

Ice-T "Funky Gripsta"

Visit "[Funky Gripsta](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Intro: Ice-T)

Yeah, Ice-T nigga, Seventh Deadly Sin
It's all about that hardcore mind
Got my nigga Radzay, my nigga Bazaro, my girl
Gripsta in the house
We gonna do it for all the hardcore niggas out there
like this...

(Radzay)

A hard hit makes a soft ass, that's what they told me
huh!
I'm totally gone, I'm in another zone nigga put me on
this
We layin' stick, my lyrics is heat
Havin' visions of ritual mirrors inside my sleep - nigga
peep
I remember watchin' the news, dead people in jimmy
bag
I got a Nine nigga get me mad
And watch me throw up razorblades and get to trippin'
I'm cats and cripin', lickin' is civil like Jack the Ripper
I'm on a mission drippin'-a-fog
An when it sees a million motherfuckers deceased
Some of police are brutal hog, I'm actor-baitin'
No hesitation to slice a motherfucker in thirty places
Fuck a case - ain't leavin' traces here to Redder-Dip
I'm aimin' a - automatic find a bitch I'm hangin' up
Protainin' up, boss strangler, better save my mother
Flat packs will end as brothers - the bloody covers
Bloody gloves like Yo-J, AK's my brainwaves
I'll strung a nigga all day to my dear play you won't be
comin' back
I put that on my dear pops when I blast a fierce drop
My bloody mask revealin' Jason it's non-stop
The cemetary is what you facin'
My steel shot is smokin' like chainsaws, brains call
Recommend that you get your homies and watch your
motherfuckin' game fall

(Chorus)

I only like my shit hardcore
(Radzay, South Central L.A. nigga)

I only like my shit hardcore
I only like my shit hardcore
I only like my shit hardcore

(Ice-T)

Prepare for the night that you never wanted
These streets is taunted, blacked out impala with the
big rims on it
Hit'cha corner with the lights out, bitch it's on
Duck down wit'cha kids, you know what you did
Motherfuck what your niggas say, watch for the
ricochet
It's gonna be hard to hear much, once my trigger spray
That's neither here nor there, just beware
Cause when I bust off my gat flings like a roll flair
You now listenin' to - the most hated and most loved at
the same time 'cause
Ice nigga what the fuck you wanna do about a T
Most'cha bitch niggas can't fuck with me
Cause your chin-chalked talk I can see through
Like you're rollin' in a phat V-12
Bullshit - pull quick and have your shit cocked or
dropped
Keep a spare clip cause sometimes the shots don't stop
It's motherfuckin' game to rap about, shits' for real
Double action, ain't gotta cock back no more
Got you bitch-ass niggas sweatin' like Taibo
Rather lookin', in my face, I'm just checkin' my flow
So, I advise you to keep it in the studio
Your attitude, you don't wanna meet me dude
My crews' like a fuckin' wild bunch of escaped beasts
Like scientists, cross cells of apes and G's
All the war - get you battle gear, black fatigues
You talk shit, your crews' catch a casualty, uh!

(Chorus)

I only like my shit hardcore
(Ice-T nigga, what?)
I only like my shit hardcore
I only like my shit hardcore
I only like my shit hardcore

(Bazaro)

Aiyyo my style be official, I bust like a pistol
Criminal - the issue, mad shit the nigga been through
Peep now, system, handcuffs nigga listen
Word up, robbin' white boys to buy blunts
The representative - GorTek Assassin thought to be a
stallion
Yo I be splashin' Street Wars
The hardcore Ambassador in a black four door Akaror,

I attach yours
The Marquise piece, gold teeth and medallion
Heads I be sappin' like the grams I be baggin'
Fightin' women, cut throat and tree smokin'
Violatin', infiltratin', blunt bakin'
Block regulatin', the cake, bake, a brick flippin'
Green expedition thicker to body stickin'
Bazaro, yo I got the hardcore flow
I drop to put a rock from the Bronx y'all know

(Chorus)

I only like my shit hardcore
(Bazaro, Boogie down Bronx baby)
I only like my shit hardcore

(Grip)

On the mic, Grip be flexin'
Who's next to wreck when I mic check, mic check
I'm checkin' any verbal an' steppin'
What the fuck nigga duck you ain't fuckin' with this
Get touched cause I lust to bust when I clutch
With the quickness, killin' lyricist when I spit this
Who's next on my hitlist when I rip this
Lyrically I'm material, the Rap War General
Droppin' hoes quicker than a syllable, yeah you killable
Your style, unfillable, wishin' my shit was stillable
I eel for the fuck of it, queen you know I'm lovin' it
Dick, never suckin' it unless I see a buck in it
You need the whip, cluck it kid, I'm furious
Leavin' your crew delirious so you don't take it serious
I'm guessin' you was serious about the West, none test
I got the rep for my niggas on the shaw
Got the ball, fuck the law and yep I wet 'em out
As I proceed to spread 'em out and dead 'em out
Spray 'em out, lay 'em out
Ain't no surprise, come see me with four eyes
Young Grip I'm a prize, prepare for you demise
Recognize I put a hole in the local aforenor
Nigga this is Coroner

(Ice-T)

Gripsta, Oakland, California

I only like my shit hardcore...

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