

## Ice-T "Pulse Of The Rhyme"

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Just checkin' my microphone once  
As I check your audio  
Increase the bass response  
Hope n the speakers blow  
I got no time to sit and flip  
And pop bullshit  
Turn up your stereo hops  
Insert the rhyme clip  
Roll your windows up  
Make sure it7s air tight  
E.Q. the track exact  
So shit sounds right  
I rhyme of death  
And darkness and danger  
Your crib or car  
Becomes a torture chamber  
I write my rhymes with violence  
What you expect?  
Sounds of pain  
The snap of a broken neck  
All alone in darkness I sit each night  
Write my rhymes  
With blood upon a butcher knife  
You say the Ice is ill, and ill I am  
They try to ban my shit  
And I don't give a damn  
Roll up, your eye will get swoll up  
Suckers who flexed  
Yo, their deaths got tolled up  
Cause I'm not the nigga to toy with  
Boy with the big mouth  
Ya got time to riff?  
There's time to take you out  
Put a couple caps in your ass  
Cut your head off

Send it to your mom with flowers  
Cause I'm so soft  
Lay on your wack crew  
Smoke the whole bunch  
Bury 'em in my bck yard  
And then I'll eat lunch

Cause I don't give a fuck about you  
Or him or her  
Whenever I'm in the house  
A death just might occur  
Is this real or fiction  
You'll never know

*[CHORUS]*

While you're locked to the  
Pulse of the rhyme flow!

Once I lock you up, you can't get loose  
You put your head inside  
And I placed the noose  
The mic drips juice slow  
From its steel mesh  
My words feel like hooks  
Underneath your flesh  
Makin' you twist and turn  
Scorch and burn, when will you learn?  
The '90s are my turn  
To pitch a vocal fit, like the ultimate  
Gangster rhyme, yo, I invented the shit!  
Watch me do it, as I do it  
And I do it right  
Grab the gauge  
Duct tape on the flashlight  
Doin' the black ski mask  
And come to your house  
Cut off your power  
And do you with the lights out!

Is this real or fiction?  
You'll never know

*[CHORUS]*

A pool of blood  
and floating body parts  
Would make me grin  
A close view of a razor  
When it's breaking skin  
If you were burnin'  
I'd use gasoline to put you out  
Cause I walk alone  
And choose the dark route  
Nightmares gotta be loved by some  
And I'm the one  
Ya wanna come, bring your shotgun  
You ever see your partner die?  
No? Well I have!

You ever see your father die?  
No? Well I have!  
You ever see your mother die?  
No? Well I have!  
So shut the fuck up, punk  
And clear the rhyme path!  
What would make meel calm and nice  
Is a slow slice  
Through your jugular and windpipe  
Throw me in jail  
I won't even try to make bail  
Put me in the gas chamber  
And watch me inhale!  
Is this true or false?  
Well you'll never know

*[CHORUS]*

Jason, Tales from the Crypt  
And the Dark Side  
Another fly murder, another suicide  
Did these flicks  
Have an influence on my brain?  
I really doubt that shit  
I think that I was born insane  
When I was young  
I had a lust for knives and guns  
Use a magnifying glass  
To fry an ant with the sun  
And on and on  
My lust for death got bigger  
At fifteen  
I was placed behind a trigger  
Although I'm dirty  
Not the one to be swept up  
step up, I'd love to open your chest up  
I've got no concept of life or death  
All I want is your last breath  
Give me a motherfuckin' break  
I should behave  
Give me a motherfuckin' shovel  
I'll dig graves!  
I break ill in extra large portions  
where's your parents  
I'll make you an orphan  
So when you're talkin' crazy  
You better think of me  
The I, to the C, to the E, to the fuckin' T!  
There'll be no tears  
No screams or cries, just a laser beam  
Between your fuckin' eyes

You feel strange well now you know

*[CHORUS]*

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