## George Harrison "Watch the Ice Break"

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It's goin down
From the Ammo Dump
I got my nigga SLJ and DJ Aladdin
Droppin the fat tracks
Hit em with it
Syndicate's in the muthafuckin house
All duck MC's get flat, muthfuckas
Yeah

## 1993

And it's still me
A rappin brother from L.A., the cool T
Diss a brother, hate a brother, I still come back
With the fat tracks, fuck the pop crap
I got a mind to cold diss a fool
Wack rappers sellin out urge me to pull tools
For no reason
Pop suckers hookin for hits like hoes skeezin

Prostitutes that can't shoot, yet you clock loot
Dancesteps with the weak styles, but you look cute
Bitch, that shit's wack

Let Hammer dance, and you other fools ease back The microphone in some twist in a clenched fist Mind locked on ???? load of my hit list

And make duck rappers pray

Many talk shit, but none step this way

Cause I'm quick to beat down a weak clown

Clock crazy juice from L.A. to the Boogie Down

I play the whole map

Got hoes locked like a muthafuckin bear trap

Ice muthafuckin T

Before hoes gee they need two forms of I.D. Never fess, not the best, but I'm hard to shake Huh, watch the Ice break

Watch the Ice break

Yo, let's see now who's tryin to diss me Say I sold out cause I rocked with the B.C. Y'all are bitches, you're straight wack Quick to talk shit, but always behind the back

I rock a perm, you rock an afro I wear khakis, while y'all wear silk Y'all drink forties, and I drink milk Cause that's my muthafuckin biz I never sell out, cause it's no sale, kid Hardcore to my heart from the fuckin start Whether done over beats or loud guitars I drop the dope hits Case you forgot, I invented this gangsta shit You wanna step to me? New jack, walk Come back in five LP's, then we can talk You're just new, kid, you got a hit out In interviews you talk a lotta shit out You got paid, you really made out You went broke when your one jam played out Now you're searchin for that one more hit Shhhiiit I ain't new to this, I got gangs of gold I come original, then I break the mold Too many MC's hit, then fold They're just fakes Hah, watch the Ice break

I do whatever I wanna do, punk hoe

## Watch the Ice break

Yeah
Syndicate jumpin off 1993
On some old fly smooth shit
All the muthfuckas out there down with us
You know what I'm sayin?
We're rollin strong
All the busters out there that got some static to say
We're settin this shit off physically this year
Like KRS-One says:
Sucker MC's duck down
Muthafuckas ain't takin no shit
I'm swingin on busters, point-blank
Diss me and it's on
Straight up

Now it's the break of dawn

And the mic is still on

All hoes are fuckin and the rhymes are damn strong

Many MC's that choke from the mic smoke

Those who tried to get with me

Lost in rhyme infinity

Or they lost breath

Try to step to the Ice equals sure death

Cause ??it's then I begin?? than you ever assume

Drop the mic, go rap in your living room

I love the quick kill Swing on a nigga sometimes just to break ill Knuckle up, buster, fool, in his fuckin eye All hands, I need no gun, yo punk, why? Cause if I pull my gun, you die No second try I gotta cool out now, so I don't over-freeze Nut up and start murderin MC's Start catchin bodies from state to state Throw on a ski mask and walk the streets late And do me up a whole damn crew The Geto Boys was trippin, but my mind's trickin me too Cause diss me, and I meet you one day And bet your life it won't be a fun day I hope, nigga, it's not your fate That you're around when the Ice breaks

When the Ice breaks

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