

Rare Earth

"Soul On Ice"

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The waterproof MC, you ain't wettin' me
You need to stop rappin' and start robbin' banks like
Steady B
Cause see, no matter how much green you make
You never taste the avocado, just another broke
Versace model
Tiger Woods ain't even up to par in the game of
survival
That's why I'm pissin' in y'all Cristal bottles
Drink Listerine, brush my teeth with amphetamine
So I can sound fresh and say dope things in between
Three strikes to five mics (forever snortin'), I want a
woman
With the body of a whore and a personality like Lauryn
Can't even say I didn't know 'cause while we wanna be
NWA they create the NWO
How many years, fo' mo' so fuck them fake John
Gotties
Ain't got no Mazzeraties I be at the party sippin' on
Todies
My niggas pumpin' areas, out Audies in Saudi
I'm thuggish ruggish to the bone, and I'm gonna dis
everybody

Chorus (x2):

You want the truth, can't handle the truth, you want
Lexus Moonroof, Hennessy 80 proof
Niggas scared to death, playin' the game of life
Soul on ice

I keep the afterparty swervin', *inhale* not quite like
Michael Irvin
Edumacating urban youth, like it or not
These soliloquies explain our people's lack of stability
You keepin it real, but ain't got a clue what reality really
be
See the diameter of your knowledge
Is the circumference of your activity, me
I knew the deal before Babyface went solo, baggin'
dime pieces
Stackin' dividends and dressin' in more linen than Yoko

Ono
But on the low doe we fightin' over the scraps
Worshippin' the almighty dollar
In God We Trust, look it over
Now what the fuck pyramids got to do with the pilgrims
or Jehovah
'Novus Ordo Seclorum' means 'New World Order'
That's why I keep my friends close and my enemies
closer
We runnin' around in thousand dollar clown suits
Better get some boots when Lucifer turn your city to
Beirut

Chorus: (x2)

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Void one time got Lela Rochon callin' my Jimmy
Sunshine
Fifth floor on the Mandriane, so go 'head fella
Pop your dime, I'm the man whose esophagus
Transform to a gat like Megatron
He'a sporter known to Bob Costas, give it a name and
you a hater
But violence don't play that game
Guerilla penmanship, the, preacher impeacher
Heat seek an MC when I get pissed like a urethra
My day-to-day I'm tryin' to bubble, first place
This paper I chase, Touch Me and Tease Me like Case
But in the millenium, this CREAM turns electronic
UPC barcodes on the hand is demonic
They got concentration camps from Alaska to Jersey
But when the President declare a national emergency
You can't crock notes tryin' to Rock The Vote
I'm spittin' razor-sharp quotes tryin' to slit the Pope's
throat

Chorus: (x2)

You want the truth can't handle the truth, you want
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Uh, uh

Yeah

I'm rhymin', beats provided by Diamond

