

T Ice

"Ricochet"

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also on "That's How I'm Livin'" EP (Japanese release)

(intro)

Yeah Syndicate's in the house

Yeah Geto Boys in the house

Yeah Donald D's in the house

Yeah Body count's in the house

Yeah Zulu Nation's in the house

Yeah Ice T's in the house yeah

(verse one)

You go on and on and you don't stop

Got sticky sneakers from the blood of a shot cop

Belt and a club I'm leaving tracks on the white rug

Punk tried to rif and he met double-live slugs

I ain't the nigger to step to

I'm catching bodies and the next one could be you

Quick on the trigger,yo,I'm a gravedigger

Drop off a a body and deep six'em in the river

A nice talking psychopath

All cops hunt the black male in a skimask

But I'm too damn clever

Will they ever catch me,never

Because I operate in and out of state

Move at a quick rate

And never hesitate to take a chump sucker down

And my H-K it holds 80 rounds

So when you move be careful and don't play

And watch for the ricochet

Suicide, it's a suicide, yeah (x8)

(verse two)

So shut up motherfuckers as I laid the ink

When I'm in Detroit, niggers fight in mink

When I'm in Chicago, motherfuckers get buck wild

When I'm up in Oakland

Niggers rolling in huge piles

In Atlanta, niggers crash you doors

When I'm in Philly, it's a sold out tour

In L.A., I max out real hard

When I'm in New York, I bill with the Gods

So don't try to deny me my proper juice

E.cuts the records and the yellow nigger gets loose

No static, just much respect

Truck my Rolex when I cruise the projects

A fly brother that is hard to figure

I punch hos and I smack up niggers

Because I'm a pimp and a player

Sometimes I bum hip-hop, the other times slayer

You don't like it

Well stay out of my fucking way

Duck for the gunshot and watch to the ricochet

Suicide, it's a suicide, yeah (x3)

C'mon yeah (x7)

(verse three)

Yo D., what's up?, suckers is popping lip

Grab the H-K and the dum-dum clip and spread out

I'm putting punk's heads out

Doors is shut, there's no chance to get out

I got the motherfucking side with bi clocks

Raise the auto-loader and let off the buckshot

(Sounds of gunfire)

That's how I like to do work

(Gunfire again)

Got guts on my T-shirt

Motherfuckers tried to play the ice

Because I rhyme smooth

And on T.V. act nice

Saw, that's what you shouldn't have said

Now I'm so mad I'm busting veins in my forehead

You want to get off, come on let's rock

But have your safety off, and your shit cocked

Because when I come to get that ass

I'll leave your whole block filled with hot brass

So punk, don't make me pop my trunk

Show you my amps and my Mossberg pump

Because when I pull it most niggers run

Fool niggers stay and get hit by the ricochet

Suicide,it's a suicide,yeah (x8)

(verse four)

Niggers want to know about me and the.....

We squashed that shit with me and him about a year ago

But there's a new rule starting tonight

Dis'me on a record,see me bite

Because in a daze,you saw a battle of mics

(sounds of gunfire)

I'm using gages and flashlights

Ease back and don't give me no feedback

Yo,"Ice cool out",yo,fuck that

I'm hot,I'm putting niggers in cots

Some get knocked out,some just get shot

Where did I get all the juice I used

Gotta posse full of brothers with nothing to lose

Some just got out,some will never

Some beat the cases 'cause their lawyer was clever

I love'em all and they know that's true

So they won't blink while they doing a punk like you

Freeze motherfucker

Get on your knees,hands behind you back

Bow your heads,if you will please

I'll swing my axe, watch the bodies fall
Watch your head roll off like volleyball
So all you motherfuckers down with the fly guy
Look me in the face, like you're strong when you walk by
And all you punk niggers talking shit
Step to the side, bow your head like a bitch
I don't play, you'll get hit by the ricochet
You'll get hit by the ricochet
You'll get hit by the ricochet
Yeah

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