

T Ice

"Exodus"

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Yeah, This is Ice-T

You've just been listening to the Seventh Deadly Sin

To me the Seventh Deadly Sin is hardcore rap

And I'm very proud to have been a part of that
throughout the years

I'd like to send peace out to all my homeboys that kept
it real

And love to all my niggas that have died out here

In this bullshit that we call the streets

You know? What can I say? Hip Hops been good to a
nigga

I got mad love for the East coast, West coast, North
and South

I got my niggas The Top Guns here

We gonna sign this one off like this:

My life's been a great story in the ultimate war

Should I ill or do right? Make peace or go raw?

I can't explain the true penalties of fame and the wealth

Tell me who can I trust? I can't trust myself

Got the devil got me thinking 'bout them ill moves

Every damn kid on the street, they got something to
prove

Push a bullet through my heart, why not? That's a start

They could push their reps quicker, kill a well known
nigga

And if you say you're going to kill me, should I blast
you first?

Being black is kinda like being born with a curse

Do or Die, that's the code of the streets I didn't invent

Niggas sketch my life out with malicious intent

My skin color's got me trapped in a never ending
ghetto

I move to the hills, but I can never let go

The gun shots and the homicides just don't stop

And just because I came up, I can always drop

Yo.. we come prepared for guerilla warfare

Never scared soldiers to the heart

And hose them body parts with the hardwear

You spark a dun with Bizzaro or sequel

When you catch a link on the wings of this desert eagle

Flappin, we splittin caps friend

remember when niggas would shoot joints

Now niggas be wildin' placing hollow points

Cause in this rat race, shit be moving at a murderous
pace

Mad sons got slugs to the face, OG packs kilos

Over sore losers and cilo, prepare like a scout

I hold the burner on the delo

In this age of idolatry, mad niggas worship u vanity

If Five ?? you nigga maintain humanity - insanity

Hope you see the light Â like the prism's true colors

Only a few remain brothers, fuck the others

In this cold world Â the war that's controlled by the trigger

Revelation or the scripture got to be that live nigga

So if niggas want to bite the sound like Tyson

Deck him in the left eye, murder sit down like ryerson

You wanna dis, don't even try son

Hey yo, Pizzone Â I'm the prodigy you need to keep ya eyes on

Yo who the don, who plays it all night long?

50 mill strong, Handle like napalm. Word is bond

Who get it on when it's time to drop a bomb?

Sadq keep it cool and calm with the niapalm

Droppin emcee's to their knees and make them pie straight

Dust and take and serve niggas on my hot plate

So cats who got beef, we can take it to the streets

Cause shit these niggas talk to the grave with they teeth

It's time to meet your maker step into the new millennium

I analyze data like intel Pentium

So follow me, I blame sovereignty for God we bust

Top Gun, move bright, smooth as Ice, sex and dust

Ante up the goods, Top Gun Ice-T in your neck of the woods

I'm 15 blocks deep in the foreign neighborhood

Street of my styles, no smiles, trying to gun down the golden child

Still on trial for my old endeavors

Cold weather got caught trying to buck wholes in my
fucking sweater

Niggas is soft like butter, leathers and felt

Time to heat it up and melt

Felt the welts from brass belt buckles to brass knuckles

Kill all the jokes and chuckles Â let's all get together

My fam stay thick together

Trick off and lick off together

No matter the weather

Lets ease on down to the bow and to the bricks

When I start to squeeze, I won't ease off a bit

Won't be no teams up in here with no clashes

Just bunk mile sleds boot shines up in the masses

Life got no guarantees, I'm looking for the long lease

When I'm in LA, it ain't hard to find me

21st floor eating shrimp at Belonte's

Every time you see me I'm connected to a dime piece

I check your styles, although you rhyme quicker

No matter what you do, I'll always lace mine thicker

Jealousy will make a fool die quicker than liquor

Watch your back with your niggas

Cause that's right where they'll stick ya

You see me in the club jeweled up, all alone

I give love to my homies, then I bounce the fuck home

Bodyguards are something that I just don't do

Cause if I'm after you black, I'm gonna clap them too
Money makes all my homies look brand new
I don't fuck with the fakes, I make moves with the true
Ice Â baby chopping that real, thought you knew
I might sound hard, but nigga I can die too
Cause I'm as real as you

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