

## HotIce

### "I Breaks 'Em Off"

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#### Verse 1:

Yeah, I run rings around your crew like a track star  
So stay back far  
You better understand who the macks are  
A brand new invention is my intention  
Been rappin so long some say I should get a pension  
Ain't no tension  
If I forgot to mention  
I rock rhymes over beats for salary and commission  
I got it all figured out like Columbo  
I'll drop you like Dumbo  
Your album is weak, and so is your video  
Or should I say wackeo  
Your girl is a tacky hoe  
Go back to slangin rocks and leave rappin to Coolio  
It's the all assmatic, tongue acrobatic, loc  
Used to be smoked out recovered crack addict  
I'll dip you in some sauce, fool, I'm the boss  
And I still be sending busters to Harris & Ross  
You, gotta pay the cost I refuse to take a loss  
So I spit like I feel it and dust your junky ass off

#### Chorus, Repeat 3X:

I break 'em off  
I break 'em all off

#### Verse 2:

I got to keep on the real  
With my hands on the steel  
Cause we all understand we got to die one day  
But, everybody knows we got to rise to the top  
And the mission don't stop till the casket drop  
I'm protected by the tech  
And the teflon vest  
And we earn that respect  
Cause we worked so hard so put that needle on the record  
And everybody check it, cause I never been affected

By what they say  
It's been a whole lot of years since I shed tears  
For my fears I downed case loads of beers and drank  
jack with my peers  
So never let it be said that I fronted a fake  
I keep the treble in my highs and lows in my bass  
So feel the affect of the wine and funk  
But you gotta have hustle which can vibrate you funk  
City to alley to valley hood and block  
You know I got the sound to break 'em off

Chorus, Repeat 7X:

I came back from the Congo as Return Of The Jedi  
I smoke the spinach and you get popped in your ezzye  
Watch me do this  
You take a ass whoopin like Brutus  
My rhymes will sound like Buddah, like Olive Oil is  
skinny and Whimpee  
Sea Hag don't never tempt me  
Get up on the funk so you can feel the simpy  
I can do the rope-a-dope  
And steal a base like Davey Lopes  
And bring more hope back to the hood than the Pope  
So, drink some Scope and try to feel sure  
See, if you can endure  
The pressure that's put on your  
But your soggy ass don't stay crunchy in milk  
That's why your cap get peeled, yeah, you're soft as  
silk  
It's time to seperate the real from the fake  
You shaky like Jake  
And your game always get exposed when you  
perpetrate  
Check the Times and the Post  
This is straight west coast  
And when I break it off you know it's broke

Chorus, Repeat 7.5 times

This is straight west coast!

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