

T Ice

"Intro"

Visit "[Intro](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A child was born in the east on day
Moved to the west coast after his parents passed away
Never understood his fascination with rhymes or beats
In poetry he was considered elite
Became a young gangster in the streets of L.A.
Lost connections with his true roots far away
But no matter the job or crime
He never lost his hard core obsession to rhyme
New York's hip hop movement broke loose
Dj's cut records raps had the juice
Since busting rhymes was his natural thing
He was crowned the west coast MC king
But after his inauguration there was a rush
Of wack rappers with one intention to crush
This master rapper and take his throne
A simple job,he had no crew,he stood all alone
Assassins came in groups MC could survive
But he showed no mercy,he rapped blood thirsty
Battlin' from friday on to thursday
Never losin' a 'bout,never ending in doubt
Every confrontation K.O. knock out

On his never ending journey to the T.O.P.

The L.A. player M.C. ICE-T

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

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