

# T Ice

## "The 7th"

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(Ant Banks)

This is Ant Banks, and it's hella motherfuckin' deadly sins

But don't ever fuck with the seventh bitch

(Intro: Ras Kass)

Yeah, seventh, uh-huh, first things first man you're messin' with the worst

One, come on, come on, one

(Chorus: Marc Live)

Yo, yo, yo motherfuckers can't fuck with this, realness

Seventh sin deadly, raise the key to rock steady

Run son the hour has come, touch ya

Remember this, real niggas don't rhyme

we walk up and buck ya

Stuck ya in the head, rush ya

Trife niggas knife you, seven venoms fight you

Your life's through, fuckin' with the wrong click -  
kapow!!

From the crackhouse, niggas quick to blow your back  
out

(Marc Live)

Enough talk, niggas talk too much, let's set it

Time to splash bitch niggas, gun fights, paramedics

Call my regiment up at midnight, tape on a flash light

Youn claim you want beef, it's too tough, called your bluff

Shot you at such close range, blew out your eardrum

Caught you with my mack, blast your cage our your back

Yo, the nigga stepped up and got bucked by my ninja's

Casualty after casualty all up in ya

Ya not a street vet yet bitch, just a beginner

My niggas eat punk like your crew for dinner

Rock ya in broad daylight to make the wrist-double

Hit ya then lower my gun and watch ya chest bubble

Step up, feel the Teflon, black talent

Rip through your vest, hit your chest, lose your balance

You never had no drama with the real, now ya want it?

My skill got you haunted, my ski-mask got ???

(Marc Live)

Aiyyo blackout, my whole click we blastout

The wrong move, show improve you assed out

Venom it, warn the niggas, treacherous

Squeeze automatic, quick to bust fuck with us

Yo the worst niggas, work the bitch to double figures

In new sixes, hennessey with dark mixes

The richest, fuck around, you won't fix it

Toke, heavy metal, settle shit, rebel shit

Fuck a cop, why not, we last niggas on your block

Last standin', coked up, we fucked up  
Twenty g's, rope 'em up, you in the trunk - Lex Coupe  
I'll leave a nigga with cement boots  
Now we off lootin', hold me down, yo I'll start shootin'  
in ya double lefts and tell the rest an'  
Marc Li-ive, fuck the pad, bust his ass  
and slide my fuckin' heat in the stash  
(Chorus: Marc Live)  
Yo, yo, yo motherfuckers can't fuck with this, realness  
Seventh sin deadly, raise the key to rock steady  
Run son the hour has come, touch ya  
Remember this, real niggas don't rhyme  
we walk up and buck ya  
Stuck ya in the head, rush ya  
Trife niggas knife you, seven venoms fight you  
Your life's through, fuckin' with the wrong click -  
kapow!!  
From the crackhouse, niggas quick to blow your back  
out  
(Ras Kass)  
She musta kicked off like special teams  
I walk rare from a muchy bled nigga all lookin' like  
Grenedine  
Murder scene, three to the head, three to the sline  
We tied that motherfuckin' number like Kareem  
It seems that I used to wonder why niggas don't give a  
fuck  
within 2G - niggas is just buck

From hip-hoppers to gangsta's, sportin' stompers at  
yompers

The mirror has two faces in this room is not proper

So we religiously pray for peace and pack one

I walk softly, carry a big dick

these family jewels is my most important riches

but I still want my liquor, my sorry-ass friends and my  
bitch

And nigga this me, I only see green like a Marine

Support Calvin Klein jeans, fed a bitch from the  
Phillipines

with a immoral nose ring (masterbatin' with a  
magazine!!)

Yeah, I'm acid 9 and half the time undercover

Fuck you, your lesbain lover and your mother with the  
same brother

The blade runner, my games' tight

I could talk the Virgin Mary outta panties the same  
night

(Castrophe)

And that's the seventh deadly sin as the terror begins

Me and my friends came to rob ya for your props and  
your ends

Tuck it in, my niggas want, whatever's costin'

The rings plus the watch, plus thst chain from the  
slossin'

Son, that's why I go in and shit stop

Last night my nigga Ice-T had to pop a cop

I write the chop-chop lyrics, tryin' not to scratch the  
detail

I put 'em through the system, slang 'em out at full retail

It's thirty g's for the title and the ki's

Throw in the extra three and take the tyres and the D's

Nigga please, this is lik-wit and I'm the Alki

At three months from now you're gonna read all about me

One cause I smoke 'em, two cause I'm wealthy

Three because I rapped on my nigga Ice's LP

It's Castrophe, lik-wit fam, lik-wit crew

West Coast is in the house nigga, what you wanna do?

(Chorus: Marc Live)

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(Outro: Marc Live)

Yeah, seventh deadly sin bitch

Ice-T, Marc Li-ive, Ras Kass, Castrophe

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