

T Ice

"Fly By"

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Everybody step back from the mic

As I set it off

All playin' the wall

It's time to sweat it off

Anybody with staatic oh please try

I'll do ya like Godfather 3

And do a fly by

Time to rip and hit and strangle

I eat Guardian Angels

And toy emcees

With their names on the front page

I bury in shallow graves

I don't rap to girls on my L.P.

I don't beg for pussy

I love the ladies

aand they love me right back

Now who's the mac?

Mission accomplished

I came to stomp this microphone

And leave suckers unconscious

and if you uthink

Yo got an S on your chest
You better wear two vests
Watch your back, your front
I always hit, don't bunt
Crazy posse
When I'm on a duck hunt
Emcee Ice-T answers to no one
Load my rhymes
And cock 'em like a shotgun
Let off like frags from a pipe bomb
A low stroll
and my mic in my right palm
The cops hate me
And that's right they oughta
Before my crew
Gets to their daughters
Nat the Cat Grandmaster Caz

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