

No Vaseline

Ice Cube

[Produced by Sir Jinx]

[Intro]

Damn!

(Forgot to do somethin', let me see...uh)

Oh, yeah—it ain't over, motherfuckers

"The motherfuckin' saga continues"

"Y'all motherfuckers ready for N.W.A? Well get the fuck up!"

"A bitch is a bitch. So if you're poor—"

"It was once said by a man who couldn't quit, dope—"

"Ice Cube writes the rhymes that I say"

But now, since he stepped the fuck off

"Here's what they think about you"

"That punk Ice Cube—"

"Here's what they think about you"

"Cube was suckin' so much New York dick"

"Here's what they think about you"

"Real Niggas? Them niggas Dre and Yella used to wear lipstick and lace"

"Here's what they think about you"

"Why y'all let his punk ass in the group"

"Here's what they think about you"

"When they was in London, they wasn't no good without fuckin' Ice Cube"

"Here's what they think about you"

"When I bought the tape, all I know is I wanted my motherfuckin' money back"

"I smell..."

"Here's what they think about you"

"N.W.A. ain't shit without Ice Cube!"

"Here's what they think about you"

"Cube was suckin' so much New York dick"

"Here's what they think about you"

"Real Niggas? Them niggas Dre and Yella used to wear lipstick and lace"

"Here's what they think about you"

"That punk Ice Cube—"

"Here's what they think about you"

"Why y'all let his punk ass in the group"

"Here's what they think about you"

"All I know is I wanted my motherfuckin' money back"

"Here's what they think about you"

"N.W.A. ain't shit without Ice Cube!"

Fuck all y'all!

[Verse 1]

Goddamn, I'm glad y'all set it off
Used to be hard, now you're just wet and soft
First you was down with the AK
And now I see you on a video with Michel'le
Looking like straight Bozos
I saw it coming, that's why I went solo
And kept on stompin'
While y'all mothafuckers moved straight outta Compton
Living with the whites
One big house and not another nigga in sight
I started off with too much cargo
Dropped four niggas now I'm making all the dough
White man just ruling
The Niggas With Attitudes? Who ya foolin'?
Y'all niggas just phony
I put that on my Mama and my dead homies
Yella Boy's on your team, so you're losing
Ay yo Dre, stick to producing
Calling me Arnold, but you been-a-dick
Eazy-E saw your ass and went in it quick
You got jealous when I got my own company
But I'm a man, and ain't nobody humping me
Trying to sound like Amerikkka's Most?
You could yell all day, but you don't come close
'Cause you know I'm the one that flowed
Ya done run 100 miles, but you still got one to go
With the L-E-N-C-H M-O-B
And y'all disgrace the C-P-T
'Cause you're getting fucked out your green
By a white boy, with no vaseline

[Hook]

Now you're getting done without vaseline
Now you're getting done without vaseline
Now you're getting done without vaseline
Damn, it feels good to see people, on it

[Verse 2]

The bigger the cap, the bigger the peeling
Who gives a fuck about a punk-ass villain?
You're getting fucked real quick
And Eazy's dick is smelling like MC Ren's shit
Tried to tell you a year ago
But Willie D told me to let a ho be a ho, so
I couldn't stop you from getting ganked
Now let's play big-bank-take-little-bank

Tried to diss Ice Cube, it wasn't worth it
'Cause the broomstick fit your ass so perfect
Cut my hair? Naw, cut them balls
'Cause I heard you like giving up the drawers
Gang-banged by your manager, fella
Getting money out your ass like a mothafucking Ready Teller
Giving up the dollar bills
Now they got The Villain with a purse and high-heels
So don't believe what Ren say
'Cause he's going out like Kunta Kinte
But I got a whip for ya, Toby
Used to be my homie, now you act like you don't know me
It's a case of divide-and-conquer
'Cause you let a Jew break up my crew
House nigga gotta run and hide
Yelling Compton, but you moved to Riverside
So don't front, MC Ren
'Cause I remember when you drove a B-210
Broke as a mothafucking joke
Let you on the scene to back up the First Team
It ain't my fault, one nigga got smart
And they ripping your asshole apart
By taking your green
Oh yeah, The Villain does get fucked with no vaseline

[Hook]

Now you're getting done, get-getting done
Now you're getting done, get-getting done
Now you're getting done without va-va-va-va-vaseline

[Verse 3]

I never have dinner with the President
I never have dinner with the President
I never have dinner with the President
And when I see your ass again, I'll be hesitant
Now I think you a snitch
Throw a house nigga in a ditch
Half-pint bitch, fucking your homeboys, you little maggot
Eazy-E turned faggot
With your manager, fella
Fucking MC Ren, Dr. Dre, and Yella
But if they were smart as me
Eazy-E a'be hanging from a tree
With no vaseline
Just a match and a little bit of gasoline
Light 'em up, burn 'em up, flame on
Till that Jheri curl is gone
On a permanent vacation
Off the massa plantation

Heard you both got the same bank account
Dumb nigga, what you thinking bout?!
Get rid of that Devil real simple
Put a bullet in his temple
'Cause you can't be the Nigga 4 Life crew
With a white jew telling you what to do
Pulling wools with your scams
Now I gotta play the Silence of the Lambs
With a midget who's a punk, too
Tryin' to fuck me, but I'd rather fuck you
Eric Wright, punk, always into something
Gettin' fucked at night
By Mista Shitpacker
Bend over for the goddamn cracker
No vaseline
Mothafuckin' nosejob having ass
Mothafucking Jheri Curl lite
Ambi wearing mothafuckin' bitch

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>