

**by Ice-T**  
**"Fly By"**

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Everybody step back from the mic  
As I set it off  
All playin' the wall  
It's time to sweat it off  
Anybody with staatic oh please try  
I'll do ya like Godfather 3  
And do a fly by  
Time to rip and hit and strangle  
I eat Guardian Angels  
And toy emcees  
With their names on the front page  
I bury in shallow graves  
I don't rap to girls on my L.P.  
I don't beg for pussy  
I love the ladies  
aand they love me right back  
Now who's the mac?  
Mission accomplished  
I came to stomp this microphone  
And leave suckers unconscious  
and if you uthink  
Yo got an S on your chest  
You better wear two vests  
Watch your back, your front  
I always hit, don't bunt  
Crazy posse  
When I'm on a duck hunt  
Emcee Ice-T answers to no one  
Load my rhymes  
And cock 'em like a shotgun  
Let off like frags from a pipe bomb  
A low stroll  
and my mic in my right palm  
The cops hate me  
And that's right they oughta  
Before my crew  
Gets to their daughters

Nat the Cat M.C. Donald D.

