

Go to Church (feat. Snoop Dogg & Lil Jon)

Ice Cube

Yo if you're fucked up, put your cups up
Ice Cube and Snoop Dogg, nigga what's up
See he's a gangster, I'm a hustler
Yo it's either thank ya, or it's fuck ya I'm down with Lil' Jon ain't got to pretend (Yeah)
"Crunk Juice", nigga, run the club that you in (Hey)
You scary muthafuckers don't wanna bring the ruckus (Nah)
You just spend all your time in the club tryin' to duck us (What?) And if you walk by nigga,
I'ma knock fire nigga
From your ass, you can come try nigga (Hey)
In the hood, all the way down South (Yeah)
I ain't Mike Jones, keep my name out'cha mouth bitch (Mike Jones)
We can get it crackin' if it get to clickin' clackin'
Look at Mr. Jackson, nigga, with no reaction
If you scared, go to church, we gon' hit you where it hurts
That don't work, we'll put you in the dirt
'Cause a whole lot of rappers make a whole lot of noise (Hey)
Lyrics full of steroids, niggas paranoid (Hey)
And when you get that blowup, it make you throw up
When you realize your favorite rapper ain't got no nuts If you a scared motherfucker go to
church (Go to church)
If you a gutter motherfucker do your dirt (A do your dirt)
If you a down motherfucker put in work (A put in work)
If you a crazy motherfucker go berzerk (A go berserk)
If you a scared motherfucker go to church (Go to church)
If you a gutter motherfucker do your dirt (A do your dirt)
If you a down motherfucker put in work (A put in work)
If you a crazy motherfucker go berzerk (A go berserk)
Click clackin', pistol-packin', Crip raggin' folio
Who the only nigga in the club with the toolio
You ain't know? Yeah you did; there it was, there it is
"Is that Coolio?" Naw bitch, let me in
Jibba-jabba snatcher get at ya, spit at actors and rappers
Hang out with kidnappers and jackers
Make money off crackers; can you imagine how I keep shit crackin'?
It's the big boss Dogg, I'm back in action and smashin'
I flash with the bling I surpass the supreme You don't really wanna have a clash with my team
I mix hash with the green I'm the, last of the kings
If I got a bitch with me, she got ass in them jeans
Rollin' through yo' neighborhood, my Cadillac so clean
Servin' all you suckers 'cause you all dope fiends
Just like that dopeman, nigga what's up?
You run up with that bullshit, I'll fuck yo' ass up

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You scared, you scared You scared motherfucker, you scared
You scared, you scared, you scared, you scared
You scared motherfucker, you scared, you scared
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You scared, you scared, you scared, you scared You scared motherfucker, you scared, you
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It goes one for the money (Hey) two for the show (Yeah) If you a scared motherfucker go to
church (Go to church)
If you a gutter motherfucker do your dirt (A do your dirt)
If you a down motherfucker put in work (A put in work)
IF you a crazy motherfucker go berzerk (A go berserk)
It goes one for the money (Hey) two for the show (Yeah)
Three for the pussy, four for the glow (Hey)
Five for the rookies, six for the pros (Nah)
Seven for the numbers of them fuckin' zeroes (What?)
Eight for haters, Nine for the cause
Ten for my niggas, behind big bars (Hey)
Fuck these devils, and they laws (Yeah)
Never question the size of Ice Cube's balls.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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