

Dani H.**"What Ya Wanna Do?"**Visit "[What Ya Wanna Do?](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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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