story of a famous dog
Of a dog that chases its tail, will be dizzy

Met her snake ass at a barbecue bash
She had a lot of ass and a twenty dollar stash
Of some of that superb 'erb
She said, "I got the chronic, so fuck whatcha heard"

"Ice Cube do you wanna hit this?
This shit is hype, sho' you right"
Soon as she passed me the J and a lighter
Me and this hoodrat bitch got tighter

Talkin' all day on the blanket
With her ass jacked up, beggin' me to spank it
Lookin' like a host from the Barbary coast
Nigga don't wanna get burnt like toast

Whassup wit deez nuts in ya me-outh
Aight everybody, c'mon we out
Took her to the six dollar hole in the wall
And I like how she's holdin' the balls

Gobble, gobble from the incision
Stuff that bitch and it ain't Thanksgiving
Didn't even have to fuck all night long
Take me home, damn, it's on

Jumped out the cover, snatched off the rubber
Met the hoe's mother, yo, whassup?
Got the seven digits and I'm gone'n
That's the kinda bitch you can call at 2 n the morning

Not just knee deep, she was O.G., deep
When she did the freak with me
Not just knee deep, she was O.G., deep
When she did the freak with me

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I bumped this hoe on the danceflo'
Where you wanna go? She said, "I don't know"
I thought I had a treat in the passenger seat
Now her ass wanna get somethin' to eat

From where? She said, "Denny's I figure"
I said hell naw 'cause they don't like niggaz
Let's go to my house and order Domino's
And maybe I can get the bitch out her clothes

Got to the panties, her ass started fightin'
And I'm thinkin 'bout my dog, Mike Tyson
Took her ass home, all alone
Whoa-oh, there go the phone

Ay whatcha doin'? Nuthin'

Then what about screwin'?
Now I'm fuckin' and I'm yawnin'
But thank God for the bitch
That'll come at 2 n the morning

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You the kind of girl to eat a dick up raw
And drink a 40 through a straw
And I love ya, 'cause you're down to get dug
And your man don't know you're gettin' fucked by a thug

You a woman that's true
Doin' what the fuck you wanna do
And it's cool, 'cause you got a purse full of rubbers
And I'm a friend of your brother's

So jump your freaky ass in your Hyundai
I got a room at the Omni
Nothin' tricky, no you ain't picky
Whassup Nikki? Down for a quickie

Get your lil' Dickie and your Mickey and you're straight
And gotta be at work by 8
Called you last night, you wasn't home and
Damn, it's half past 2 n the morning

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Hello?
Yo, whassup? This Cube, whatchu doin'?
I'm asleep
Asleep? Get yer ass up and come over here
Want me to drive way over there?
Yeah, come on through and shit, y'know, it's about 2
Alright, here I come