

Can You Dig It?

Ice Cube

Can I get you something?
'S'mofo butter layin' me to da' BONE! Jackin' me up... tight me!
I'm sorry, I don't understand
Cutty say 'e can't HANG!
Oh, stewardess! I speak jive
Oh, good
Jus' hang loose, blood. She gonna catch ya up on da rebound on da med side
What it is, big mama? My mama no raise no dummies. I dug her rap!
Cut me some slack, Jack! Chump don' want no help, chump don't GET da help!
Say 'e can't hang, say seven up!
Jive-ass dude don't got no brains anyhow! Shiiiiit

I got my bell bottoms on with my cherry incense
My tailor-made slacks with the dick print
My afro pick with the black fist
I'm Jim Brown, bitch, Kung Fu kick
Platform shoes out the mother ship
Talk shit, swallow, spit, I'm a pimp
Whitewalls and a black leather coat
Where's my bread sucka?
Grab ya by the throat
Callin' all cars, one-adam-twelve
Pretty ass nigga, you better stick yourself
Militant, don't call me Cassius
Dashiki, I got to be the blackest
I'm Isaac Hayes with a switchblade
I'm Rodney Allen Rippy, come fuck with me
I'm just tryna tell ya, "Young blood, best respect your elders"
Right on

I'm comin' straight from the 70s
Super fly in my perm and my leather P's
I'm comin' straight from the 70s
Super fly in my perm and my leather P's
Sho-nuff
I'm comin' straight from the 70s
Old school playa, fuck what they tellin' me
Can you dig it?
I'm comin' straight from the 70s
Old school playa, fuck what they tellin' me

House parties, pop-lockin' and pickin'
Starter jackets, got my Jheri curl drippin'
Gangbangin', yeah, Bloodin' and Crippin'
Forty ounce sippin', '64 dippin'
No shoe strings, nigga, say word
I'm Magic Johnson, you Larry Bird
The day they blew up a rocket, I was lookin' at my beeper with a rock in my pocket, slangin'
Double up
Michael Jackson vs. Prince
Atari 2600, I don' done it
See that fat gold chain? Nigga, run it
I got my jimmy hat on 'cause I don't want it
Mike Tyson, who's my opponent?
Quick as Carl Lewis, be back in a moment
I won't shoot ya, nigga, I might nuke you, nigga

In my DeLorean, Back to the Future, nigga
Fresh

I'm comin' straight from the 80s
With my Jheri curl and my Mercedes
I'm comin' straight from the 80s
With my Jheri curl and my Mercedes
Word up
I'm comin' straight from the 80s
With my fat gold chain for the ladies
I'm comin' straight from the 80s
With my fat gold chain for the ladies

Man, you know what I'm sportin'
A short haircut, everything Jordan
That's right, a nigga played on the dream team
I had to let 'em know that it's a G Thang
It's a black thing, you wouldn't understand
Shaquille O'Neal the real Superman
Boy, I hit like Roy
Versace, Versace to all the real D-Boyz
In the crack spot with a laptop
Bumpin' that Biggie Smalls and 2Pac
French braid and weed heads
Where'd all these niggas come from with these dreads?
And during Y2K, I had a bootleg DVD watchin' Friday
So what I'm tryna tell ya, "Pump yo brakes, respect your elders"
Baby-baby

I'm comin' straight from the 90s
I keep it gangsta, gutter and grimy
I'm comin' straight from the 90s
I keep it gangsta, gutter and grimy
Fo-sho
I'm comin' straight from the 90s
Triple OG, you know where to find me
I'm comin' straight from the 90s
Triple OG, you know where to find me

Fresh for 2018

I'm an ex-gangbanger from Los Angeles
I've been to jail, fighting, partying, low riding
But you learn as you get older
You must become a man one day and put away childish things
Can you dig it?
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