

# Vanilla Ice "Hit'em Hard"

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Written by: vanilla ice, tha hit men, darryl delite  
Allamby, zero

Produced by: vanilla ice & zero

Published by: ice baby music, inc., dj zero music, inc.,  
Oliver and cooley music publishing, bmi.

Keyboards: darryl delite allamby

Background vocals (rap): vanilla ice

Mix by: vanilla ice

Synchclavier engineer: robert wechsler

Recorded & mixed at luminous studios, inc.

Here comes the lyrical breakdown,  
Move out the way punk, and take a seat clown,  
It's the ice man slicin', dicin'.

Hittin' like tyson.

So listen to the rhythm I givin' em,  
My lyrics got the impact of a mac truck  
When I'm sendin' 'em

Yo, my funky rhymes flow,

Kickin it like psycho

And I'm exploding like nitro-glis,

Coming like a hurricane bliss,

Straight sacking the track like a quarterback

My man zero is back with a killer slice,

I'm blowin' up the mic,

Ya damn right, vanilla ice

With twice the punch,

I put the crunch on marky

And take the funky out of his bunch.

I hit the home run

You got to third base, son.

I'm in first place,

Take a seat clown for the beatdown.

Uh, tonight's the night of the big fight,  
With the mic in my hand I got the grip tights.

Ready to swing it like a louisville slugger,

Right at the head of a sucka,

Crack home run.

How did it feel to have the mic hit ya dome, son? uh!

I tried to make your head ring like a church bell.

I put it on ya hard

I'll make ya hurt well,  
'cause you fell into my booby traps  
No more good vibrations,  
I'm tired of your boots raps,  
So I eat ya like scooby snacks,  
An maybe roll you like a zig zag  
Or smoke you like a hootie mac,  
You did what I did,  
So you're gonna lose kid,  
'cause to me you're still a new kid on the block  
Get off my jock,  
Get off my diznok  
Before you get dropped  
For the beatdown

Yeh, this is the last verse,  
Should I say the last round.  
And it's time I knock out another class clown.  
Sit down and take notes  
As vanilla kicks ballistics withdope lyrics,  
Oh waht a pity, though  
'cause ya had to spend three million dollars on your  
video.  
It was video and I can admit that,  
All that money's wasted 'cause your songs wacked,  
I make stuff to make the people gather.  
An' let 'em see us in a pit,  
I wanna slam dance with ya, hammer.  
Now can I kick it, of course I can.  
Yo, you will get burned out, then turned out.  
I'm gonna keep comin stong, song after song,  
Ya thought I'd fade, well ya did wrong.  
I'm the imperial threat for this sound fools.  
Ha ha, here comes the lyrical beatdown.

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