

Non Believers

Ice Cube

To all the non-believers (non-believers, non-believers)

I make a non-believer say, "Oh my God"
Ain't nothin' too incredible for the Wizard of Oz
Ain't nothin' too regrettable for me to lose no sleep
These the cards I was dealt, bitch, read 'em and weep
It's that West side rollin, pussies get swollen
Knockin' niggas down in the pen, I'm bowlin'
Controllin' everything I'm holdin'
I made a promise to myself
I'ma keep it gangsta always even in the hallways of corporate America, break
down the barrier
Self-made, Koolaid, fuck what you say
Fuck what he say, pimpin' ain't easy
Don Mega put a dagger in your swagger
Rollin' zones, tell Mick Jagger
Fuck the chit chatter
I got a bladder full of red cup liquor, yes, my nigga
Drinkin' out the pitcher, I turn water into wine like scripture
Make a toast, every dose is a overdose
And that ghost'll make your ass do the holy ghost

Make believers outta non-believers
Make believers out the overseers
Make 'em bow down when they need us
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Boo, I pop up like a phantom
And niggas got to take the ass whoopin' that I hand 'em
Yup, the guys call me Samson, I'm dangerous with a Samsung
Call my niggas at random and they quick to make ugly outta handsome
Old rappers, I fuck up your grandson
New rappers, meet Charlie Manson
I brainwash your damn son, yup, he'll leave the house with a handgun
But if he ran into Zimmerman, pull it out homie, you ain't got to run
It's a cold, cold world for all these non-believers and underachievers
These fake ass bitches and divas
Where the fuck will they go when they leave us?

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Don't get hogtied fuckin' with the raw hide
My four-five make the law hide
For life, gangsta for life
Think about your wife 'fore you play with your life
It's that rattlesnake from the battle state, trick

That python with the mic on, bitch
Palm trees are like napalm, grimy
In my hood he like Treyvon, try me
I'm walkin' home with my Skittles
The neighborhood watch first house to get riddled
Bust, leave bullets in your pillow
You fuckin' hero, don't make that bitch a widow
This gon' hurt just a little
White people, stop sayin' 'ghetto'
It's like the pot callin' the kettle
Damn, you the reason why we ghetto

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Can you believe this mother fuckin' shit?
Havin' faith is believin' in somethin' you have yet to see
You got to believe in somethin', homie
Why not believe in me?