

T Ice

"Intro 7th Deadly Sin"

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Seven deadly sins (repeated several times À Morgan Freeman)

[Jay-Z]

Yeah yeah yo Ice what's up?

Just chilling ya heard? It's the god.

Know what I mean?

Heard you preparing to drop this 7th deadly sin

Know what I mean?

Just showing, you know, love, you know what I mean?

One player to another, you know coastal

How we do you know? Connect

Hit me up, give me a call. You know how we do?

Peace out

Roc-A-Fella Style, Peace

[Ice-T]

Motherfuckers said I'd never survive, here I am

Check your sound scan virally grand out the box

Bitches and glocks, hoes got rocks on my table

Fuck your cable, you better Ice that shit

Fuck you income you better twice that shit

You couldn't see me if you stood right in front of a pimp

You niggas make a million dollar but still manage to sink

I can stop for 10 years and still be 5 years in front of ya

What do ya want?

Mad bitched to flaunt

And mad wealth, but you fuckin hoes yourself

If you caught one its like a lesbian connect

You and a bitch all pussy no dick

Since '86 I been bustin off clips

Mashin mad whips, bendin hot chicks

Westside them niggas that ride for this shit

Fly to New York City, crack a Brooklyn bitch

You see me in a tunnel with my niggas on hit

Light skinned nigga in the full ink mink

Fuckin off chump change on bitches and drinks

(Yo Ice you fuck that bitch?)

Nigga what do you think?

I aint fuckin these hoes cause these bitches aint payin

Pimpin to me, that aint no bullshit sayin

Every song I hear today's about straight trickin

Mother fuck a bitch, hoe get your heels kickin

And all you niggas out there that don't like me

Fuck you! Fuck what you're goin through, fuck your hood

And all my real motherfuckers know it's all in the good

A nigga came up like a real pimp should

I feel you players out there givin me love
And all my dead homies watchin me from above
And all you down bitches recognize in the heat
Step to a pimp when you see me on the street
Let a nigga know that you down to hoe
Represent the Ice and collect the dough
This aint nothing new aint no mother fuckin faÅšade
I've bee rockin shit for over 10 years god
You haters paralyze when a real baler comes around
Nigga give it up and put you fuckin head down
Cause you don't wanna talk to about how much dope
you sold
You don't wanna talk 'bout how hard you claim your
role
You don't really look me in the eyes sucker
(Know why?) Cause game knows game
And I don't know you buster
You got a deal with you own reflection in the mirror
So what you did a bid
You still a bitch kid
And not too many niggas gonna do what I did
Come off the streets, make raps about the lifestyle
Real for my niggas from the ghetto to the penile
Say what you will I moved to the hills
The seventh deadly is envy
Nigga fuck how you feel

