

Ice-T

"The 5Th"

Visit "[The 5Th](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hey, yo, Ice
This guy here say, he wants to get in, man
You're sure home boy's ready?
Yo, Ice, this nigga said he's ready, man

Yo, kid you're sure you wanna be down with this, right?
Yeah, I'm sure, I'm ready
Aight, know what you're in for, right?

Blood flows like sands in the hourglass
Cash moves everything, bitches in g strings
Gats flashin', mothers make cream on a stick move
Improve your dope flow, cold max with the long dough

High rollin', back breakin' plot diggers
The ill niggas, Comanche style
Blood letting weapons of death
Stop your breath, if you trip on the click

A hot thump to your chest and your back just rips
You wanna be a made man, the fam accepts no mistakes
Chopped up bodies, lots of funeral wakes
Make your bones, bring a rat back dead, just ahead
A cop's better, use this biretta

Snitch, bet your bitch, she in a pre-dug ditch
'Cause I command a whole battalion of life takers
Plus, the other bosses wanna see yo' guts
Check your nuts, dump the bodies in the desert

Here's the keys to a truck
Me, I'm overloaded, born hard and scarred
Crime intellect, more complex than nerves in your spinal chord
Bank job my forte, not off of gun play

Hostage taker, I killed my brother with a salt shaker
He tried to short me a buck
What the fuck? A nigga that lies is a nigga that dies
No cries for the punk, he got trunked and bombed

Since he tried to steal, I chainsawed his arm
I drink blood from a cup when I wanna, then
Plus, the bosses up north made me kill my friend
They told me, "This ain't no game, kid, you're in it
You're down with the Syndicate but never admit it"

Muthafucka, now you're down for life
Rat on the fam and we'll kill your wife
Fuck up a scam and you'll feel the knife
Who is this? The Syndicate does not exist

Muthafucka, now you're down for life
Rat on the fam and we'll kill your wife
Fuck up a scam and you'll feel the knife
Who is this? The Syndicate does not exist

A thousand ki's, off-shore private yacht
Really ain't no sweat, Coast Guard and customs are
bought
Columbian, Mexicano connect, raise the bet
One DEA wouldn't roll, we pulled his tongue through his
neck

Just a message to the rest, don't test
Housing developments are built on the bodies
Of punks who wouldn't party
Big shots are called from the pen's inner sanctum
Where the mega-gees regulate the streets, fuck
release

They got power that you can't comprehend, my friend
They want you dead, yo, you're dead before the
daylight ends
Your eyes shiver and you grit your teeth
You sold your soul, now cold blood's how you get relief

Now you do what we do, say what I say
Muthafucka, don't blink unless I say okay
This is a organization, not a one-man gang
And you die if I ever hear you spilled my name

Muthafucka, now you're down for life
Rat on the fam and we'll kill your wife
Fuck up a scam and you'll feel the knife
Who is this? The Syndicate does not exist

Muthafucka, now you're down for life
Rat on the fam and we'll kill your wife
Fuck up a scam and you'll feel the knife
Who is this? The Syndicate does not exist

My friend, I thought this day would never come
What do you mean, man? Hey
Who was there when your wife had your first child?
Hey, why you're lookin' at me like that, man?

Who looked out for you when no one else was there?
Hey, I'm your friend, man
Now word's out you're talkin' to the feds about me
They lyin', man

There's only one thing I can do
Hey man, wait a
You treat me like a bitch
Hey, yo

Now look at you
Look at you, muthafucka
Now look at you

Cops on the take, I got moves to make
Feds ain't that easy, I still got 'em to shake
They had my man's bitch wired for a month and a half
Snatched my nigga up in Aspen, bail's five million

Bounced him out in a hour, power
Went and met him quick, hit him with a ice pick
Can't take no chances, he romancin' with whores
No tellin' what he spilled when behind closed doors

The fam's protection and loyalty is top priority
Violate, your body is found in three states
Cargo is heat on a Hong Kong cruiser
[Incomprehensible] contacts your cruiser

No cash, they want a ton of crystal meth
High risk will bring more riches than the national debt
We launder money through the S and L's and pro-ball
teams
Ain't no business untouched when it comes to cream

Documents forged from my hitters from Jamaica
In and out of town, before you hit the ground
This is the mob, baby, now you're on, no off switch
Suffocation don't last [Incomprehensible] you snitch

Muthafucka, now you're down for life
Rat on the fam and we'll kill your wife
Fuck up a scam and you'll feel the knife
Who is this? The Syndicate does not exist

Muthafucka, now you're down for life

Rat on the fam and we'll kill your wife
Fuck up a scam and you'll feel the knife
Who is this? The Syndicate does not exist

Visit [Ice-T](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.