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Ice-T "Get Your Moneyman"

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[Erick Sermon]

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Yo whassup, this the E-Double, Green-Eyed-Bandit youknowhatl'msayin'? EPMD, Seven Deadly Sins

[Chorus: Ice-T] Rock your hammers back cussers that's the way that we ball Rims so fat, looks will digitise it all Get your moneyman lock your blocks, cock your glocks Really doe - bust until your barrels glow [gunshot]

[Ice-T]

Nigga tryin', then got tied up buttnaked Fuckin' with the master of this, jacker of this Squeezin' off until I fuckin' sprain my wrist Slap the clip into Armageddon and start wettin' Grit my teeth, bring it like the Persian Gulf Airstrike you, burn you with the mic to might you Thinkin' about takin' me out - huh you're funny More guns and more money, think about it You're dead I'm livin You're fuckin' with the unforgiven - nigga what? West Side's up - L.A., nigga bounce all day Look in my eyes, what you see ain't no bitch or pimp Nigga from the Central and I'm gonna stay rich Nightmares of bein' broke keep me flowin' like this Weak niggas - you're sure to get lost in the bliss This is for the niggas, quick to slaughter Resumes held by the D.A.'s, the ballers

[Chorus: Ice-T]

Rock your hammers back cussers that's the way that we ball Rims so fat, looks will digitise it all Get your moneyman lock your blocks, cock your glocks Really doe - bust until your barrels glow *[gunshot]* Rock your hammers back cussers that's the way that we ball

Rims so fat, looks will digitise it all Get your moneyman lock your blocks, cock your glocks Really doe - bust until your barrels glow [gunshot]

[lce-T]

[Ice-T]

Many casualties caught in the cross-fire mix while whole crews flash they fo-fo's in the flicks Magazine after magazine gets stomped in the street Late night, auto, maga-static Hit the next turn, hang 'em out and cause havoc Your cash, your block, I gotta have it Nigga normally toss it up and live lavish My traps well lured, I go hardboard It gets loud, known for bustin' off in crowds Word 'em up, hurt 'em up, move out, blow the spot Round two, rounds flew [shots] in the parkin' lot Niggas rallied up to see who got shot Wait down G, my whole crew surrounds me We outty, niggas known to sit the stompede and get rowdy

L.A. - niggas know my flow They see me on the shore, when I'm rippin' my rows

[Chorus: Ice-T]

Rock your hammers back cussers that's the way that we ball

Rims so fat, looks will digitise it all

Get your moneyman lock your blocks, cock your glocks Really doe - bust until your barrels glow [gunshot] Rock your hammers back cussers that's the way that we

ball

Rims so fat, looks will digitise it all

Get your moneyman lock your blocks, cock your glocks

Really doe - bust off until your barrels glow [gunshot]

[lce-T]

To all my niggas on the East and West that rock vests Get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get your moneyman To all the killers that's real, quick to flex the steel Get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get your moneyman To my hard-hustlin' girls all around the world for ice Get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get your moneyman It's ninety-eight, it's never too late players Get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get your moneyman Get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get your moneyman Get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get your moneyman Get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get your moneyman...

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