

## T Ice "Fuck It"

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(Intro: WC)

Dub-C from the Westside Connect Gang

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(Ice-T)

Yeah 'sup with these niggas in the club lookin' at

niggas crazy and shit (Word, yeah fuck them body-o's homes)

Motherfuckers is faggots (call me nigga?)

(Ice-T)

Step back it's the ultimate nigga with the hot shit

The last standin' man, smack you with my backhand

The veteran-er-the games you claim to be in

Let me begin, express it, explain the dilemma

(Chorus: Ice-T)

It's either them or us, niggas that bust

Niggas who ride, niggas that'll kill for this side

Down to get down with the three-o-to-four pound

Hit a nigga dead in his wig - FUCK IT!!

(Ice-T)

It's the National Pass Time, it's blast time - club's out

Niggas break ill, pop-drunks get the guns out

Set the shit off with the full clips

Niggas lookin' hard in the club - now whassup bitch?

Whassup bitch?!! Pull your weapon if you got it

I'da shot it, plus you never live with rockets

tried to dodge it, caught you all in the arm pit

Easy target, dug you out in the lot kid

(Chorus: Ice-T)

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(El Sadiq)

Yo, too many bitch-ass-niggas think they got a lot

And I'ma dead these wannabe heads with consecutive  
shots

Man, they smile up in you, griller wanna give you a pen

Stick it to your crew like glue like they been down

Man listen, kill that bull with the fake-ass handshakes

You can slide by me with the rest of them damn snakes

Flakin' like paper while I'm takin' my life serious

You talkin' and playin', your whole antenna's  
mystevious

Claimin' that you got juice with an ultimate ???

But when the brother test you, murder and recieved no types of love

You think you got game, with that favour to your brain?

FUCK YA NAME!!! Stompin' the rut got yourself to blame

I represent Castor - bring it to you live

But cool and civilized, despise a nigga's livin' lies

No alibi's I see the weakness in your eyes dun

You wanna run? Plus ya scared to shoot a gun for fun

You bust a couple of slugs off the rooftop

My team, come and touch ya somethin', make ya crew drop

My nigga ICE, twice as nice

El Sadiq free shit but platinum mics

Chorus: Ice-T)

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(Powerlord JEL)

You wanna get live? Start scaubblin' with the bald-heads

callin' them family, told 'em nothin' but the feds

That's the blue and red who be dead

when the sunrise come six in the mornin'?

I'm maxin' like a wiseguy

Know the John Gotti but I'm fuckin' up the body

Everytime my poet thug at a party

Ya wanna step to T, go through JEL first

But remember where you see your homicide show  
rehearsed

Check 'em tag-times like they do with a pencil

No more solitary cause we mashin' in a Benzo

Next who gettin' hitters talkin' shit cause we bit 'em

Seven Deadly Sinner, problem-atic-rhyme-spitter

You a quitter - but I'ma bomb steady

If I was out of slugs, look out for Machette

from ear to ear homes, it's clear, you'll be bleedin'

Not me motherfucker lifestyles I've been devin'

Chorus: Ice-T)

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(Outro: Ice-T)

Yeah, Ice-T nigga, El sadiq nigga

JEL - Rhyme Poetic Mafia nigga

You niggas really don't wanna get down

Talk a lot of shit but you don't wanna get down

Bitch-ass-niggas, hit a nigga dead in his wig FUCK IT!!!

Seventh

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