

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

She Couldn't Make It on Her Own

Par Ice Cube

Album : I Am the West

She had to get a pimp, she couldn't make it on her own

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California Air, chain all blue, like it's runnin' out of air

I keep a bad bitch wit' a fat derriere

And you know that hoe fresher than a new pair

Retro elevens on the pedal, I'm taking this to the next level

Competition best invest up in shovel

And if you niggas still wanna make a deal with the devil

I can help you meet him, introduce you to my barrel (to my barrel)

All you artists walkin' 'round wit'cha wack raps (wack raps)

And getting fucked by the game, Kat Stacks (Kat Stacks)

And any nigga thinkin' he can make it happen

I'll be outside of Staples with the bitches and the Phantom

Mothafucka!

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Pull up on them bitches, steppin' out on thirty inches

In my L.A. Dodger fitted with some Louie V stitching

Niggas wanna catch me slippin', yeah they prayin' and they wishin'

Cause a nigga clockin' dough, and I'm fuckin' all they bitches

(Yo you fuckin' all they bitches?) Yeah I'm fuckin' all they bitches

And it's money over bitches and I'm preachin' my religion

Cause this game that I'm living 'bout as cold as my wrist is

If you know my pops then you know I'm 'bout the business

Smoke big trees, Christmas

Chain super sick, syphilis

My flow retarded nigga, gifted

This game's a bitch, watch me pimp it

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If you don't kick it wit' me, who you gon' kick it with?

Ice Cube is the shit, who you been speakin' with?

They been lying to you if they told you different

I got a different cool type of temperament

West Coast style baby on some California shit

They mighta told you that, I was hard on a bitch

You know how it go, some bitches think they slick

Look at me and think they 'bout to get rich

Uh-oh, danger

You are, a stranger

Who am I, I am The Lone Ranger

Tonto tell 'em, I'll run yo' fucking ass through the ringer

It goes

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What about me

What about me

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