

# Down for Whatever

## Ice Cube

Damn  
I'm broke  
My feet hurt  
(inside the mind of a car jacker)  
And that bitch is slippin  
It makes me wanna... creep  
It makes me wanna... creep  
(I got somethin' for your mind, your body, and your soul)  
(I got somethin' for your mind, your body, and your soul)  
one  
Damn, I'm such a G it's pathetic  
Here comes the big-headed  
nigga that's dippin, sippin on Courvoisier  
Goddamn I must hav'ta floss today  
Now pimpin ain't easy but it's necessary  
So I'm chasin' bitches like Tom chased Jerry  
I'll put the pedal to the flo'  
In my two-tone Ford Explorer  
You know how it's done:  
Sounds bumpin' ain't that somethin'  
Jumped on the 110 she's flyin' in the blazer  
Like, "Go speed racer", but I ain't gonna chase her  
Like racer X, but I don't flex  
'Til it's time to have sex  
So when you wanna get togetha?  
'Cause you know a nigga like me is down for whatever  
And I'm down for whatever  
twoWhen I was little, I didn't wanna be like Mike  
I wanted to be like Ike  
'Cause Papa was a rolling stone in the Sixties  
And he liked green just like Bill Bixby  
Told me that my best friend was a ten and a twenty  
Pockets never skinny  
Played "let's get it on" in the living room  
And when he gets drunk better give him room.  
'Cause he'll turn the party out sayin "This is my motherfuckin' house"  
And y'all gots to go through the door  
And if you can't find the door, he'll help you with the 44  
Talkin' much shit on the grass and straight down to blast  
I'm still in my p.j.'s  
He's in a turtleneck sweater  
And we down for whateverAnd I'm down

Solid pro is down for whatever  
The Don Jaguar is down for whatever  
And it don't seem to stop three Now, I don't talk a lot of shit  
But when it's time to get busy with these hos let's go  
Cause I'd rather see a skinhead dead  
Than my niggas wearin' blue or red  
'Cause I got the gift to hit these hos swift  
And I'm smellin like a fifth of somethin'  
Yeah that's right, I'm standin' in the store  
Koreans act so nice, 'Cause I got potentials to blow up a Winchell's  
Donut and you know what?  
I'm cool like that like Digable Planets  
But don't take a nigga for granted  
'Cause, whether it's a verdict of the L.A. four  
You just don't know  
that this rappin'-ass nigga will change with the weather  
And be down for whatever And I'm down  
Creep.  
And I'm down for whatever Ice cube - devoid of pop  
And I will never dance for you trick-ass niggas It makes me wanna.creep.  
It makes me wanna.creep.

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