

T Ice

"I Must Stand"

Visit "[I Must Stand](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Nobody ever said life was gon' be easy

But damn..

[VERSE 1]

Just a kid, moms died when I was seven

Pops died, eleven, what's up with heaven?

It's hell when you're an orphan at a early age

This impressionable stage, no love breeds rage

In the heart of a child who never knew his roots

Looked up to pimps and to hustlers in the eel-skin
boots

Parkin Caddies on the sidewalk, gangsta talk

Truckin diamonds and gold

Rubberbands around the bankrolls

Fly girls to make your head spin

Seemed they partied all night long

I was like, "Put me on"

But they said, "Little fellow, run and go play

Take your butt to school or else you'll have to be like us
one day"

I didn't understand, but I tried to get a job

While all the players got the girls cause they'd hustle
and rob

I was like makin 'bout 1-50 a week

And after taxes, you know what that is - lunch meat

And I know I can be better than this

I gotta get me a car, man

I gotta get a girl

I know I can do it out there, man

I'm finna go for it, man

I gotta get some money

Word

[VERSE 2]

Streets of anger, trouble and crime

I had it hard, had to sleep in my car sometime

But I never let another player see me down

I kept my front up, my gear clean

Even when checkin minor green

Brothers knew my game was true

So I hooked up with the real crew

That knew exactly what to do

Bank jobs and jewels, quick to flex with tools

Pimpin hoes on the block

Checkin cash non-stop

Crack spots, armor with interior bars

No lie, I used to own 'bout 15 cars

Every piece Fila made

Drape my women in suede

Pavet Piaget, Cesar's Palace holidays

It was on, crazy out of control

We made up the word 'ballin', that was how we rolled

But the FBI had a-whole-nother idea

It's called multiple indictments for hundreds of years

What

Daff is dead?

Carter got 25 years?

Nah..

Spike 35 to life?

Nah, don't tell me B.O.'s dead, man

I don't wanna hear that, man

I was just with him

[VERSE 3]

The game is vicious, no retirement, you die young

Listen to a fake, he might tell you to grab a gun

I get phone calls from condemned row

Brothers I ran with, brothers I really know

They tell me, "Ice you got much love in the pen

You're the one that got away, don't wanna see you in"

They tell me, "Tell the little homies the deal

Don't let em come up in this hellish habitat of shanks
and steel"

I marched two million strong in D.C.

Lookin eye to eye with brothers that I used to think
below me

Damn, my mind was twisted in my hustlin days

But God spared me, I got a baby son to raise

And bein black ain't easy, prejudice is real

But health and liberty is all we need for us to build

We gotta come together, unseparated

Check yourself like I did, blackman, because we're all
related

Visit [T.Ice](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.