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## T Ice "It's On"

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Intro:

Yo, Ice, the organization say they can't stay in business with us any longer. What you gonna do?

We always knew we were gonna come to this point sooner or later... we have absolutely no option but to move forward. We'll have to set up our own distribution, manufacturing, run a totally indipendent organization and operation. We still got our connections in Texas, Miami, New York, Chicago, Detroit and soldiers on the street willing to die. I can't put any cut on the product... I just can't live like that. But from now on if any cops get in our way... (3 gunshots)

Verse 1:

Turn up the mic, dog So I can get off Find me Charlton Heston and we might Cut his head off I'm not to be fucked with Step in the range of my guage and get bucked quick Niggas, hoes, I don't know who you are My friends or foes Smile in my face And plot to kill me behind doors I got a new attitude No trust Got me in a corner All a nigga can do is bust It may be you There's gonna be a lot of dead before I'm through I'm 'bout to break off niggas who play me and dis me Try to switch from side to side like the ??? ??? The damage is done

Source magazine You're the first one You try to dis Chuck, Cube and me How the fuck you pick us 3? You punk motherfuckers ain't shit You're just a bunch of hoes Makin' money off the pros And when I see I get you in my sights I give yo' ass a story to write Cause it's on

Chorus:

It's on motherfucker And you can't turn the shit off Catch you in the streets and your ass'll get tossed Bang! Bang! Bang! cause it ain't no thang To put in work and watch your head burst

Verse 2:

A lot of fans ain't shiy Let me repeat: A lot of fans ain't shiy Quick to flip if our group don't hit That don't make you nothin but a pop ho bitch And I don't need ya I love to bleed va All I ever wanted was a real nigga's praise But the sad motherfuckin fact Is that ain't that many real motherfuckers these days Game knows game I know too many who plays the name And I can make it in the music or the street game I still got hoes that'll work Still got crews that'll work Still roll with an extra clip And those who think they'll stop me Doubt it Those motherfuckers better think about it You'd besta let me rap Ice back on the streets? You don't want that Cause I break ill And you really ???

Chorus:

It's on motherfucker And you can't turn the shit off Catch you in the streets and your ass'll get tossed Bang! Bang! Bang! Cause it ain't no thing To put in work and watch your body jerk

Verse 3:

It's on motherfucker You Goddamn right it's on My royalty cheque Yeah, fool, I write my own I own my own label Put my own shit out So no one tells me what the fuck to talk about And all the suckas that said I was through: You need to wake up to my view I'm fallen off Ha! Ha! That's a joke! You motherfuckers are still unknown and broke And I'm stankin' rich My fuckin maid lives better than you, bitch So shut your trap When it comes to this level of game You don't know jack CIA FBI IRS Try to ??? for sweat But they'll never sweat you son Cause you're broke And you're dumb And you're no threat to no one Them fools don't play I gotta deal with those motherfuckers every day They'd love to get me behind bars They hawk a nigga like I'm Carlos Escobar But in a way I am Been puttin dope on the street for years And don't give a damn So I'm thinkin about them, friend The real motherfuckin gangstas wanna see me end It's gonna end up in a bloodbath No doubt That's the only way I'm going out

Chorus:

It's on motherfucker And you can't turn the shit off Catch you in the streets and your ass'll get tossed Bang! Bang! Bang! Cause it ain't no thing To put in work and watch your head burst <u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.