

T Ice

"Ice MF T"

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Yeah! 1993 I'm back motherfucker this is Ice T.

Got my nigga Ice Cube in the motherfuckin house.

Yeah! Up here in the ammo dump studios I got my

nigga Aladdin SLJ's in the motherfuckin place

behind the mixin boards

we about to do dis shit like this here!

Verse 1:

It's goin down tonight in L.A.

Buckshot and uzis spray

Microphone blowa

The bitch checka

The ho wrecka

Ice motherfuckin T

Nigga step to me

But grab ya hoes quick

Cause the Syndicate's throwin that crazy dick

Punk motherfuckers run up

You'll get done up

We'll have your ass gunned up

Before sun-up

So what's the color I'm raggin?

Been a millionare for years

Still saggin

Left pocket's stuffed with the ???

.380 in my right so it sags a little bit

More than the rest of my gear

When I'm on tour

I empty clips

Bust lips

And break jaws

Cause I love to loc up

So punk motherfucker don't choke up

When you're talkin to me

Chorus:

Ice, Ice motherfuckin T (x4)

Verse 2:

Bush, Quayle and Clinton got a problem with me:

The motheruckin T

I give less than a fuck about any of them

Or their fuckin police friends

They'd like to take me out

Make me a goner

They even tryin to sweat Time Warner

Why?

For tellin the truth to the youth

That a lot of motherfuckers are hot

And want police shot?

You can't stop the shock (?)

The fires are out

But the coals are still hot

I got juice to bring pain

You tryin to fuck with the Ice

Are you insane?

This shit is bigger than me

Be warned

It's the calm before the storm

And every fuckin thing I write

Is gonna be analyzed by somebody white

Chorus

Verse 3:

Run motherfucker, hide motherfucker, trip
motherfucker, die motherfucker

You don't give love

And you won't get loved

You don't push

And you won't get shoved

No joke

I ain't here to laugh

I ain't here to cry

But every night of the week

One of my homies die

Eeny meeny mynie moe

Blood's pourin out the naps of your afro

It could be you

Could be you

Could be you

Could be your whole damn crew

It happens real quick

Screechin tires

Next thing you're hit

Your body's cold

Your body's hot

You feel your chest

You gasp for breath

You're shot

And now your homies is trippin'

Lookin for a gat to put they clip in

Street crime-

That's the thing I bring, Ice T

I rap ??? sing

They call it controversy

I call it truth with no mercy

The beats are phat Ammo Dump tracks

The kind that make speakers crack

Not made for squares

Or the weak punks

That made the bump trunks

Press-

Get the fuck out my fuckin face

I ain't got no more time to waste

A ho is a ho, a bitch is a bitch, a nigga is a nigga

And that's it

I'm through explainin the shit

You just makin me backtrack

The next duck reporter might get hit with a blackjack

Plus

Every one of my true fans

Totally understands

A nigga like me

Chorus (x2)

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