

## Ice-T "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 [Ice-T](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

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