

T Ice

"OG Original Gangster"

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Ten years ago

I used to listen to rappers flow

Talkin' bout the way

They rocked the mic at the disco

I liked how that shit was goin' down

With my own sound

So I tried to write rhymes

Somethin' like them my boys said

"That ain't you Ice

That shit sounds like them."

So I sat back thought up a new track

Didn'T fantasize kicked the pure

Facts. Motherfuckers got scared

Cause they weas unprepared

who would tell it how it relly was?

Who dared?

A motherfucker from the West Coast

L.A. South Central fool

Where the Crips and the Bloods play

When I wrote about parties

It didn't fit

Six in the Mornin'

That was the real shit

CHORUS

O.G. Original Gangster

When I wrote about parties

Someone always died

When I tried to write happy

Yo I knew I lied, I lived a life of crime

Why play ya blind?

A simple look

and anyone with two cents

would know I'm

A hardcore player from the streets

Rappin' bout hardcore topics

Over hardcore drum beats

a little different

Than the average though

Jet you thru the fast lane

Drop ya on death row

Cause anybody who's been there

Knows that life ain't sho lovely

On the blood-soaked fast track

That invincible shit don't work

Throw ya in a joint

You'll be comin' out feet first

So I blst the mic with my style
Sometimes I'm ill
The other times buck wild
But the science is always there
I'd be a true sucker
If I acted like I didn'T care
I rap for brothers just like myself
Dazed by the game
In a quest for extreme wealth
But I kick it to you hard and real
One wrong move, and you caps peeled
I ain't no super hero
I ain't no Marvel Comic
But when it comes to game I'm atomic
At droppin' it straight
Point blank and untwisted
No imagination needed, cause I lived it
This ain't no fuckin' joke
This shit is real to me
I'm Ice-T
O.G.
Two weeks ago I was out at the disco
Two brothers stepped up to me
And said
"Hey yo, Ice
We don't think you're down

What set ya claimin'?"
E drew the Glock, yo my set's aimin'!
Dumb motherfucker
Try to roll on me, please!
I'm protected by a thousand emcees
and hoodlums and hustlers
And bangers with Jeri curls
we won't even count the girls
Cause they got my back
And I got theirs too
Fight for the streets
When I'm on Oprah or Donahue
They try to sweat a nigga
But they just didn'T figure
What my wit's as quick as a hair trigger
"He's not your everyday-type
Prankster."
I'm Ice-T, the original gangster
So step to me
If you think that you're ready to
Got on your bullet proof?
Well mine's goin' right thru
This ain't no game to me
It's hollow fame to me
Without respect frome streets

So I don't claim be
The hardest motherfucker on earth
Catch me slippin, I can even get worked
But I don'T slip that often
there's a coffin
Waitin' for the brother
Who comes off soft when
The real fuckin' shit goes down
Take a look around
all them pussies can be found
they talk a mean fight
But fight like hoes
I'm from South Central, fool
Where everything goes
Snatch you out your car so fast
You'll get whiplash
Numbers on your roof top
For when the copters pass
Gang bangers
Don't carry no switch blades
Every kid's got a Tec 9 or a
Hand grenade
Thirty-seven killed
Last week in a crack war
Hostges tied up
And shot in a liquor store

Nobody gives a fuck

"The children have to go to school."

Well, moms, good luck

Cause the shit's fucked up bad

I use my pad and pen

And my lyrics break out mad

I try to write about fun

and the goodtimes

But the pen yanks away and explodes

And destroys the rhyme

Maybe it's just cause of where I'm from

L.A. that was a shot gun!

CHORUS

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