

## T Ice

### "Cramp Your Style"

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(I cramp your style

With a bullet and a smile) --> Onyx

[ VERSE 1 ]

Ugh, niggas on the d-l casin me out

Truckin my jewels, feelin for the tools

When they come they gots to come correct

Because they know I catch wreck

A well-known wild street vet

Step into the kill zone, baby, it's on

I pack the twin nine-mills that'll lift your dome

Chrome pump with double-eyed slots and such

A fully-auto Mac-dime that is sure to touch

Ya, bust you with the Desert Eagle

Street legal, move against my peole

And the Ice gets evil

Hit you with the .44 Smith & Wes-

Son, you're best to run cause my Tec eats pests

I got a glock with the laser, hot police taser

Step in real close, I hit your throat with the razor

You wanna live or die, it's your decision

Talk shit, you're dissin, i got you in my night vision

Brain fragments on the street released

Another nigga fronts hard, another nigga deceased

I got a H.K., A.K. and a M-16

A 12-gauge street sweeper with the circular clip

Quick to let projectiles fly, you die

And watch your fat moms cry - bull's eye

(I cramp your style

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What you think all the guns is for?

[ VERSE 2 ]

What's up, niggas don't seem to hear

Still lookin crazy, let me make this clear

Fool, the Ice ain't havin it

And when I let loose lead, believe I'm accurate

Fat scope on a 30??6

Sawed-off double barrel and a pistol grip

Pump on my lap at all times

I fill my gauge shells with nickels and dimes

Thompson Center spittin .45 slugs

Black Mac-11, Python .357

Snub-nose .38 or .380

Seventy Automatic, full metal jackets

Hollow points comin atcha fast

You feel the slug before you hear the blast

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Muthafuckas frontin hard

Lookin at niggas crazy and shit

Make a nigga break

Nigga don't want me to pull out

[ VERSE 3 ]

I don't like shootin but I do shoot straight

Niggas I be rollin with will shoot up a wake

Why you wanna step in the sights of a nigga

Known hair trigger, the coroner delivers

More cold bodies to the morgue each weekend

One minute you bleed, the next minute you're leakin

Best to listen close cause this ain't no boast

And never forget that I leave you wet

Bloody, sticky, holes in your Dickey's

Oh what a pity, lookin all shitty

My Winchester will get the best of ya

Hand grenades will fade all the rest of ya

I reach out and touch you with the parabellum

You got a crew, you better tell em

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