

# Ice-T "G Style"

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*[Intro:]*

Yeah! Right about now motherfuckers is layin for a  
nigga like me Ice-T  
to bust some freestyle shit... but I don't do that  
I just cold lounge up here at the Ammo Dump  
with my nigga Alladdin, SLJ, LP and my nigga Henry G  
Yeah, we do the shit like this

*[Verse One:]*

The card after the ace is deuce  
So cut the nigga loose on the 3  
That's me  
The motherfuckin T  
I got ride on my surfboard  
Rhyme hard  
But only buy the shit that I can't afford  
That's everything  
That's why I truck big fat rings  
Cause in the motherland gold is for kings  
I got backup  
To jack up  
Punks who try to act up  
Do a world tour  
Watch the big bank stack up  
Motherfuckers get dropped with the quickness  
I got an ill left and a right fist  
Make mistakes and you'll lose  
Or you might die  
Cause I'm the wrong Ice for your bruise  
And that's no lie  
Meanwhile the penile is stacked to the top with my  
niggaz  
Mostly for squeezin triggas  
I call em homies  
Pigs call em crooks  
So I write and put bucks on they books  
I give a fuck about a cop or a G-man  
They all talk shit  
Their breath smellin like semen  
I catch em in the alley all alone

Put em in the prone  
Pop! Pop! Pop! To the dome

*[Chorus:]*

It's the G-style  
Gangsta style

*[Verse 2:]*

G Style, The gangsta talk  
I got a teflon .9  
And it eats vest  
I take a motherfucker out quick  
Just for talkin shit  
Ride Rolls  
Catch hoes like a mitt  
LA, Atlanta, New York  
Yo, my shit rocks  
Chi-town, Miami, Detroit  
I get much props  
Because I roll with the hardcore G  
Every street's the same street to me  
I don't bullshit  
I don't quit  
Writin a rhyme fit  
KKK pray each day  
That I get hit  
Motherfuckers try to flip on the Icepick  
Move and slip  
Close the eyes and catch a fuckin clip  
Not in the ghetto no more  
But I do hang  
Got a black game  
And it's sittin on them thangs  
I kick the game from the street

Not the slamma  
Tighten up my knockas with a big lead hammer

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse Three:]*

Some of the times  
I write my raps with extreme speed  
Some of the times  
I take the pen and make pads bleed  
My mind clicks to Homocide  
Bullets fly  
Ladies cry

A lot of people die  
Some nights I can't right  
Stare at the blue lines  
I think I'm a go blind  
Then the beat becomes me  
Sit in the dark  
And write a whole fuckin LP  
G Style, the gangsta talk  
Never near soft  
Hard as a knockout bout  
It's no sellout  
I keep crime in my rhyme  
Cause it's my thing  
Packed with guns  
And drugs  
And lots of street slang  
A-B-C-D-E-F, and LAPD  
Words from a motherfuckin OG  
Ammo Dump pumps the sounds that you bump in your  
trunk  
So turn it up punk  
What'cha afraid of?  
What'cha made of?  
Pull the pin  
Set the grenade off  
Blastin sounds out ya jeep  
On every city street, nigga  
Straight gangsta beat

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse Four:]*

Many like to dress the style, and act hardcore  
Many motherfuckers are and they crack jaws  
I like to lay in the cut  
In a nightclub  
Don't smoke bud  
Drink suds  
But I gets loved, mack, cool  
I scope the freak with the mad backs  
Hit her with the gangsta style  
Cool, relaxed, bam  
Put her in the Benz  
Bump Too \$hort, let her know  
Right off the top, what's my sport  
You think long  
You think wrong  
You got it goin on, baby doll?  
But I won't sing you no love song  
You either love me

Or you don't  
You're either rollin tonight  
Or you won't  
She likes the style  
Cause it don't bullshit around  
Tounge in my ear, real slow  
And then it went down  
I gotta flip into a ill mode  
Pack a clip full of hype tracks  
And then unload  
Music for the hardcore beatdown  
No weak pop shit  
Strictly underground  
And if you don't like the style, as I get wreck  
Ease back nigga, catch a knife through the neck

*[Chorus]*

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