

## T Ice

### "What Ya Wanna Do"

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Party!

(Okay party people in the house) --> MC Ricky D/Slick Rick

[ INTRO: Ice-T ]

Yo yo, in the place to be

My name is MC Ice-T

I got the Rhyme Syndicate with me

We about to tear stuff up, y'all feel good?

Yo, what the hell y'all wanna do, Syndicate, tonight, what you wanna do? (Party!)

Randy Mac in the place to be, what you wanna do? (Party!)

Nat The Cat, you're in the house tonight, what you wanna do? (Party!)

Donald-D is in the place to be, what you wanna do? (Party!)

Bronx Style Bob is in the house, what you wanna do? (Party!)

Hen-Gee is in the house, what you wanna do, homeboy? (Party!)

My man Shaquel is in the place to be, what you wanna do? (Party!)

Yo, Toddy Tee is in the house tonight, what you wanna do? (Party!)

Yo, Everlast is in the house, come on, what you wanna do? (Party!)

And MC Taste is in the place to be, what you wanna do?  
(Party!)

My man Divine is in the house, what you wanna do,  
homeboy? (Party!)

Yo yo, I'm about to kick this party up, is that alright?

[ ROUND 1: Ice-T ]

Yo, Yo, MC Ice on a Syndicate Rhyme spree

You say you wanna be down, you gotta talk to me

You wanna get in? Put a sucker's head out

Sound a little hot for you, boy? Then, toy, get out

Syndicate mob ain't nothin but hardened crooks

You try to diss, your butt is on a meat hook

Want some of me? You're on a mission

Bad move, you end up missin

[ ROUND 1: Randy Mac ]

Let's get it straight for the '89 tip

Randy Mac is clockin a stupid grip

On the party track I'm cold lampin

But when the Syndicate rolls I be jackin

You thought I fell off, I ain't even slipped

The Mac is cuttin records and punks are gettin ripped

Gangster I am, bust the lyrics like a drive-by

You wanna sleep? Well, it's lights out, beddy-bye

[ ROUND 1: Nat The Cat ]

Notorious Asiatic, tough, talented

A power entertainer

Catapultin above the top

Nat The Cat, too swift to be stopped

I'm like Jordan, a team player on a solo flight

Lookin down on MC's faces full of fright and fear

I slam dunk a rap through their ear to hear

Heureka! I just struck a platinum fame

In the game things'll never be the same

Because money changes everything

[ ROUND 1: Donald D ]

Once again comin at you hyper

Donald D the Syndicate Sniper

Boston Strangler, Charles Manson

No matter what killer I mention, keep dancin

\_Five Fingers Of Death\_, \_Fists Of Fury\_

St. Valentine's Day Massacre on a jury

Wanna convict me for kickin black on wax

I walk the street with a battle axe

[ ROUND 1: Bronx Style Bob ]

Life ain't nothin but a piece of existence

Cause when you die, you'se a past tense

So I like to live my life like a big carnival

Get drunk, act like an animal

I like the rock'n rolll, the funk, the jazz and hip-hop

Suckers get loud, I drop em

I like ( ? )

I'm Bronx Bob, bring the beats and I'm ( ? )

[ ROUND 1: Hen-Gee ]

Black stallion, knockin on concrete walls

Standin tall, rappers in my face, they stall

Stutter, softer than melted butter

There's no other word, go ask your mother

Hard solid as your city ( ? )

Born in Brooklyn, can tell by the way that I walk and talk

Strollin with a slight limp

Flyer than any big city pimp

[ ROUND 1: Shaquel Shabazz ]

Gold, girls, cold cash

On the mic Shaquel Shabazz

Supreme, the Lord, the G-o-d

Down with the Syndicate posse

It's you we rule without a tool

Mathematics in effect, it's time to school

I'm the principal and knowledge is the key

Shaquel in the place to be

[ ROUND 1: Toddy Tee ]

I climb a mountain top with just one rope

Get to the top of the stairs and say a rhyme that's dope

Cause I'm a cliffhanger, no, I ain't a stranger

Yo, I'm Toddy Tee, and I'm a Compton banger

Wanted by the F.B.I. for transport of

Sucker MC's across the Syndicate borders

No, they can't give me no time, cause it's my rhyme

Everlast, get funky for me one time

[ ROUND 1: Everlast ]

Everlast is in effect gettin big respect

Then I collect big checks

1's, 5's, 10's and 20's

A 100 g's and I'm pullin honeys

Left and right, day and night

You gotta see it to believe it, it's quite a sight

They're all on the tip to get a sip

Of this poetic performer that's fully equipped

[ ROUND 1: MC Taste ]

Y'all played yourselves right in front of the mic

Moved your body so that the feelin was right

But if you get lost scream out and admit

That the beat's too fast, slow it down or I quit

I'm not the kind to give you a call

To stop on a rap that I lead, so I pause

I give you 5, 4, 3, 2, 1

If that ain't enough, sit down till we're done

[ ROUND 1: Divine Styler ]

Syndicate scorned, you act obedient

Tired of your fish rhyme ( ? ) ingredients

Black on black while styles ( ? )

( ? ) of brothers that's gotta be

Circlin cyphers into molecules

Takin over your space, that's illogical

The vocal chords on a board with 24 tracks

Get away from the break ( ? ) gotta rap

[ ROUND 2: Ice-T ]

Syndicate posse growin, goin out of control

You say we're weak? This record's shippin gold

Power, strength, my posse got unity

We stick together and we're soon to be

In your town, we gonna bring the roof down

Ice-T and the syndicate underground

No sell-outs, cause it's caps we peelin

Girls we love em, and shows we steal em

[ ROUND 2: Randy Mac ]

Knowledge and wisdom, it's a mystery

I drop science for the ones who know it's me

You say I'm dope, cool, it makes sense

I ain't conceited, I'm just convinced

Strapped for the attack Randy Mac is rollin

The mic, the mixer, then the show is stolen

The pimp, the player, hustler ( ? ) kicker

Watch your girl, cause I stick her

[ ROUND 2: Nat The Cat ]

Nat The Cat, my man will rap when I'm playin the back

Some think my stage presence is low, I think it's loud

Enough to see me flowin and showin

Go psycho breakin backs like bolo

Give me the mic, a metamorphis ignite

I break down on a cat stand, I kill ya like a hitman

And come out kickin with the ( ? )

Rockin on a rappin rampage

In control of the stage

[ ROUND 2: Donald D ]

There's a mouse in my house, so I bought a cat

The cat ran away, cause now there's a rat

I'm on the attack with my baseball bat

That one rap brought many of us back

All through my house I set up traps

It seem like the rats have a map

But nowadays I don't know how to act

So now I feed the rats crack

[ ROUND 2: Bronx Style Bob ]

Back and I'm statin the fact

I know you're waitin for a rap

To make you get up and start to clap

For Bob, a Bronx ( ? ) Syndicate style

More bounce to the ounce and trizzy to the file

'79 the time I was inclined

To get smooth and prove that I can rock a funk rhyme

Hey yo, ice-cube chillin

Cause we got the gats and knack to see the kids top  
billin

[ ROUND 2: Hen-Gee ]

Impressionalist, not a ventriloquist

Don't hang out with suckers worth less than piss

Suckers can all come kiss the tip

Of my knob when I aim I don't miss

Aim it to suckers that come around jockin

On my tip when on the radio my recors be rockin

Don't come frontin askin me for a pound

You ain't invited means you simply ain't down

[ ROUND 2: Shaquel Shabazz ]

Wake up it's time to be noticed

I'ma do this, I'm gonna show this

Beat to be mathematical

Syndicate's in the house, let's get radical

Bum rush the show and grab the mic

Syndicate's chillin out tonight

They let me loose and now it's war

( ? ) let the rhymes roar

[ ROUND 2: Toddy Tee ]

Grab a partner and hit the dancefloor

Cause I'm back to rock for you once more

I don't worry about what he said or she said

As long as what's said-said is done-done in my bed

The Juvenile Committee's on my side

And I'm kickin knowledge on a natural high

And I'm feeling strong



Yo, take this mic and get the party on

[ ROUND 2: Everlast ]

This is mortal combat, there ain't no comeback

You're tryin to get with me but you don't know where  
I'm at

Cause in this world there's no bombs or guns

Just a microphone, metaphors, words and puns

Sentences and phrases, no clubs or razors

No mercy for a sucker that wages

War, I'll take the floor, even the score

Grab the microphone and proceed to roar

[ ROUND 2: MC Taste ]

Are y'all set, all prepared to start

Move in close cause here comes the dope part

By the way, I'm the Taste, if tracks

Could talk but they - but here go the facts

Brace yourself, you shoulda grabbed a grip

Protect your clan cause we're about to trip

Bass reflex, the kicks that drive, divide

The weak from the rest ( ? ) can't survive

[ ROUND 2: Divine Styler ]

Syndicate's housin all competition

We paralyze a physical powerful vision

But savage ignorants pop that's ignorant listen

Divine is ( ? ) no time for style

And I rock your grey matter with a smile

Cause I'm the rhyme thriller with dimensions of flavor

The knack - stylistic black

[ ROUND 2: Ice-T ]

The reason we're bustin these raps are what?

To make all you wack MC's shut up

You're always buyin rap records jammin def beats

Then dissin rap artists out in the streets

You always say our jams are wack but yours'll be tight

But you never been near a studio in your life

You see, disrespect is your last resort

You're like Howard [Name], you never played this sport

But you're always talkin mess bout how it should be  
done

And when we ask to hear your record you never made  
one

So this message goes to amateurs and pros alike

We're the MC's that cold be doggin the mic

You may be good but there's no one better

We rock you so cold, you need a cashmere sweater

Fight dirty in the pit when combat is on

We always attack before attacked upon

[ OUTRO: Ice-T ]

Yeah, Rhyme Syndicate, we in here

We tossin it up

I got my man Everlast in the house

Tossin it up, youknowwhatimsayin

Kid Jazz and Bango couldn't be here

But we gon' to' it up for them anyhow

Wherever you are you're a star

Rhyme Syndicate blowin up like napalm

I got my man Chilly Dee deejayin on the set

And the one and only DJ Evil-E, we in here

Yo, we outta here like last year

Rhyme Syndicate

We gotta do it like the alphabet and a-b-c ya

Yeah

[ Everlast ]

Everlast

Everlast in full effect

Where's my gold record?

Where's my record?

Where's my record?

[ Divine Styler ]

Divine Styler with Physical Poets, look out

[ Donald D ]

Microphone King Donald D the notorious, yeah

[ Bronx Style Bob ]

This is Bronx Style Bob...

[ Ice-T ]

Nat The Cat, boy

[ Randy Mac ]

Randy Mac

One in a million on your back, boy

[ Ice-T ]

Yo

So we bout to get outta here

Seems like the police is outside, man

(Yo Ice, man, they got King Tee, Aladdin and Islam)

What, the police, man?

I knew somethin had happened

I was wonderin why King Tee missed the party, man

Yo Randy Mac, you got some money?

(Aw, you know what time it is, man

I got..)

Yeah, for some bail, buddy

We got to go do some work, man

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