

# No Vaseline

## Ice Cube

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?  
Lookin' like straight bozos...  
I saw it comin', that's why I went solo  
And kept on stompin'  
While y'all muthaphukkaz moved "Straight Outta Compton"  
Livin' with the whitez...  
One big house, and not another nigga insight  
I started off with too much cargo  
Dropped four niggaz, now I'm makin' all the dough  
White man just rulin'  
The "Niggaz With Attitude"? Who ya foolin'?  
Y'all niggaz just phony  
I put that on my mama and my "Dead Homiez"  
"Yella Boy's" on your team, so you're losin'  
Aiyo Dre, stick to producin'...  
Callin' me Arnold, but you Benedict  
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 helpin' me  
Tryin' 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 flow  
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 to C-P-T!  
'Cause you're gettin' fucked out your green  
By a white boy, with no Vaseline... "Now you're gettin' done without Vaseline..."  
"Now you're gettin' done without Vaseline..."  
"Now you're gettin' done without Vaseline..."  
"Damn, it feels good to see people... on it" The bigger the cap, the bigger the peelin'  
Who gives a fuck about a punk-ass Villain?  
You're gettin' fucked real quick  
And Eazy's dick is smellin' 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 gettin' 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 and I'll cut them balls  
'Cause I heard you're, like, givin' up the drawers

Gang-banged by your manager, fella  
Gettin' money out your ass, like a muthaphukkin' Ready Teller  
Givin' 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 goin' 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!  
Yellin' "Compton!", but you moved to Riverside  
So don't front, MC Ren  
Cause I remember when you drove a B210  
Broke as a motherfuckin' joke  
They let you on the scene on back up the Team  
It ain't my fault one nigga got smart  
And they rippin' your asshole apart  
By takin' your green, oh yeah  
The Villain does get fucked with no vaseline!  
I never have dinner with the President!  
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I never have dinner with the President!  
And when I see your ass again, I'll be blasting it  
Now I think you a snitch  
Throw a house nigga in a ditch  
Half-pint bitch, fuckin' your homeboys  
You little maggot, Eazy-E turned faggot!  
With your manager, fella...  
Fuckin' MC Ren, Dr. Dre, and Yella!  
But if they were smart as me...  
Eazy-E would be hangin' 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 thinkin' bout?!  
Get rid of that Devil real simple...  
Put a bullet in his temple!  
'Cause you can't be the "Niggaz4Life" crew  
With a white Jew tellin' you what to do  
Pullin' 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...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>