

T Ice

"Eye of the Storm"

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(Intro: KAM)

Aiyyo this is Kam representin' Watts in Compton

(Buckshot Shorty)

Anything can happen

Don't stop, huh, ha, huh, uh, yeah, shit

(Buckshot, Ice-T)

Buckshot, he be the emcee

What, watch your step

(Buckshot Shorty)

Can I hear it for Buckshot? (Buckshot)

Buck's hot, spell it and yell it but the shit don't stop

It be hot, y'all niggas is worthless in the money market

I'm buck you ain't worth shit, nigga what?

Think about it, shorty what you drivin' stoned by your
daddy

Oops, you almost had me, geessed up until I saw the
truth

And one day I see you standin' at a token booth

It was on a hot wet night, I think it was a Saturday

Right after that party that he lead out down the way

Gunshots spread - everyday, all day (fuck!)

D.T.'s rushed the party in 2K

Buck - The Beef be - fled the scene right before the
cops

and the Swats came with the triple beam

Uh, shit is real you know how we do when the young
niggas peel out

Don't squeal (*undecipherable*)

(Ice-T)

If you niggas don't know you should know by now

Ice got more game than the law allows

Straight up - the biggest baller in the industry

Went straight from pimpin' hoes on the NBC

Do you feel me? I dealt it, ace off the bottom

Hoe's got 'em, I'm the one you just can't fade

Rolex in the tenth grade, hair was laid

Everything I wore to school baby was tailor made

Shot dice in the bathroom on my knees

I'll roll across the break and break that ass with these

Start hittin' jewel-likes, re-investin' in ki's

Drop the top on the flo', let you feel the breeze

(Buckshot Shorty)

Trees make my eyes bleed I come from an ill breed

Thoroughbred born from a strong seed

Led by a bunch of individuals (Ali)

Uh, criminals to generals - this is like wow!

Look at how my brain ay blew you out the frames

twist of fate cause you say the same shit now

The Local Mobb Grill and let y'all niggas know I'm dead

I'm serious, somebody can get killed

Wait for the fire drill and when you start to smell the smoke

run nigga Buck ain't no joke I'll buck a shot at your zipped up coat

Chop the throat like a blow from Judo, nigga you know

(Ice-T)

Is it new year God? I'm comin' back mad-hard

Movin' harder than a convict with a shack in the yard

New Jacks wanna hear me rap beggin' for freestyle skills

I've served so many rappers I can make a land field fool

You've doubt for a mic dude, the Ice is a jewel

Fuck rules , I got more pool than a mule

Matter of fact, never comprehend the styles I sin

I've been breakin', annihilate fakes and tens

See I'm a nigga from the West Side cheered I peel libs

What prayin' that you do hill when I all ready did

Like your girl gotta admit she was a sexy bitch

But I hit it with the Gin so my nuts don't itch

(Whata, what, what?)

(Buckshot Shorty)

Buck's got ya locked, body drawn like pit bulls

We don't give a fuck if we have to pull, click, shit

Brooklyn niggas is known to rep-resent

Any nigga happened that's why I left

Niggas get strep-throats, throats get strepped
Get your shit taken then your shit is kept
Uh, shit in a step, if not got your back broke
Plus ya jaw tapped, snapped your 'Adams Ap'
It's just a fact that niggas ain't shit
Ain't shit like Egyptians, nigga trippin'
Beenie-eyed, never slippin', I'm grippin' the four-twenty
Motherfuck the bullshit talk - where the money?
Years ago, a friend of me ask me to start up a
company
Duck Down's the name, rap music is the aim
Lyrically I bring the pain and lock the game with no
padlock and chain
Some said that Buck went bust
But when I came out, I left 'em all in the dust
Look at your sound scam, original brown man
Makin' million everytime I drop a jam
(Ice-T)
Nigga duck, DJ drop the cut, huh
250 niggas throw they sets up
L.A. style, nigga what? (West Side!!)
If you've never seen it before they'll put a knot in your
gut
Stand up, check your areas your group, your troops
These gang killers is real plus they, off the loot
Proceedin' to leave a nigga bleedin'
They love to fuck up in a frenzy, let fuckin' sharks feed

me

Bitches start screamin' and stampedin'

Thank God it's evening, I didn't leave the burner in the
B.M.

Where my nigga Buck, nobody seen him

Probably in the Eye Of The Storm where the ill perform,
perform, perform

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