

T Ice "G Style"

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Talk:

Yeah! Rightabot now motherfuckers is layin for a nigga
like me Ice-T
to bust some freesyle shit... but I don't do that
I just cold lounge up here at the Ammo Dump with my
nigga
Alladin, SLJ, LP and my nigga Henry G
Yeah, we do the shit like this

Verse 1:

The card after the ace is is deuce
So cut the nigga loose on the 3
That's me
The motherfuckin T
I got ride on my surfboard
Rhyme hard
But only buy the shit that I can't afford
That's everything
That's why I ruck big fat rings
Cause in the motherland gold is for kings
I got backup to jack up
Punks who try to act up
Do a world tour, watch the big bank stack up
Motherfuckers get dropped wit the quickness, ??
I got an ill left and a right fist
Make mistakes and you'll lose or you might die
Cause I'm the wrong Ice for your bruise and that's no
lie
Meanwhile the penile is stacked to the top wit my
niggas
Mostly for squeezin triggas
I call em homies
Pigs call em crooks
So I write and both and put bucks on they books
I give a fuck about a cop or a G-man
They all talk shit
Their breath smellin like semen
I catch em in the alley all alone
Put em in the prone
Pop! Pop! Pop! To the dome

It's the G Style

Gangsta Style

Verse 2:

G Style, the gangsta talk on the phone flex (?)
I got a teflon .9
And it eats vest
I take a motherfucker out quick
Just for talkin shit
Ride Rolls
Catch hoes like a mitt
LA, Atlanta, New York
Yo, my shit rocks
Chi-Town, Miami, Detroit
I get much props
Because I roll with the hardcore, gee
Every street's the same to me
I don't bullshit
I don't quit
Writin a rhyme fit
KKK pray each day
That I get hit
Motherfuckers try to flip on the Icepick
Move and slip
Close the eyes and catch a fuckin clip
Not in the ghetto no more but I do hang
Got a black game and it's sittin on them thangs
I kick the game from the street
Not the slamma
Tighten up my knockas with a big lead hammer

It's the G-Style

Gangsta Style

Verse 3:

Some of the times I write my raps with extreme speed
Some of the times I take the pen and make pads bleed
My minds clicks to Homocide
Bullets fly
Ladies cry
A lotta people die
Some nights I can't write
Stare at the blue lines, I think I'ma go blind
Then the beat becomes me
Sit in the dark and write a whole fuckin LP
G-Style, the gangsta talk
Never near soft
Hard as a knockout bout
It's no sellout
I keep crime in my rhyme
Cause it's my thing
Packed with guns and drugs and lots of street slang

A-B-C-D-E-F, and L.A.P.D.
Words from a motherfuckin O.G.
Ammo Dump pumps the sounds that you bump in your
trunk
So turn it up punk
What'cha fraid of?
What'cha made of?
Pull the pin
Set the grenade off
Blastin sounds out ya jeep
On every city street, nigga
Straight gangsta beat

It's the G-Style
Gangsta Style

Verse 4:
Many like to dress the style and act hardcore
Many motherfuckers are and they crack jaws
I like to lay in the cut in a night club
Don't smoke bud
Drink suds
But I gets loved, mack, cool
I scope the freak with the mad backs
Hit her with the gangsta style
Cool, relaxed, bam
Put her in the Benz
Bump to short, let her know
Right off the top, what's my sport
You think long
You think wrong
You got it goin on, baby doll
But I won't sing you no love song
You either love me or you don't
You're either rollin tonight or you won't
She likes the style
Cause it don't bullshit around
Tounge in my ear, real slow
And then it went down
I gotta flip into a ill mode
Pack a clip full of hype tracks and then unload
Music for the hardcore beatdown
No weak pop shit
Strictly underground
And if you don't like the style, as I get wreck
Ease back a nigga, catch a knife through the neck

It's the G-Style
Gangsta Style

Talk:

Yeah, this is goin out to all the hardcore motherfuckers
out there representin it. I'm talkin about the niggas out
there
bringin the noise. Motherfuckers like PE, my main nigga
Ice Cube, the ghetto boy, naughty by nature,
EP motherfuckin MD, my homegirls, yo, yo, and MC
Light,
that's a fact, all to fuckin magnetics, BDP, my nigga
Tim Doll, Eric P and my Kim, and my main motherfucker
from
up north to short. Yeah! The G Style.
My name is Ice motherfuckin T, and all you weak ass
played out suckas, out there talkin that weak soft ass
shit,
can kiss my black ass.
This is G Style mothafucka!

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