

## V-Ice

# "Unbreakable"

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(Feat. La the Darkman)

[Chorus]

Darkman

V-Ice

Trust me ain't nothing nice

Hardcore

My dog's unbreakable like dice

Hardcore

My dog's unbreakable like dice

Hardcore

My dog's unbreakable like dice

[Verse 1: La the Darkman]

I've been in bloody pictures

I'll as Hitler back in Germany

Kid's think they're burning me

You really ain't concerning me

King B hold a Mack 8 plus 3

And I draw rhymes fast as Zorro draw that Z

Draw guns - fast as white boys on TV

You can't fuck with me! Trapper conti

Warfare my clan specialize in putting cats in

Wheelchairs

Pack a.38 Snubnose name brand clothes

What's money to my clan was death to my foes

That's how it goes, My Niggaz is gung-ho

God advocates sniping weak rappers with a crossbow

Stay on the low with a M-16 flow

In the Benz with a dime bitch, puffin hydro

I'm CEO you're TKO, John Doe

My raps is like cheap keys straight from Mexico

Yo, I flow like a UFO, All-Pro

Rich kid, get my dick sucked in a Tahoe

When I hear a beat it's like putting tims on my feet

Then run a track meet away from the beats, fuck police

I run the street with a Mack Milli for rappers who act silly

Cock it back, then smoke a Nigga like a Philly

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Vanilla Ice]

I draw my rhymes like a bow  
Shoot 'em out like an arrow  
Swooping on suckers like an eagle, not a sparrow  
Walk a wide path, never ever walk it narrow  
Step on stage with funky hip-hop apparel  
Got the funky rhymes sometimes they leave you  
scared bro  
It's like looking down a shotgun barrel  
Hardcore  
Runs through my veins like cocaine  
V-Ice, In your brains like bloodstains  
Psycho!  
When I step to the mic, bro  
You know the Ice'll do it right, what I'm saying is "Yo"  
Suckers fronting what you wantin is for me to fade!  
Thought I was outta here, I ain't going away!  
Back with the track, I keep my bank fat  
You know I got the flavor for the funky format  
You're not giving up, the credit I seek  
Darkman's in the house he's ready to creep  
Now what you gonna do  
When my boys are on you  
You know a hard head makes for a soft shoe  
Now crank it up for your passenger - LOUDER  
Cause it's the thrilla killa, I bring this hardcore hour

[Chorus]

[Chorus]

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