

T Ice

"The Iceberg"

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Verse 1

I C E B E R G

What's that spell? Iceberg nigga can't you read?

Time to bleed slaughter slice

Try to say I wasn't nice as we waxed them punks like
lab mice

Dice 'em up slice 'em up dissect

Put you in a boilin' pot and let your ass sweat

Cos I rap on game you think I'm weak in a freestyle?

Well 911 you should dial

Before my posse makes a move on your mom's crib

Think we got knives and guns? We got bombs, kid

Blow up your whole block, ya hear the gunshots

Throw you in the Syndicate cellar and let your body rot

Cos I'm the coldest motherfucker that you ever heard

Call me The Ice...or just The Iceberg

Verse 2

Evil E was out coolin' with a freak one night

Fucked the bitch with a flashlight

Pulled it out and left the batteries in

So he could get a charge when he begin

Used his dick, the shit was tight

Bitch's titties start blinkin' like tail lights

Rolled her over to change a connection

The bitch's ugly face cold spoiled his erection

I'm the Ice rhymer, a big timer

And yes I'm a pimp and a player and a hustler and
kinda

A mack and a poet, impressive I know it

Don't only rhyme for niggas cos I live my life co-ed

On the mic it's livin' breathin' hype

A 1989 type Dolemite

Cool motherfucker, word

Call me The Ice...or just The Iceberg

Verse 3

Charlie Jamm fucked a freak on a ski-lift

10 below, gave her the dick

It was cold and she said "Quit!"

Charlie Jamm said "Bullshit!"

She said "Oh, oh, oh my god!"

Charlie's dick was frozen hard

But she said she never felt it

Maybe Charlie's dick melted

Yes, I'm the rhyme kicker, the hard liquor

Parental Guidance Sticker? Yeah, I'm the nigga

Triple X is how I rate

I'm the one your parents hate

I'm as cold as cold can get

Under pressure never sweat

Cool motherfucker, word

Call me The Ice...or just The Iceberg

Verse 4

Out with the posse on a night run

Girls on the corner, so let's have some fun

Donald asked one if she was game

Back Alley Sally was her name

She moved on the car and moved fast

On the window pressed her ass

All at once we heard a crash

Donald's dick had broke the glass

Yes, I'm the big wheeler, the girl stealer

And if we play cards don't let me be the dealer

The Ice, cool as water, hard as stone

The black mack of the microphone

Talkin' shit the way I do

Rhyme Pays, the posse grew

Did you like Power? Word

Well this is The Ice...or just The Iceberg

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