

## Ice-T "Home Invasion"

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All right! When we go up in this goddamn house  
all I want is the motherfuckin' kids!  
As far as pops I don't give a fuck what you do...  
Bust him in his motherfuckin' head!  
If he got any money, take it!  
If there is money there, rob the motherfuckin' joint!  
As far as moms bust her in her goddamn head!  
Dumb bitch, that's the reason we're going up in there!  
She don't know what the fuck she's talkin' about!

Everyone get back, this is a rap jack  
I'm takin' your kids' brains, you aint gettin'em back  
With a move of perfection, my dissection  
Some call it lethal injection  
I'm gonna fill'em with hard drums  
Big drums, bitches, hoes and death, come on and get  
some  
I'm not the nigga that you want to leave your kids alone  
Cause I got my own opening-dome kit  
And once again I'm gonna put them under my fuckin'  
spell  
They might start givin' you fuckin' hell  
Start changin' the way they walk  
They talk, they act, now, whose fuckin' fault is that?  
The home invader...

Yo, moms you can basically just suck my dick!  
This is a home invasion...  
Yo, pops that shit you talkin' is noise! Word! You full of  
shit!

Check this out, moms, I said time bomb  
And they sit in your house and remain calm  
Till you feed'em lies and the flip  
Start talkin' crazy shit (Fuck you!)  
Might call you and pops a fool  
Tell ya that's why they hate school  
Been offensive and askin' questions  
Give your brain indigestion  
Why? Why? Because I have indoctrinated the youth  
They're mentally intoxicated with truth  
So they know the noise you talk are lies

Pretty damn soon they'll be by (I'm outta here)  
They listen to me and i give'em the real  
And every night caps get peeled

And every night a ho gets smacked  
A fool gets jacked  
Now, whose fuckin' fault was that?  
The home invaders...

Yo! Yo! Yo!  
All that shit you taught me, mom, was full of shit!  
Know what I'm sayin'?  
How the fuck you gonna tell me to run my  
motherfuckin' life?  
Bitch! You dont even know who the fuck you are!  
You talkin' about you don't like rap, you don't like how I  
dress!  
Yo! Fuck you and pops! I'm outta here!  
Both of y'all can kiss my ass...

All cops want me, so does the F.B.I.  
Because my rhymes are fly  
They still tryin' to stop m,e shut me down block me  
Make motherfuckas boycott me  
But that will never happen, it's impossible  
I move straight through all obstacles  
They say I'm fuckin' up the minds of little kids  
But half of my fans are in college  
P.M.R.C. suck my dick, please  
You can kiss my ass while you're on your knees  
Word! You're listening to the verbal assassinator  
E's the crossfader, your factual updater  
Until your cranium grows like uranium  
Hard as titanium, parents, I'm blamin'em  
For teachin' you lies about life, racist viewpoints  
And other trite bullshit they learned back in the day  
While I learned about death from an A.K.  
But they'll never quite understand  
Bam, bam, bam, no gat is the Walkman  
Boom, bash, yeah, yo, it's goin' down  
Me and Ice Cube are in town  
But the fuckin' pigs cancelled the concert  
They're just scared of some niggers that do work  
What they do? What did I do?  
Just say truth motherfucka and it's comin' through  
I tell you what we did: we stole your fuckin' kids  
The home invader...

All right! we got the motherfuckin' kids!  
We outta here! C'mon...

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