

T Ice

"Pulse of the Rhyme"

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Just checkin' my microphone once

As I check your audio

Increase the bass response

Hope n the speakers blow

I got no time to sit and flip

And pop bullshit

Turn up your stereo hops

Insert the rhyme clip

Roll your windows up

Make sure it7s air tight

E.Q. the track exact

So shit sounds right

I rhyme of death

And darkness and danger

Your crib or car

Becomes a torture chamber

I write my rhymes with violence

What you expect?

Sounds of pain

The snap of a broken neck

All alone in darkness I sit each night

Write my rhymes

With blood upon a butcher knife

You say the Ice is ill, and ill I am

They try to ban my shit

And I don't give a damn

Roll up, your eye will get swoll up

Suckers who flexed

Yo, their deaths got tolled up

Cause I'm not the nigga to toy with

Boy with the big mouth

Ya got time to riff?

There's time to take you out

Put a couple caps in your ass

Cut your head off

Send it to your mom with flowers

Cause I'm so soft

Lay on your wack crew

Smoke the whole bunch

Bury 'em in my bck yard

And then I'll eat lunch

Cause I don't give a fuck about you

Or him or her

Whenever I'm in the house

A death just might occur

Is this real or fiction

You'll never know

CHORUS

While you're locked to the

Pulse of the rhyme flow!

Once I lock you up, you can't get loose

You put your head inside

And I placed the noose

The mic drips juice slow

From its steel mesh

My words feel like hooks

Underneath your flesh

Makin' you twist and turn

Scorch and burn, when will you learn?

The '90s are my turn

To pitch a vocal fit, like the ultimate

Gangster rhyme, yo, I invented the shit!

Watch me dod it, as I do it

And I do it right

Grab the gauge

Duct tape on the flashlight

Doin' the black ski mask

And come to your house

Cut off your power

And do you with the lights out!

Is this real or fiction?

You'll never know

CHORUS

A pool of blood

and floating body parts

Would make me grin

A close view of a razor

When it's breaking skin

If you were burnin'

I'd use gasoline to put you out

Cause I walk alone

And choose the dark route

Nightmares gotta be loved by some

And I'm the one

Ya wanna come, bring your shotgun

You ever see your partner die?

No? Well I have!

You ever see your father die?

No? Well I have!

You ever see your mother die?

No? Well I have!

So shut the fuck up, punk

And clear the rhyme path!

What would make meel calm and nice

Is a slow slice

Through your jugular and windpipe

Throw me in jail

I won't even try to make bail

Put me in the gas chamber

And watch me inhale!

Is this true or false?

Well you'll never know

CHORUS

Jason, Tales from the Crypt

And the Dark Side

Another fly murder, another suicide

Did these flicks

Have an influence on my brain?

I really doubt that shit

I think that I was born insane

When I was young

I had a lust for knives and guns

Use a magnifying glass

To fry an ant with the sun

And on and on

My lust for death got bigger

At fifteen

I was placed behind a trigger

Although I'm dirty

Not the one to be swept up

step up, I'd love to open your chest up

I've got no concept of life or death

All I want is your last breath

Give me a motherfuckin' break

I should behave

Give me a motherfuckin' shovel

I'll dig graves!

I break ill in extra large portions

where's your parents

I'll make you an orphan

So when you're talkin' crazy

You better think of me

The I, to the C, to the E, to the fuckin' T!

There'll be no tears

No screams or cries, just a laser beam

Between your fuckin' eyes

You feel strange well now you know

CHORUS

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