

## Ice-T "Make The Loot Loop"

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Yeah

This is goin out to all those muthafuckas

That like to use the word 'gangster'

Although I am the O.G.

I'm representin that hustlin game

To the end, nigga

I'm tryin to make the loot loop

[ VERSE 1 ]

I ain't no muthafuckin gangsta, wish you'd quit callin  
me that

Although I still pack straps I roll in Benzes and Lacs

Best believe the gats in my promo shots ain't props

I hang out sunroof tops and pop glocks at cops

(Yo, how ya livin?) On the mellow, coolin with my fellow

Hustlers, players, super bitch-layers

Mackaronies on the true d-l - hell, most

Fuckin with my niggas you could end up ghost

I made a million, got my shit out pawned

Bailed out the homies, now the shit's back on

Moved out the ghetto, cause I hate it

But I roll through your fuckin hood and regulate it

Cause I wasn't born to be broke, I let the .45th smoke

Before I let my baby boy go under, no wonder

I'm addicted to the cash flow, stacks of green

Flashback, I'm nudgin weights down a triple beam

I'ma make the loot loop

[ CHORUS ]

As fast as I spend it

I'm tryin to get back in it

I make the loot loop

It's cop and blow

Nigga, that's all I know

I make the loot loop

As fast as I spend it

I'm tryin to get back in it

I make my loot loop

Nigga

I'm tryin to make my bank roll bigger

[ VERSE 2 ]

I must admit, I got a lust for loot, quick to shoot  
Ostrich, fruits and Austin Martin coupes

Fill my dreams with cream, I got wet sheets  
I'm bustin nuts over currency, kid, fuck freaks  
We be the niggas in the back of the club with the Mo'Nitt  
Bitches, shrimps, mackin like pimps  
Wearin fly shit you never seen before (raw)  
I turn a angel to a whore, now need I say more?  
My perm got bounce, fuck a 40 ounce  
I'm sippin Cristal, pal, and represent I shall  
To the end of the game  
(That nigga Ice got fame)  
And just not over these beats  
But on the 4-wheel streets  
I make the loot loop

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3 ]

Say what you will, I'm the fool on the hill  
With the pool, jaccuzzi, laser-beam Uzi  
Niggas in LA know the Ice don't play  
I'm just a savage for the cabbage and a pimp parlay  
I rock a million with the jewels on the paw (don't start)  
Cause my niggas ain't the big ones, just big guns  
Pushin the limits of this game till I gets my piece  
I put my true queen Darlene in a white Corniece  
So stay broke if you wanna, hang out on your corner  
Step back from the curb when we roll up on ya  
20 black cars all tinted, we meant it  
'Syndicate forever - posse of the clever'  
Rubberbands strap the fat green knots  
We're strictly hustlers not gangsters, but we still lick  
shots  
For the goal  
Peace, I'm out like Nicole

(Get down  
Get down)

Nigga  
The bank's getting bigger  
Yeah  
I'm makin the loot loop  
Straight player for life  
Yeah  
Hustler's side

