

# Spittin' Pollaseeds

Ice Cube

Fuck a ghostwriter, sittin' in the back  
Of the studio tryin' to write a nigga rap  
It's the Muppet show, most niggas need A&R  
To tell 'em how to fuck a hoe  
Ice Cube, true emcee  
Write everything I say, even back in the day  
I'm a spit it how I feel it, fuck a gimmick  
You can keep your catchy lines, I'm bout to write a rhyme  
If you got a backpack tryin' to act black  
Think you know the culture? You's a fuckin' vulture  
You never approached a mic  
You're dressed like a dike sayin' what ya don't like  
Who deserve five Mics, who deserve two  
But the nigga with two still can serve you  
This West Coast flow is different than the East  
But it ain't no different in the street

I'm spittin' pollaseeds (I'm spittin' pollaseeds)  
I crack 'em one by one 'cause I don't wanna be greedy  
Cause the salt might make you choke  
(I'm spittin' pollaseeds) I'm spittin' pollaseeds  
I crack 'em one by one 'cause I don't wanna be greedy  
Because these niggas is salty they'll make you choke  
Oh oh, you niggas got me fucked up

I'm spittin' pollaseeds on the porch with the torch  
In case these niggas come around to see the Porsche  
When I brandish, motherfuckers vanish  
They don't understand like a nigga speakin' Spanish  
No comprende, me no speak no Engle  
Here now yo' ass feelin' tingley  
Now you're doin' shit like Darryl Stingley  
Don't get stung by the motherfuckin' stingray  
Jumpin' over niggas, y'all better king me  
Put your rap careers up on eBay  
Crazy Toones is the motherfuckin' D-J  
Baby drop to your knees, he deserves a B-J  
I got a big brother nicknamed C-J  
When you see him in the hood take it easy  
If you a breezy, take him to the heezy  
Do him like Halle Berry did Michael Ealy

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I'm spittin' pollaseeds (I'm spittin' pollaseeds)  
I crack 'em one by one, 'cause I don't wanna be greedy  
Because these niggas is salty they'll make you choke  
Oh oh (I'm spittin' pollaseeds)

Quick to twist ya, hit ya, it's the chipper  
Pistol gripper, skip-skipper runnin' up in your rear view mirror  
Ready to bust with my bandanna, bumpin' oldies  
Cube throw me the lob like Odom to Kobe  
So I could bust a Crip Walk on these niggas  
Yellow tape off these niggas, fuck all these salty niggas  
They can't hold our shit

Gangsta rap ain't dead, motherfuckers just stole our shit  
All you niggas owe us alimony  
All you did was switch your name and ate our style up like ravioli  
On your club raps I'm pissin', talk shit I'll knock your Comodi glasses  
Off your face under the transmission, nigga  
From the West side fuckin' up the program  
With the surplus hanky hangin' out the Brougham  
Dub Sizzla, dippin' on them 'draulics and D's  
Spittin' shells at you niggas like pollaseeds

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Because these niggas is salty they'll make you choke, oh oh