

## HotIce

### "Can U Dig It"

Visit "[Can U Dig It](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Uh! Yeah! What Up?

Verse 1:

I know y'all wanna take me down  
I know y'all wanna see me get clowned  
I know y'all wanna take my sound  
And put a nigga like me in the lost and found  
But I refuse to fade  
I'll stay this way  
Spreadin venom in the mic till I'm old and gray  
And now niggaz wanna attack me  
Flip-flop and back me  
But fool you's a mackey  
I'll starch your ass like some khakis  
Your shit is tacky and you better play the backwoods  
Me and my crew will use your cd for a hackey sack  
Imagine that  
And it shouldn't be hard  
Cause your style ain't large  
And you wanna make all the profits with crowbars  
Can U Dig It?  
When nothin can save it  
Shock your ass like a phaser  
Burn and cut like a laser  
Amaze you, with this flava  
I run with a pack of tennis shoe playa's

Chorus:

Can U Dig It? \*singing\* Can U Dig It?  
Can U Dig It?

Can U Dig It? \*singing\* Can U Dig It?  
Can U Dig It?

Verse 2:

The first law of age is called survival  
That's why I'm deadly on revival  
And it's vital  
To my basic instinct  
That all wack mc's become extinct  
Because we on the brink

Or, should I say the edge  
Like a schizophrenic with seventeen personalities  
walkin on a ledge  
Then you can't see the black cause it's blocked by the  
blue and the red  
U.F.O.'s  
And scandalous ass hoes  
Waist deep in the shit, it's still smellin' like a rose  
And I suppose  
You want me to play superstar  
And when I see you on the street act like I don't know  
who you are  
So, you can run back and tell that  
But I wont do that  
So, fool you can chew that  
To all sucka mc's you better beware  
I been conjurin up forces way back in my lair  
And my crew don't scare  
And we don't care  
We act, we wear, I swear

Chorus

Verse 3:

It's the thrilla  
Straight outta Compton, not Manilla  
Got a chokehold on the mic like I was M.C. Gorilla  
Take this to the heart for real a  
Don't you ever try to steal a  
Like AIDS this shit came like gin a  
Might fuck up your liva  
Call me Pharoh cause I'm floatin bustas up the river  
When I deliver  
Make your sister and your grandma shiver  
Top feelin steadily rakin up the scrilla  
Kickin back in my easy chair sippin on some Henna  
?Exol? cause my whole crew is locin  
And fools always tryin to fix shit that ain't broken  
I'm down with pixies so you don't wanna see me  
So, grab everyone in your crew and disapeer like a  
genie  
Never said I was the best but I ain't the one to be testin  
Cross the line and in pieces you'll be destined  
Don't stop, get it, get it  
Cause I blow up the spot everytime I grab the mic and  
hit it, hit it

Chorus, Repeat 3X

