

True to the Game

Ice Cube

You know who I'm talking to
Yeah, you that motherfucker that betrayed your homeboys and you ain't
shit
Yeah, you about to get your motherfucking ghetto pass revoked,
motherfucker
Punk-ass mark, bitch-made
Punk-ass trick in a basket
You got caught up in the mix...

It's the nigga ya love to hate with a new song
So what really goes on
Nothing but a come-up, but ain't that a bitch
They hate to see a young nigga rich
But I refuse to switch even though
Cause I can't move to the snow
Cause soon as y'all get some dough
Ya wanna put a white bitch on your elbow
Moving out your neighborhood
But I walk through the ghetto and the flavor's good
Little kids jumping on me
But you, you wanna be white and corny
Living way out
"Nigger go home" spray-painted on your house
Trying to be White or a Jew
But ask yourself, who are they to be equal to?
Get the hell out
Stop being an Uncle Tom, you little sell-out
House nigga scum
Give something back to the place where you made it from
Before you end up broke
Fuck around and get your ghetto pass revoked
I ain't saying no names, you know who you are
You little punk, be true to the game

Yeah, you thought we forgot, huh?
Yeah, get a little money and moves out the neighborhood and shit
But you still ain't shit...

When you first start rhyming
It started off slow and then you start climbing
But it wasn't fast enough I guess
So you gave your other style a test
You was hardcore hip-hop
Now look at yourself, boy you done flip-flopped
Giving our music away to the mainstream
Don't you know they ain't down with the team
They just sent they boss over
Put a bug in your ear and now you crossed over
On MTV but they don't care
They'll have a new nigga next year
You out in the cold
No more white fans and no more soul
And you might have a heart attack
When you find out the black folks don't want you back
And you know what's worse?
You was just like the nigga in the first verse
Stop selling out your race

And wipe that stupid-ass smile off your face
Niggas always gotta show they teeth
Now I'm a be brief
Be true to the game

I see you got your fancy cars and shit
But you know what?
You still ain't shit
That's right, I caught you slipping
You know I could've gat you
Yeah, but I didn't even trip...

A message to the oreo cookie
Find a mirror and take a look, G
Do you like what you see?
But you're quick to point the finger at me
You wanna be the big fish, you little guppy
Black man can't be no yuppie
You put on your suit and tie and your big clothes
You don't associate with the Negroes
You wanna be just like Jack
But Jack is calling you a nigga behind your back
So back off genius
I don't need you to correct my broken English
You know that's right
You ain't white
So stop holding your ass tight
Cause you can't pass
So why you keep trying to pass?
With your black ass
Mister Big
But in reality, you're shorter than a midge
You only got yourself to blame
Get a grip, oreo and be true to the game

He continues to live in South Central Los Angeles
And he puts his money into projects that improve the neighborhood...

Be true to the game!