

# 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 regretable 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  
We got some non-believers out there  
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They got to bow down when they need us

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?