

Extradition

Ice Cube

Dear Mama, If some people came by the house lookin for me
I'm innocent of anything they say I done
Now I don't know when I'll be able to write you again
But I will be back to California to see you
Your son, Ice-mutherfucking-Cube.

Keep my hand on my gun cos they got me on the run
I swear I didn't do what they say I done (2x)

Ghetto destroyer, paranoia, I need a lawyer
This bitch named Netoia, say they lookin for ya
Got to get the fuck out of here (yeah right)
This bitch dimmed the lights (nigga, spend the night)
Bust a quick nut, got to fuck up and gat on
Cos this the same street I got shot on
So God bless Don Polla, double-s
I gotta holla cos I'm smokin on double breath
Freakin, niggaz be leakin, information
Got the feds seekin, incarceration
Niggaz say my name popped up
Bitch hop up
Nigga close the shop up
They try to stop em
My cash flow leave me asshole neck it
Gone in sixty seconds, burn all records
Nigga gettin skinny eating dinnies
Count my pennies, only got a bag fulla twenties

Listen, these feds fishin for this extradition
I'm on a mission, fuck em, fight em, dine em, ditch em
I gotta kick rocks, can't pick locks
Or spend the rest of my life in a shit-?bath

It's so hard to get a room without a credit card
It's so hard not to let em know where you are
Tried to get a rent a car
But he laughed when I showed him cash
Had to mash 'fore he called the feds on my ass
Went to Vegas for the weekend
Met a hoe down freakin
Hey bitch, why you sneakin?
Grabbed the paper out her hand
Am I the man on the front page? (Fuck)
Same height, same age (click-click)
Rap gauge, put it down the G-way
Got my hostage suckin sausage on the freeway
She say "Let's hear the circle K"
Ran inside and made the niggaz all pay
It's like I hit the Lotto outside Colorado
Brought it there for his wallet and my bottle
That's my motto and I gotta warn ya
before I'm through, I'm going back to California

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My boys Utah to Illinois
Set the poise, so I can infiltrate
All fifty states
Can't wait till I'm back on my feet
Switch and shake this bitch in her sleep
Low key you feds can't see me
I'm up in D.C. with strike number three
Clownin, made a little stock to get a little cock
Now I got niggaz bangin and lootin rock
I'm going back to Cali where it's bound with my strikes
Don't give a fuck who's on the ?marin or the mic
I should've known when I seen that motherfucker in the lobby
looking like he wanna rob me (Fuck)
Federal, don't like no black hetero, sexual, intellectual
Tried to turn me into a vegetable
An I'm 'a sue all black and blue
When I come to- hand cuff (Fuck y'all)
Big grey bus, scandalous
Cos they can't stand us
They get excited and I try to fight it (mama)
I'm going back to Cali to show, extradited

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Hey mama, when y'all send pictures you can't send a polaroid
Got to be the regular pictures
An' they got us in here puttin' in computer chips or something
I don't know. Like they playin with us, it's like a game
It ain't nuttin' but a game to them mama
It's my life