

## Get Used To It

Ice Cube

If you try to get with me, pull a four and a fifty  
Fuck your monkey ass up, like Bobby did Whitney  
Trigger fingers get itchy, when niggaz get bitchy  
And they need they story told on Jerry or Ricki  
Pull your green in your iffy, I'm clean and I'm spiffy  
If they lock me up today I'll be back in a jiffy  
All my niggaz that's with me, all my bitches are picky  
To ride around us right on time, bitch you know it's tricky  
Take a hit of the sticky, everybody get tipsy  
When we hittin' that whiskey, all my niggaz get pissy  
Don't fuck with no sissy, all we bumpin' is missy  
If you know where I am, motherfucker come get me  
I'm a man not a Mickey, all my niggaz love hickies  
that don't go away 'til you're well in your sixties  
All I'm wearin' is Dickies, don't try to evict me  
When we come to Atlanta we gon' re-open Nikki's

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Barracuda with it, call security  
Fuck the dress code, I'm in a white T with jewelry  
Hand to my side with my nine, sat lyin' back  
In the club with your baby mama in my lap  
Lookin' fly like I got a pocket full of stones  
Pro fitted on, wearin' chronic cologne  
Big watch, big rocks, grip glocks, dick guap  
What you niggaz thought, motherfucker this is Lench Mob  
Dub make the trigger knock, talk shit  
I'll put additional air condition holes in your Bentley top  
And shorty got 'em gettin' low, I rich rolls  
Swervin' on them MVP's, I call 'em Kobe's cause they 24's  
Still spittin' out sunflowers, Dub and Don Dadda  
Bustin' more gun powder than gun towers  
Down South, y'all can Screw it, it's the West, too truest  
Keep the party jumpin' like do it fluid and never lose it

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Who my gangsta rap teacher? (Ice Cube) Nigga you better know it  
It's the Don Dadda Jr. slash motherfuckin' poet  
Sit back and take notes while I spin like hundred spokes  
My flow is razor sharp, I'm comin' straight for your throat  
With that West Coast, gangbang, watch him when his chain hang  
East Coast, Down South, niggaz do the same thang  
Throw up your dubs like Wu-Tang, who bang  
harder than that nigga bailin' through your hood with two chains  
Swangin' like his nuts, 'cause he don't give a fuck

Bout no nigga that ain't bangin' in no khakis or some Chuck's  
It's that Westside, Connect'd with that nigga who flow so wreckless  
He spent a hundred thousand on his necklace, I'll bet this  
motherfuckin' Coast ain't got shit after me  
Ain't have shit before Cube except a W.C.  
The Maad Circle is back, with mad purple in fact  
I'm bout to join the Lench Mob, that's me squirtin' the mac, motherfuckers

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