

George Harrison

"Hit the Deck"

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"I'm the minstrel man, the cleaning man,
the pole man, the shoeshine man
I'm a nigger man, watch me dance" {unknown movie}

[Ice-T]

I put the lyrics on the paper with the pen
Evil E makes the records spin
Islam drops the beats that you rock to
Thought that I would never get you? Got you
Doggin the floor like you know you never done before
How could a brother be so hardcore
and still keep you on the floor like a maniac
That's your question? Well I'ma answer that
I'm on the mic tonight I'm here to do it right
Ice, the capital T, airtight
Coolest of the cool, a mack on a mission
Step to me fool - you're missin
minus, gone, pow, you're outta here
This ain't no game to me, this is my career
Throw me a mic, plug it in, "Bet!"
I won't be happy til the dancefloor's wet
I ain't no rookie, I'm a microphone vet
Evil E's on the set, hit the deck!

{*scratching "be easy on the cut" (3X)
and "no mistakes allowed" -> Rakim*}

[Ice-T]

E-M-C-E-E, I-C-E-T, A-N-D, DJ Evil E
Doggin the deck like it's never been done before
You had enough? "MORE!"
Here we go, I'm about to blow up
Don't you dare bite my rhymes, I'll make you throw up
Poison soaked in an acid bath
Swallow homeboy, your throat'll need a skin graft
Toss it up, while the DJ known as Evil cuts
You wanna know what's happenin - "WHAT?"
The beat become my soul, I'm goin out of control
Look in my face as my eyeballs roll
back in my head and the mic glows red
Step in my face and you'll wind up dead

{*SLAP*} Yo, thanks, I needed that
I was possessed by this treacherous track
Watch out "WORD" this ain't no joke
A sucker tried to flex and his arm got broke
Don't make a move that you'll regret
Evil E's on the set, hit the deck!

{*scratched "kick it" (4X)*}

[Ice-T]
You start to think and wonder bout how it's done
"An emcee? Maybe I could be one"
Drop the thought, get a job, change your mind
To be a dope MC takes time
Eight years of mine, no time for draggin
You wanna be an MC? "Get off the bandwagon!"
But if it's in your heart, get a pen
Don't stop writin til the inkflow ends
Work and work and don't halfstep
Dog the mic every chance you get
Motivation must be kept
Stay down and build your rep
Yo so let me demonstrate, rappin as a fine art
And when I'm finished, you can take this rap apart
Analyze my elements and tactics
First I'm over there, and then I'm back to this
I jumble topics, you won't know where I'll go
Back in your face with a cold but steady flow
You feel the power of the Ice in the first row
You already know what to say, "HOOOOOOOOO!!!"
On the mic is a stone cold vet
Evil E's on the set, hit the deck

{*Evil E scratches for a long time*}

[Ice-T]
I'm in my mode, called the fourth episode
or the last verse, if you wanna decode
So I gotta raise the heat, hype up the beat
Switch the mic from airtight to elite
Pounce upon the deck, it ain't wet yet
Let me see how hot you can get
Then I'll turn up the amps, blow out the lights
You're in darkness, then the mic ignites
Glowin like it did before, but even more
The room is lit, the raps are hardcore
Evil cuts the records like a psycho with a switchblade
You see a blur -- that's the crossfade
Loud and proud, words bombard the crowd
Look up in the air -- you see a mushroom cloud
I kick flavor to a musical track

too fast to catch, too complex to match
I'm gettin hyped as hype can get
Evil E's on the set! Hit the deck

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