

Thank God

Ice Cube

I do gangsta rap
They wanna blame world problems on gangsta rap
It's our fault, cause motherfuckers is dying in Iraq
It's our fault, cause motherfuckers is starving in Africa
It's gangsta rap fault, that people are poor can't get
enough to fucking eat or live their life
That's rap music fault
It's rap music fault, that we got all this goddamn laws
and restriction and shit we can't do
They blame it all on us
I'm blamin' them for gangsta rap,
because if they didn't create this kind of condition
I wouldn't have shit to rap about
You know what I mean?

A'right, a'right, everybody back up, star status comin' through
The man is in the building
Don't touch him, don't look at him, and don't ask to take a picture

I walks in, with that California swagger
With that attitude that it ain't nothin' badder
Now you can call me rapper
Or you can call me mister
Big money trapper, fuckin' with your sister
I'ma do it my way, from here to Zimbabwe
It's too hot today
Fuck what you got to say
Fuck if you mad at me, better go change your battery
Ain't gonn take my sunshine, like I hit the lottery
Ah, he's a show off, a hot head go off
Yeah don't make he mad
He might tear the fucking door off
Take all his cars, and don't try to fall
Cuz one of his people, might cut your fucking toe off
Ice Cube baby, make you take him serious
Everthin' I say, ends with a period
Everthin' I do, ends with you curious
Lookin' for the best rapper
God damn period

(Thank God)
Thank God The Gangsta's back (3x)
And we don't gotta put up with this brainless rap
(So thank God)
Thank God The Gangsta's back (3x)
And we don't gotta put up with this brainless rap

Comin' live from Los Angeles
I know you hate to see me comin'
(I know, I know)
I know you saved a little something
(I know, I know)
I know your mouth is still runnin'
(I know, I know)
All smiles when I'm coming

When I step up in the spot

Is he a thug or not
Is he a jugganaught, no I'm a astronaut
Nose all in the clouds, Ya'll think I'm too proud
Got to stay above the crowd, How you fuckers like me now
Some of ya'll start to smile
Some of ya'll start to frown
Some of ya'll back up
All niggers start to clap
Now I gotta act up, kinda like Bobby Brown
Better call for back up, when I shut this lobby down
When will you realise the cycle will continue though
Commercials for gatorade
Boy is it in you
hate to see me comin'
Riches full of drummin'
Me and my ladies
Superman and Wonder Woman
He think he the shit, the shit think he me
So come smell mine, I bet it don't stink
I am the link, the food and the drink
The colour in the Kool aid, the nigger in the meat
(Don't trip)

(Thank God)
Thank God The Gangsta's back (3x)
And we don't gotta put up with this brainless rap
(So thank God)
Thank God The Gangsta's back (3x)
And we don't gotta put up with this brainless rap

I know you hate to see me comin'
(I know, I know)
I know you saved a little something
(I know, I know)
I know your mouth is still runnin'
(I know, I know)
All smiles when I'm comin'

Thank God that The Gangsta's back

When will they realise, they'll never stop me
They call me arrogant
They call me cocky
Just because, I wont let them chop me
They want to whoop my ass, but this ain't Rocky
I'm as hot as an habotchi
Star child comin'
And I promise ya'll I'ma keep it one hun'ed
Ya'll promise me you wont T.R.I.P
Or I'ma have to hit your ass with a 2 piece
Hit you with some rice and two more sides
Don't you know my niggers turn haters in the mash poetatus
I'm the macaroni with the cheese nigger please
when you see me on the red carpet, down on your knees

(Thank God)
Thank God The Gangsta's back (3x)
And we don't gotta put up with this brainless rap
(So thank God)
Thank God The Gangsta's back (3x)
And we don't gotta put up with this brainless rap

I know you hate to see me comin'

(I know, I know)
I know you saved a little something
(I know, I know)
I know your mouth is still runnin'
(I know, I know)
All smiles when I'm comin'