

## Ice Cube

## PeeWee Longway

What you workin' with? That my facecard  
That's your facecard  
Cicero on the beat  
Tie his motherfuckin' facecard  
What you workin' with?

What you workin' with? I'm workin' with my facecard  
Break your damn wrist cookin' up that straight hard  
Yeah, and I'm goin' straight hard, dumb with the K  
Then make bond on my face, 'cause I'm done with the case, beat it  
Twelve-fifty, twelve-fifty, two bands on my shoes  
Shoot a fifty, shoot another fifty, 'til we make the news  
Went full petty in a minute, Asian bitch showed me her boobs  
Wish for opps tellin' game, and they swipin' and start scammin'  
I'm on Xannies in the Lamby, might do the dash and go crash it  
I'm on perkies while I'm workin', I'm booted, got bad habits  
I put blues on the jeweler, got VV's on top of baguettes  
I'm the dapper don with that, I wear Dior, new Air Maxes  
Four-four-forty-eight, we fax 'em  
Thousand we made out the plastic  
She tokin' on dick like it's acid  
I pull up in coupe, Jurassic  
Wings, pterodactyl  
I'm on a bean, pop a capsule  
Rollie freeze, I'm Alaska  
Servin' chicken platter like it's pasta  
I want every dollar like Little Rascal  
My daddy dead and I'm a bastard  
I got a buck fifty, cut you like a Bronx nigga  
Real swamp nigga, pump gon' make you jump, nigga  
Boom, baow, two-step, DJ Unk, nigga, huh?

Yeah, in my black tee I still trump niggas  
I hit licks in my black tee, I'm still a gold-digger  
Take your chain and your Rollie, come up out your shoes, nigga  
Grabbed my chain and my Rollie 'fore I went to school, nigga  
I'm a walkin' ice licker, I wear nothin' but cubes  
All my diamonds bling blaow, look like molly cubes  
Ain't no tuckin' in my chain, I feel like Ice Cube  
Got that 'stendo with my forty, I might make the news

Neighborhood cripplin', all my homies got the blues  
Lockin' Enz' in the pen, chain gang rule  
He just got ten with a ten, everybody food  
I popped a bean once again to match my attitude  
I put them Forgis on that bitch to match my gratitude  
I put a lift kit on my raps to lift my longitude  
I bang a left, I bang a right, get out my latitude  
Margiela steppin' on the radical, I serve you rabbit food  
I watch my plays like Mark Cuban, got my eyes on every move  
I just flooded two new Cubans just to make they eyes move  
I'm a walking brick of dog food, with them bill jacks  
Way I cut the brick in half, call my Longway lumberjack

Yeah, in my black tee I still trump niggas  
I hit licks in my black tee, I'm still a gold-digger  
Take your chain and your Rollie, come up out your shoes, nigga

Grabbed my chain and my Rollie 'fore I went to school, nigga  
I'm a walkin' ice licker, I wear nothin' but cubes  
All my diamonds bling blaow, look like molly cubes  
Ain't no tuckin' in my chain, I feel like Ice Cube  
Got that 'stendo with my forty, I might make the news