

T Ice

"Mic Contract"

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Brainstorm microphone napalm

This is it words from a timebomb

Attack speed fast as an F15

Raise the heat light thhe gasoline

Overload it might cause a blackout

Dead end

There's no chnce to back out

Hit the tripwire

Duck from the gunfire

Broken glass screech'n car tires bodies hit the deck

As I commence to wreck

Eject another clip and drip sweat

Face of danger increasin' nger

Point blank

I smoke another stranger

Grip the mic tight

I see the brake lights

Hit the back door

I lay down cross the floor

E's on the wheels

He makes the rubber squel

Blood's on my gear
From caps I've peeled
About a block away I sit up
Look back
It wasn't nothin' but a
Microphone contract!
Dressed in black I stalk my prey
Parabellum in a leather attache
Low tones I speak, I speak to few
Just give me the money
and who the fuck to do
Four blocks away my aim's clean
Night scope on a silence carbine
Place my crosshairs on my vic's eye
Squeeze the trigger
Watch the brains fly
Violent? Yeah you could call me that
Insane? You're on the right track
But turn the sounds up
So I can stay amped
Do another crew and breaaak camp
The only way I sleep is in a cold sweat
You think I'm crazy?
You ain't see shit yet
Cause I love to kill and kill for fun

The microphone goes off
Like a handgun
It's goin' down now
Grab your girl hops
No excuses when the bodies
begin to drop
Look in my face fool
It look like I'm play'n
Don't become another
Victim of mic slayin'
What's up?
You want your feet in some concrete?
I got some brothers
That'll do you for gold teeth
But most the time I move, I move alone
Take a bat
Break your motherfuckin' dome
Shoot you dead in the face
With a sawed off
One hundred ten degrees
Ice don't get soft
Cause I'm hard as they come
I come correct
You can't handle the vandal hit eject
If not you better get
Out my face sucka

Or else you better be
A good bullet ducker
Cause I'm a rip shop
Tell that ass drop
Five o Ice, yo fuck a damn cop!
Cause I move hard and cold
With a gangster stroll
Five thousand dollar suits
And fly gold
Rolex, you can't fit no more
Diamonds on it
Pinky ring, worth a house
If I decide to pwn it
What's up now punk?
Yo start to choke up?
You try to move on the Ice
You'll get broke up!
Midnight, time for a homicide
Showtime, somebody's gonna die
E hits the switch
And thouands of volts connect
With the weapon that's in my fist
I see a sucka in the third row
Try'n to riff
A paragraph and a half he's stiff

I start bustin' off barrages ear high

Mothers grab for their children

Tears fly

I'm like a psycho

In the microphone zone

Speakers blown, mind gone

I can't be touched

Once my lyrics begin to fly

Simple stage radiation

Could make ya die

Ya got a prob nigga

you think your rep's bigger?

Hold your heard right there

While I squeeze the trigger

Cause I'm a crazy motherfucker

That's no joke

My favorite smell is

The aroma of gunsmoke

I'm bustin' off another

Lyrical nightmare

Parents hate the Ice!

You think that I care?

Well I don't give a fuck

Cause I rhyme tough

Drop science, still bust the ill stuff

So now it's time for crime

And the rhyme is mine
Track the movement
Hide from the punchline
I rhyme with quickness
Microphone fitness
The assassinator
Stay off the shit list

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