

T Ice

"Personal"

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Emcee's no time out it's time to rhyme out

You've dug your own grave now you must climb out

Dig out crawl out hide from the fallout

'Cause when I get mad I go all out

ICE cooler than the coldest cube dude

And when I'm micin' boy I'm know to get rude

Criminal background it's time to get down

I use a silencer don't like the loud sound

Off my mic blast you better run fast

The last punk that popped junk passed

Spit on his grave, laughed, jumped in my stretch

Signed his bitch an autograph

Syndicate boy, I don't fool out

You're full grown, school's out

You try to diss?..I think you better cool out

'Cause your butt is smoke, if we ever duel out

This jam is directed, to all of those who expected

For me to cold be rejected, but now I'm highly
respected

And now their ears are infected

With dollar signs I've collected

Jealous punks,I said it!

Personal

Take a personal

Take it personal,punk,I'm talkin' to you

And if they agree with you,then your crew too

I never diss an emcee,I wish'em all good luck

But if you diss me to my face,duck

My style don't ramble,you shouldn't gamble

With your grill,I got a fist like an anvil

I write a record,lock it on the topic

EVIL and IZ dog the track,then we drop it

Record stores rock it,stock it,fans buy it

People that never heard of ICE-T try it

Then you try to diss? You got gall

I got gold on my neck and gold on my wall

Gold in my fingers,gold in my ear

When this jam's spinnin',gold's what you hear

Toy,this ain't Christmas,no time to play

I ain't no child,punk,you'll get sprayed

Illin' on a mega-villan

You must want a pine box to go chill in

Buried deep,creep,no one will weep

'Cause the next night with your bitch I'll sleep

Personal

Take it personal

I ain't East Coast,West Coast,new style,or old style

You wanna know about me? Check police files
Get out my face or you might have a bruised one
Brass knuckle prints? Yes, I used some
I ain't here to boast, I don't do that
When I talk it's straight dope, pure facts
I rock hard but still called a new jack
But talk shit, you're sure to get heard cracked
I don't drink or smoke or do dumb drugs
But my posse's still labeled street thugs
L.A.P.D's got all my boy's mugs
Can't use my phone for the damn bugs
I live in privacy, don't like suckers hawking me
News reporters, some think they can talk for me
Lies, misquotes, changin' all my words around
But if I catch'em on the street they'll get beat down
They get money for hype-type publicity
They don't think twice, about dissin' me
But that's a mistake, with tha SYNDICATE you shoudn't
mess
I hope those punk reporters wear vests!
Personal
Take that personal
Now the words I speak to some may sound radical
But I'll explain, it's simply mathematical
You diss, I diss, this is creates an equal
You reply to my diss, this is called a sequel

I reply to your diss, this is called a battle
Not intelligent, not very adult
So I don't battle, I just put heads out
A straight line is always the direct route
I write lyrics clear, to leave no doubt
Don't even have to say who I'm speakin' about
You know who you are, you just jealous
'Cause you hear my records are million sellers
Try to say I'm wack, out on the streets
While your whole crew is jockin' my beats
See me on T.V. and in the papers
See me at a jam, and catch vapors!
Personal

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