

T Ice

"Retaliation"

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(Intro: Ice-T)

Every year the same shit happens

More fuckin' funerals, dead homies

Niggas out here killin' each other

I don't know why

And when it happens to you

just can't turn the other fuckin' cheek

Gotta get back for your dead niggas

Yeah I'm caught up to

(Ice-T)

Sometimes I sit and wonder

how many motherfuckers gonna die this summer

Gunshots from the hummer

Now the sawed-off riot pumps lead across your beds

They said: "Mama, less you wouldn't strike back"

mack ten, eleven, twelve, hit us and then puts us to hell

They started it, there's no way to mend it, we'll end it

My crew'll hit the mattresses, G.O.D.

Father style - all prepared to get buckwild

Half my niggas ball, other half ain't got it all

They stay up at nights waitin' on a combat call

Drinkin' hard liquor, smokin' mad loop and shit
So high, sometimes I even gotta load they clips
I ain't mad at them though, they dumps the ammo
in you, suspend you in here, hell yeah
It's the time that the real niggas live for retaliation
Move on 'em, show, improve on 'em
All you punk bitches just stand back and watch
Me, I'm oilin' up the Heckler & Gotch
I gots no love, for them busters, who put the work in
I can still see my fuckin' boys' body jerkin'
I ran over to him, put my hand on his chest
Hole like an apple in the side of his neck
His eyes glanced up, his body jerked once more
There's nothin' else to do but to go to war
Slide the hollow-tips in the chrome four-four
Roll down the windows, hang the heat out the door
Catch all the fuckin' bodies that I can tonight
Double-back on your bitch crew, broad daylight
(Chorus: Ice-T)
There's no innocence allowed in these ghetto streets
Grab your guns, buck 'em off, when ya hit your leak
Tell me what would you do if they killed your best
friend?
Could you keep your cool, would the wounds mend?
If I said "peace", I'll be a motherfuckin' liar
("I'm lettin' off until my arms tired" - cut and

scratched*)Retaliation

(Ice-T)

Been packin' straps so long I gots some permanent
bruise in my leg

Better that than dead

Now it's time to show you what I'm trained for in this

Rally up the wolfpack-attack relentless

Make ya understand it was the wrong crew ya fuck with

Now it's on bitches, guys are darker than shit

You musta not a known when you fuckin' hit that day

Or maybe you di, you're dyin' anyway

And not just you, some of your family

To tell you the truth any fuckin' body we see

You might just wanna turn yourself into me

To save your hood pain of my crews' treachery

You fucked up, we know who you are, where ya live

We got your place ran up to a cop on the tick

We'll hit your block so hard, you'll swear it was an
earthquake

Squeeze off the fully-auto, make your whole crib shake

I know you're breathin' hard, livin' on your last day

Or maybe, you're laughin', thinkin' that you got away

I don't give a fuck, I won't sleep

Till one of us lays me and my nigga

That's the fear of these triggers

If ya smart, ya probably make a break out of state

We'll just snatch your kid, grab your fuckin' bitch and

wait

I'll catch ya down South, lay your ass out straight

There's no where to run, it's time to meet your make

You got one chance, arm your whole damn crew

I couldn't stop my fuckin' niggas if I wanted to

(Chorus: Ice-T)

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Tell me what would you do if they killed your best friend?

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("I'm lettin' off until my arms tired" - *cut and scratched*)

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("Lettin' off until my arms tired" - *cut and scratched

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