

# Not Like Them

Ice Cube

First thing I think about is your tussling smile  
And all the things that drive me wild

Peep this, it's not a secret (No)  
I sound so good over G shit (So good)  
And I am so convinced  
This world, it don't make sense (Crazy, wow)  
Yeah  
Smile in my face, that's the psych-out  
Talk shit behind my back, pull the knife out  
Young fool, he call me old school (Damn)  
But you the one hope to reach twenty-two (So true)  
Young boo, I done lived two of you (Two of you)  
Young dog, I done lived three of y'all  
So listen to a niggga when I'm freein' y'all (Listen)  
It's no sucker shit when it's me involved (None, ayy, crazy)

Understand I am not like them  
Chew 'em up, spit 'em out like phlegm (Crazy, mm)  
And I am so convinced (What?)  
This world, it don't make sense

Back to the future, it's a crisis  
Controlled by these hand devices  
Smartphone (Smartphone) equal dumb domes (Dumb domes)  
Done forgot how to make my way back home  
Ain't that a bitch?  
Which way we goin', huh? (Ayy, do you remember my phone?)  
I forgot, shit  
We fish, call internet (Damn)  
So let's blow up the internet (Boom)  
It's artificial intelligence (Fake shit)  
That make people irrelevant  
Niggas goin' where the devil went  
But Cube, never out my element  
Keep it one thou'-thou' (Yeah)  
And if you wanna bring the funk  
Niggas still down with the pow-pow  
If I do it, I'll never regret it (Never)  
This world'll drive you crazy if you let it (Fuck that)

(Never) And I am so convinced (What?)  
This world, it don't make sense (Yeah)  
Understand I am not like them (No)  
I'd rather be here kickin' with Kim

Every time I see them cakes  
A nigga can't concentrate, that's why I'm overweight  
'Cause I overate, wanna procreate  
Let's glide on this beat like roller skates, baby (Yeah)  
Understand I am not like them  
My cup runneth over past the rim  
Check out my melody like Rakim  
It's not a felony chasin' my celery  
Fuck what you tellin' me, I'ma live heavenly (Yeah)  
Do this shit 'til I'm seventy  
Do this shit 'til I'm ninety

And I still got the homie  
Mr. WC as my crimee  
You in the foxhole with the vets (That's right)  
Livin' life with no regrets (Yeah)

Understand I am not like them (No)  
Chew 'em up, spit 'em out like phlegm (Yeah, yo, hmm)  
And I am so convinced  
This world, it don't make sense