

## Ice-T "Soul On Ice"

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It was a Saturday night on the streets of Cali  
Threw on my dope silk suit, brushed off my suede  
Bally's  
Threw on enough gold for any girl's pleasure  
Left a pound and a half of that shit still in the dresser

I slapped a clip in my nine, threw a clip in my sock  
Hit three grand up off the dresser, it was ten on the dot  
Now my beeper started beepin', I threw that shit in the  
sink  
I didn't need it no more, I had more money than Prince

See, I was quittin' the game and tonight was my fling  
You see, on the streets they're players but only one  
king  
Now that's the title I held but the game is real fast  
You gotta get in and get out if you expectin' to last

Now my homeboy Evil was downstairs chillin' in his  
brand new Benz  
I had many adversaries but very few close friends  
We broke to the set, E parked the car on the grass  
High-signin' was his trademark and he did it with class

Hit the door like two titans, the whole jam stopped to  
stare  
And as we walked through the crowd they threw bills in  
the air  
I spied my man Jazz, maxin out with two stone cold  
freaks  
"Yo, what's up Ice, you rich now, man, you too good to  
speak?"

Now Jazz was a player from the east coast, the Bronx  
He was known to be hard on the women and a brother  
he'd stomp  
Smack a bitch in a minute, some say just for fun  
And he was known for his chrome-plated pearl-handled  
gun

"Yo Ice, you my brother and I love you and all  
But what's up with that six G's you owe me, man

'Member when your boys took that fall?  
And I posted the bail 'cause yo ass was locked up"

Evil gave Jazz ten g's and Jazz shut the fuck up  
Just then I saw Donald-D hit the front door  
More gold than a Aztec, black leather he wore  
Hoes grabbed for they niggaz when D hit the set

'Cause what Donald-D wanted is what Donald-D'd get  
Donald's eyes hit mine and a smile crossed his face  
Then a light hit his ring and blinded the whole  
goddamn place  
"Yo Ice, you the coolest and Evil, you mean"

"But I got the fliest new shit rollin' off gasoline"  
Everyone in the party moved quickly outside  
To see Donald-D's ultimate Superfly ride  
It was black, it was low, cost twice that of my Porsche

A Testarossa Ferrari, convertible of course  
It purred like a jet, "Yo man, I bought it with cash"  
It had 'Donald-D' written in gold on the dash  
Then out of nowhere came a shot across the street

I felt pain in my chest and my knees got weak  
There was blood on my hands and I fell to the ground  
And all I could hear was, "Yo, Ice is down"  
Somebody had shot me that night that I quit

The night that I ended all this hustlin' playin' shit  
It's ironic ain't it, the night I retired  
Would be the same night that my whole life expired

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