

T Ice

"409"

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It's time to start the party if ya'll don't mind

Me and "E" clean our Adidas with 409

He rocks the highs I dog the bass

Ya wanna hear us rock?

Here's a taste!!!

Every day I make a sandwich with ham and cheese

Use miracle whip I don't like mayonnaise

I eat a can of beans good for my heart

About 1 a.m. I always.....

Far from me to bite another's rhyme

They're just too easy to write

I do'em two at a time

Like doggin' the wax and ya don't quit

And if you didn't like that then suck my....

Dictations how I write my raps

Cold maxin' with two freaks upon my lap

Chillin' on the phone, bookin' more def shows

An' if the freaks get illy I smack the....

Whole days of my life are spent inside my bed

Just maxin' an' relaxin' like I'm at club med

Ya say you like this record, you think it's fun?

Party people get stupid we just begun!!!

(break)

You're get, get, gettin' real stupid

As the beat hits your body get ill!!!

You ain't dumb you paid dollars to party go off!!

The girl you're dancin' with has got great hips bug out!!

Go on homeboy and grab her.....

Tape recorder turn up the bass

No time to waste just dog the place

R-R-R-Rocket like a missile in space

Evil E keeps his 1200s in an anvil case

We fly T.W.A., Pan Am, P.S.A

To places close to home, far away

L.A., New York, Detroit, Miami

If I see a girl and like her then I let her see my....

Jam rockin's how I got my fame, Ice capital T

Evil E's his name

If you can't see who's rockin' you must be blind

You better clean your gazelles with some 409!!!

Go Ice get busy (x2)

Go Evil Get busy (X2)

Turn up your stereo, equalize treble

Bass be kickin' stupid hard as metal

On the mic tonight that's right your rhyme opponent

M.C. Ice T just microphonin'

33 and 1/3 revolutions per minute

This record is def because my heart is in it

Vocals laid by the Ice, tempos tight and precise

Special effects will be created by an editor's splice

The funk is in it, ya dig it so stop that frontin'

Bust a move to my groove work your body do somethin'

No way in the world that you can deny my method

As my record rotates, my words get more impressive

I'm an M.C., Evil's my Dj on Sire Records not M.C.A.

C.B.S., Capitol, cause they move too slow

Now Sire/Warner Bros. clocks all the dough

As the record revolves money's gettin' made

A.S.C.A.P. pays me every time it's played

I chill in def leathers pure silks and suede

And the gold around my neck will never fade

Down with my Syndicate organized rhyme

Kickin' def tempos that I design

And if you can't hear'em that's such a crime

You better wash your dirty ears with some 409

I always rhyme elite, stay on beat

Travel in a posse when I walk the street

Loved to say my rhymes when I used to max

Now I don't speak much, I save my words for wax

I just wanna make a little point in this song

With a little nonsense we can all get along and on and
on

Till the break'a break of dawn

This jam will never play out because the grooves too strong

Guys grab a girl,girls grab a guy

If a guy wants a guy,please take it outside

I wanna make ya enjoy yourself

On the mic tonight Ice T!!Who else?

Evil's on the cuts,Henry Gee's shot gun

Islam's my producer,Bambattas son

Bronx Style Bob's cold watchin' my back

Melle Mel's just layin' for some punks to act wack

Grandmaster Caz and Donald D ,Scott La Rock

Red Alert,Chuck Chill Out

If you're down with my crew you will be fine

But if you ill we'll get dirty-bring your 409!!

(BREAK)

409..

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