

Ice-T

"Code Of The Streets"

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[Intro: Ice-T Talking]

Yeah, IceBerg nigga, 2006, SMG bitch
Niggaz out here got nerve to tell me keep it real
Faggot ass motherfuckers have no motherfucking..
reference point to real
Thorough niggaz know, there's rules to this shit

[Chorus: Ice-T]

Original gangster, I respect the laws
Of the crimes lords and the gangster wars
My only religion, is the code of the streets
We never use cops, we just handle our beef
The penalty precision is an instant death
Never disrespect or betray your set
Love and loyalty is the ultimate goal
To the Code of the Streets, I hear my pledge in my soul

[Verse 1: Ice-T]

When I was nineteen, I learned the game unpolitely
Niggaz threw me on the back of the 'llac, told me to
shut up
Put me in the crack spot, made me chop rocks
Put me on the streets, taught me how to lock blocks
Told me never snitch, never trust man or bitch
Rock revolvers, never trust gats with clips
Speak in low tones, even when you think you're alone
Cause phones will get you sent upstate, cause feds
rotate
And all that close talking, talk about birds and cake
They talk it better than you, so advice your crew
And any body new, watch him with profiles
Cause the D-E-A is crafty and those sending spies

[Chorus: Ice-T]

[Verse 2: Ice-T]

Feds get gangster, hard niggaz tell
Bitches get jealous and they send you to hell
Your best friend is a rat, I can tell by the smell
You'll get cracked for the gat, they can tell by the shell
Truth is, most of these bitches, is harder than men

Fact is, most of these gangsters, turn gay in the pen
And if I let you rob me once, you'll probably rob me
again
That's why some niggaz lives must end
They tell, you keep your friends closer, I keep them
closer than most
My enemies can do whatever, I'ma pose with a toss
Live your life low and simply you should be like a ghost
When you get a legal paper, it ain't too smart to boast,
nigga

[Chorus: Ice-T]

[Verse 3: Ice-T]

Yeah, niggaz out there talking about how real it is
Niggaz got this shit twisted
Niggaz is snitching like motherfucking bitches
Niggaz got this shit all fucked up
Nowadays, you niggaz analyzing the shot not the
shooter
Got a gold simi, choose the glock not the rooga
Don't leave your conversations on your Goddamn
computer
Listen to me close, it might extend your life
Don't trust all your homies, some of them'll bend your
wife
Cause there's two games, one that respects the laws
And one that's straight scandalous and listed across
If you're fucking with the second one, you'll end for a
loss
They play another game, blast, kill, collect the cash
No running when they're gunning and they don't wear
masks
The middle niggaz mobbing, just trying to eat
They don't give a fuck about the code of the streets
(COME ON!!)

[Chorus: Ice-T until fade]

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