

T Ice

"Return of the Real"

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Yo, what's up with all these niggas

On these muthafuckin records talkin all this bullshit

(Man, I don't know about these niggas out here

Them other sucker-ass niggas, them old fake-ass
bitches)

I ain't tryin to hear that shit, man

These bitches ain't players, man

(Yeah man

You know these niggas out here been fakin for years,
man

I'm glad my nigga Ice comin with that HP shit

That high-powered shit..)

[VERSE 1]

Peace to my street niggas movin that weight

Much love to my comrads who's out in upstate

Mad connections from the bottom to the top of the
game

Street fame, I got much that's in touch with my name

Got a overload of guns to unload on a lame nigga
trippin

Wake up my posse, interrump the RÃ©my-sippin

Four in your back and keep bailin

Listen to the HK wailin and your vital signs failin

Everyone that ever met me knows

I work bitches like niggas, pimp niggas like hoes

Command a mack that's immaculate, your girl's naked

You think she ain't been hit, kid yo, you best to check it

For ten years I been connected to the top of this

Hold your breath, kid, I'm never droppin this

Too busy rollin off them fat chrome rims

And niggas who trip get sung hymns

We crash clubs and security shits

Cause they know they got size but they know we keep clips

Crazy muthafuckas lickin shots in doors

Leavin suckers' bodies bleedin over nightclub floors

You don't want none, son, stay gone

Break north when I come and you might live long

Yeah, my face kickin treble, you're just a pebble

You're gettin rocked, yo E, cock the glock

And let these niggas know, yo, that the west don't play none

Fire shoots out of my strap like a ray-gun

You broke ill and you cold fucked up

Now you're bleedin through your fingers while you're holdin your gut

For real

[CHORUS]

So get your money how you want to, friend

But when it's time to count the chips only the real will

win

(Return of the real) the game of life is only fake and true

But it's all about the dollars when the day is through

[Hot Dollar]

(Cause the pimps don't get no bigger

Than these here niggas)

It's the return of the real

(These muthafuckas best to get to recognize

Before I gets to chastizin

Cause see, the shit all ties in

It's just some of that pimp, player, hustler shit

Ice-T been around for a while now

Nigga was gangbangin when gangbangin wasn't even cool, nigga

What you know about that shit?)

[VERSE 2]

I go deep into the street life's anatomy

A nigga take me out - yo, what a upset that'd be

And if I fall I fall on cushions, ???

Hittin niggas up with the Tec and watch the blood gushin

I see your videos, a 100 niggas in it you don't know

Framed in the lens, bought friends

Who really got your back, nigga, check it out

You really possess like zero street clout (think about)

The only place you're safe is in the studio

Yellin in the mic, you'se a bitch, that's right

I take a nigga like you and make him prostitute cute

So what you got a gun, punk, you're scared to shoot

You front hardcore, but I don't feel ya

Kids from my hood'll take your punk ass and peel ya

Let me check my Rolex quick because time's money

Squintin from the Pavet face because it's kinda sunny

Skinnin the top back, flossin the rag and the thing

Feelin the sun, backin off of my pinky ring

Hittin the 'Shaw with my niggas and clown

Lift the ass, hit the switch, raise the front off the
ground

But most of the time you can't see a nigga

Deep in the archives parlayin new ways to get my bank
bigger

[CHORUS]

[Hot Dollar]

(As I slides up out the do')

Gots to give a special props shout out to that nigga the
O.G.

Got muthfuckin Red in the house

[Name] and the muthafuckin ringleader of funk, DJ Ace

Hot Dollar's up in this muthafucka

If you didn't know

Count your muthafuckin blessings and handcuff your
hoe

You know what I'm sayin?

It's all good for my hood

Comp-town in the muthafuckin house

Nigga don't know well I tell ya like this

West Hollywood Hills

That's the deal, fool

You know I know the rules

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