

Ice Mc

"Laying the Blame"

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[Verse One - Suffa]

I gave birth to half these styles, you should pay me
rhyme support
Like Billy Jean suing Michael Jackson for child support
Rhyme is thought, what is it? Lethal, Damn you'll get
hurt
Cos I XL like the tag on my shirt
I'll have these rappers easing back, rhyme with a
swagger
Feed your girl aphrodisiacs and hide your viagra
If pain was diabetes, rhyme would be my insulin
I'm taking out the insolent in an instant when
They bring the rhyme I'll battle if you wanna tussle
A single line can turn that fatty matter into muscle
You stagnate, while my rhymes circulate like rumours
Your living proof that god has a sense of humour
I'm butter made from the cream that came from the
crop
I'll move the mountain to Mohammed scream my name
from the top
And proclaim what I got, boy, so give me headroom
These clubs are full of more toys than spoilt kids
bedrooms
When I'm on stage I might lose my breath
Cos I got so much heart that there's no room in my
chest
Left for lungs, yes the bests yet
To come, my rhymes like a hand around your neck
Constricting your breathing like snakebites and
beestings
I'm all up in these arseholes faces like G-Strings
I searched the world for opposition but I fear the
Only competition I found was in a mirror

[Verse Two - Pressure]

When Pressure steps to the batters plate you salivate,
known to captivate
I have to break new barriers like when a chaste nun
masturbates
If one more critic asks me what I do, I'll slap them mate
And tell them I'm a rapper as I strap her up in gaffer

tape
Loudmouths make me wanna flip
MCs only dream they got a grip, and wake up with their
hand on their dick
Honest, if they ride the nuts I tell the get off me
Cos I'm unstable like a cradle bridge, so don't cross me
I'm highly explosive you're a child playing with matches
I break rappers you give hairline fractures
These actors keep it real? You're really wak it's fact
You spit one-liners while I spit the finest chapters
Perhaps it's time to retire the mic
Like the Bulls should have done son, cos no-one wants
to be like
That anymore, cos nowadays you're taken on a fantasy
tour
Of coke, guns and gold when they're actually poor
Factually flawed, yet entertaining
I guess it how far we're willing to go to satisfy a craving
Make them swallow their tongues like epileptics
Then I'll respect it, I come clean as if my lube was
antiseptic
So blow me, you still couldn't rhyme fresh
I'm on a higher level of divineness, so call me your
highness
There's only three things that are certain in life
Death, taxes and Hilltop Hoods working the mic

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