

## Ice-T "The Syndicate"

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Liquid, solid, gas, we'll be kickin' ass  
In any form, or matter, or mass  
This ain't science class, I know but it's science  
From the rhyme boss of the Syndicate alliance

[Incomprehensible]  
Rhyme Syndicate brotherhood, we rock a blood oath  
Radical Posse down to death  
While your crew's on the tape, Donald-D break

Syndicate comin' through, I'm talkin' to you  
Flexin' hardcore, what could you do?  
When we roll up you send your girl up to the crib, oh  
Is it Rambo? No, the mic ammo

Stompin' you down on the ground, task forces  
Let you know Rhyme Syndicate bosses  
Any show, any tour, we house program  
Donald-D is who I am, damn

Attempt to do this, boy, you're takin' a risk  
'Cause my voice sounds dooper than a compact disc  
Styles and lyrics [Incomprehensible] in the pocket  
Stupid dope beats and Evil E rocks it

[Incomprehensible] straight from my heart  
My jam is sure to hit the top of the charts  
Ram is my sign, he's different from all kinds  
Rock you all of the time, just form a single line

A lot of MC's like to talk 'bout they self  
A first-grade topic, I think you need help  
How many time on one album can you say you're def?  
"I'm bad", Yo punk, save your breath

That's weak shit from a weak mind  
And a weak mind creates weak rhymes  
You ain't never kicked knowledge one time  
Just livin' on your own dick, that's a crime

Homeboy, why don't you talk about somethin'  
You just talkin' loud and sayin' nothin'

And if you get mad, sorry brother  
And when you're in L.A., watch your colors

I'm a MD, but no medical doctor  
Mic-Dominator Donald-D has got you  
Comin' to the jamboree to hear the poetry  
And when you break north, the melody

Stick to your mind like paste, it can't be erased  
Face to face, I overpower like bass  
To the climax, I don't carry a sax  
I carry a axe to tax and wax those who rap

Born in Brooklyn, crib West Coast  
MC's I toast, you that talk most  
Trash, noise, can't throw, get with it  
Comin' from the mouth of Hen-Gee from the Syndicate

Ballers, mafia down to throw  
Gangsters, convicts throwin' solid blows  
Start prayin', your sisters I'm layin'  
I'm Hen-Gee, a Spinmaster, hear what I'm sayin'?

Party on the dance floor  
Party on the dance floor  
Party on the dance floor  
Party on the dance floor

Evil E's in the place  
Evil E's in the place  
Evil E's in the place  
Evil E's in the place

Doggin' the wax  
Doggin' the wax

An organization, alliance, no duplication  
Rhyme Syndicate, a strong creation  
The Syndicate's stronger day by day  
12-gauge leave suckers brutally

Layin' in a [Incomprehensible]  
Your lines are thin, Hen-Gee came to win  
Don't talk a bunch, just known to crunch  
My one-two punch will put your butt out to lunch

Full-court pressure's what I'm applyin'  
No relyin' on the next man, roar like a lion  
Flexin', plexin' ultra, the Bronx is my culture  
Strikin' hard like a vulture

Flingin', I'm slingin' my hammer like Thor  
No singin', bringin' it raw to the core  
Shogun assassin' maxin' in a limousine  
You stick your head in, out comes the guillotine

[Incomprehensible] the game as I kick it, don't miss it,  
get with it  
Diss it, you're a knucklehead evicted  
From the crowd that's proud to be the Syndicate  
connection  
Respect mandatory, up is the direction

I stand alone, one man that's true  
But you, my crew, you're on my side, we're on a ride  
Power and pride is our gift  
And you're down with The Syndicate

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