

## **A.C.T. "Intro"**

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A child was born in the East one day  
Moved to the West coast after his parents passed away  
Never understood his fascination with rhymes or beats  
In poetry he was considered elite

Became a young gangster in the streets of L.A.  
Lost connections with his true roots far away  
But no matter the job or crime  
He never lost his hardcore obsession to rhyme

New York's hip hop movement broke loose  
DJ's cut records, raps had the juice  
Since busting rhymes was his natural thing  
He was crowned the west coast MC king

But after his inauguration there was a rush  
Of wack rappers with one intention to crush  
This master rapper and take his throne  
A simple job, he had no crew, he stood all alone

Assassins came in groups of one through five  
With raps no mortal MC could survive  
But he showed no mercy, he rapped blood thirsty  
Battling from Friday on through to Thursday

Never losin', about never ending in doubt  
Every confrontation K.O. knock out  
On his never ending journey to the T.O.P.  
The L.A. player M.C. Ice-T

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