

George Harrison

"409"

Visit "[409](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It's time to start the party if ya'll don't mind
Me and "E" clean our Adidas with 409
He rocks the highs,I dog the bass
Ya wanna hear us rock?
Here's a taste!!!

Every day I make a sandwich with ham and cheese
Use miracle whip,I don't like mayonnaise
I eat a can of beans,good for my heart
About 1 a.m.,I always.....
Far from me to bite anothers rhyme
They're just too easy to write
I do'em two at a time
Like doggin' the wax and ya don't quit
And if you didn't like that then suck my....
Dictations how I write my raps
Cold maxin' with two freaks upon my lap
Chillin' on the phone,bookin' more def shows
An' if the freaks get illy I smack the....
Whole days of my life are spent inside my bed
Just maxin' an' relaxin' like I'm at club med
Ya say you like this record,you think it's fun?
Party people get stupid we just begun!!!

(break)

You're get,get,gettin' real stupid
As the beat hits your body get ill!!!
You ain't dumb you paid dollars to party go off!!
The girl you're dancin' with has got great hips bug out!!
Go on homeboy and grab her.....
Tape recorder turn up the bass
No time to waste just dog the place
R-R-R-Rocket like a missile in space
Evil E keeps his 1200s in an anvil case
We fly T.W.A.,Pan Am,P.S.A
To places close to home,far away
L.A.,New York,Detroit,Miami
If I see a girl and like her then I let her see my....
Jam rockin's how I got my fame,Ice capital T
Evil E's his name

If you can't see who's rockin' you must be blind
You better clean your gazelles with some 409!!!

Go Ice get busy (x2)
Go Evil Get busy (X2)

Turn up your stereo, equalize treble
Bass be kickin' stupid hard as metal
On the mic tonight that's right your rhyme opponent
M.C. Ice T just microphonin'
33 and 1/3 revolutions per minute
This record is def because my heart is in it
Vocals laid by the Ice, tempos tight and precise
Special effects will be created by an editor's splice
The funk is in it, ya dig it so stop that frontin'
Bust a move to my groove work your body do somethin'
No way in the world that you can deny my method
As my record rotates, my words get more impressive
I'm an M.C., Evil's my Dj on Sire Records not M.C.A.
C.B.S., Capitol, cause they move too slow
Now Sire/Warner Bros. clocks all the dough
As the record revolves money's gettin' made
A.S.C.A.P. pays me every time it's played
I chill in def leathers pure silks and suede
And the gold around my neck will never fade
Down with my Syndicate organized rhyme
Kickin' def tempos that I design
And if you can't hear'em that's such a crime
You better wash your dirty ears with some 409

I always rhyme elite, stay on beat
Travel in a posse when I walk the street
Loved to say my rhymes when I used to max
Now I don't speak much, I save my words for wax
I just wanna make a little point in this song
With a little nonsense we can all get along and on and
on
Till the break'a break of dawn
This jam will never play out because the grooves too
strong
Guys grab a girl, girls grab a guy
If a guy wants a girl, please take it outside
I wanna make ya enjoy yourself
On the mic tonight Ice T!! Who else?
Evil's on the cuts, Henry Gee's shot gun
Islam's my producer, Bambattas son
Bronx Style Bob's cold watchin' my back
Melle Mel's just layin' for some punks to act wack
Grandmaster Caz and Donald D, Scott La Rock
Red Alert, Chuck Chill Out
If you're down with my crew you will be fine

But if you ill we'll get dirty-bring your 409!!

(BREAK)

409.....

Visit [George Harrison](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.