The Product

Ice Cube

I was told, cause I didn't witness the whole act
In and out was the movement of the bozack
It was hot and sweaty and lots of pushin
Then the nut came gushin
And it was hell tryin to bail to the ovary
With nuttin but the Lord lookin over me
I was white with a tail
But when I reached the finish line, young black male!
One cell made two, and two cells made fo'
and so on, so now I'm a embryo
Then I got a hunch
that I'ma be on lockdown, for nine months
Chillin, with my mother to guide me
And nuttin but a stomach to hide me
from all that worry and bullshit
Nine months later, I elbow pull and kick
cause my time is up and I don't care
With one big push, I'm outta there
June 15th, it's just my luck
In 1969, a nigga is the product

"Ghetto ass nigga, you ain't shit,
and you ain't gon' never be shit!"

I learned how to walk and talk and all that
They put me in school, but it don't matter
Cause I'm sittin in history
Learnin bout a sucker, who didn't give a fuck about me
They try to shape us
But I know Uncle Sam is a motherfuckin rapist
So I stopped payin attention
Ice Cube, headed, straight to detention
Fuck that shit, I roam the hallways
I'm sent home and I don't got all A's
A high school dropout
My father had beef so I tried to knock pops out
But I got tossed, he's the boss
I'm out of there and mad cause I lost
Now bein on my own is a factor
So I become, the neighborhood jacker
Gimme your car, run your jewels
Makin a livin robbin fools
And if I let my nine rang out
You know, it'll make your brains hang out
So what's your fate?
Am I the nigga you love, or the one you love to hate?
The wrong answer is said, the nigga fled
I pump lead, now he's in a puddle of red
And if you got a buck, you're shit out of luck
Stuck up by the motherfuckin product

"Uh-uh motherfucker you gots to get a job
if you wanna stay in my motherfuckin house"

"Many young men reject the traditional values
that are important to their parents.
Church, school and family

have been replaced by street, turf, and gang."

Twenty-one now, and paid in full
Feelin bad, from all the shit I pulled
on people back in the day
Plus, I got a little baby on the way
So I'm tryin to go straight
I'm with my baby's momma, out on a date
Til the punk ass cops ran my plate
Now I'm on a bus upstate

"Oh, the young nigga done caught a case!"
"Sittin in the mess hall, sayin my grace" [LL Cool J]

Sent to a concrete hoe-house
Where all the products go, no doubt
Yo momma, I gotta do eleven
Livin in a five by seven
Dear baby, your man's gettin worn out
of seein young boys gettin they assholes torn out
And then he got shanked with a spoon
And he was 'sposed to get out soon
Is it my fault, he was caught in production
Where a young black life means nothin
Just because, I didn't want to learn your grammar
you say I'm better off in the slammer
And it's drivin me batty
Cause my little boy, is missin daddy
I'm ashamed, but the fact is
I wish pops let me off on the mattress
Or should I just hang from the top bunk
But that's goin out like a punk
My life is FUCKED!
But it ain't my fault, cause I'm the motherfuckin product

"He ain't shit"

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!