

# My Summer Vacation

Ice Cube

This is the final boarding call for flight 1259  
departing from Los Angeles, final destination to St. Louis  
Thank you

Damn G, the spot's gettin hot  
So how the fuck am I supposed to make a knot?  
Police looking at niggaz through a microscope  
In L.A. everybody and they momma sell dope  
They trying to stop it  
So what the fuck can I do to make a profit?  
Catch a flight to St. Louis  
That's cool, cause nobody knew us  
We stepped off the plane  
Four gang bangers, professional crack slangers  
Rented a car at wholesale  
Drove to the ghetto, and checked in a motel  
Unpacked and I grab the three-eighty  
Cause where we stayin, niggaz look shady  
But they can't fade South Central  
Cause bustin a cap is fundamental  
Checkin out every block close  
Seein which one will clock the most  
Yeah this is the one no doubt  
Bust a U Bone, and let's clear these niggaz out

Ay ay man, whassup nigga?  
Yo, well this Lench Mob nigga!

Now clearin em out meant casualties  
Still had the L.A. mentality  
Bust a cap, and out of there in a hurry  
Wouldn't you know, a driveby in Missouri  
Them fools got popped  
Took their corner next day, set up shop  
And it's better than slangin in the Valley  
Triple the profit makin more than I did in Cali  
Breakin off rocks like Barney Rubble  
Cause them mark-ass niggaz don't want trouble  
And we ain't on edge when we do work  
Police don't recognize the khakis and the sweatshirts  
Getting bitches and they can't stand a  
Nineteen-ninety-one Tony Montana  
Now the shit's like a war  
of gang violence, where it was never seen before  
Punks whirl when the gat bust  
Four jheri curl niggaz kickin up dust  
And some of them are even lookin up to us  
Wearing our colors and talkin that gang fuss  
Giving up much love  
Dyin for a street, that they ain't even heard of  
But other motherfuckers want to stand strong  
So you know the phrase, once again it's on

Top of the news tonight, gangs from South Central  
Los Angeles which are known for their driveby shootings  
have migrated into East St. Louis  
leaving three dead and two others injured

No arrests have been made  
Police say this is a nationwide trend  
with similar incidents occurring in Texas, Michigan, and Oklahoma  
(female voice repeating in background:  
"If it can happen here, it can happen anywhere")

BOOM, my homie got shot he's a goner black  
St. Louis niggaz want they corner back  
Shooting in snowy weather  
It's illegal business, niggaz still can't stick together  
Fuckin police got the four-one-one  
that L.A. ain't all, surf and sun  
But we ain't thinkin, bout the boys  
Feudin, like the Hatfields and McCoys  
Now the shit's gettin tricky  
Cause now they lookin for the colors and the khakis  
Damn, the spot's gettin hot from the battle  
About to pack up and start slangin in Seattle  
But the NARCs, raid about six in the morning  
Try to catch a nigga while he's yawnin  
Put his glock to my chest as I paused  
Went to jail in my motherfuckin drawers  
Tryin to give me, fifty-seven years  
Face'll be full of those tattooed tears  
It's the same old story and the same old nigga stuck  
And the public defender ain't givin a fuck  
The fool must be sparkin  
Talkin about a double life plea bargain  
You got to deal with the Crips and Bloods by hand G  
Plus the Black Guerilla family  
And the white pride don't like Northside  
And it's a riot if any more niggaz die  
No parole or probation  
Now this is a young man's summer vacation  
No chance for rehabilitation  
Cause look at the motherfuckin years that I'm facin  
I'ma end it like this cause you know what's up  
My life is fucked