

Ice's Exodus

Ice-T

Yeah, This is Ice-T
You've just been listening to the Seventh Deadly Sin
To me the Seventh Deadly Sin is hardcore rap
And I'm very proud to have been a part of that throughout the years
I'd like to send peace out to all my homeboys that kept it real
And love to all my niggas that have died out here
In this bullshit that we call the streets
You know? What can I say? Hip Hops been good to a nigga
I got mad love for the East coast, West coast, North and South
I got my niggas The Top Guns here
We gonna sign this one off like this:

My life's been a great story in the ultimate war
Should I ill or do right? Make peace or go raw?
I can't explain the true penalties of fame and the wealth
Tell me who can I trust? I can't trust myself
Got the devil got me thinking 'bout them ill moves
Every damn kid on the street, they got something to prove
Push a bullet through my heart, why not? That's a start
They could push their reps quicker, kill a well known nigga
And if you say you're going to kill me, should I blast you first?
Being black is kinda like being born with a curse
Do or Die, that's the code of the streets I didn't invent
Niggas sketch my life out with malicious intent
My skin color's got me trapped in a never ending ghetto
I move to the hills, but I can never let go
The gun shots and the homicides just don't stop
And just because I came up, I can always drop

Yo.. we come prepared for guerilla warfare
Never scared soldiers to the heart
And hose them body parts with the hardware
You spark a dun with Bizzaro or sequel
When you catch a link on the wings of this desert eagle
Flappin, we splittin caps friend
remember when niggas would shoot joints
Now niggas be wildin' placing hollow points
Cause in this rat race, shit be moving at a murderous pace
Mad sons got slugs to the face, OG packs kilos
Over sore losers and cilo, prepare like a scout
I hold the burner on the delo
In this age of idolatry, mad niggas worship u vanity
If Five ?? you nigga maintain humanity - insanity
Hope you see the light - like the prism's true colors
Only a few remain brothers, fuck the others
In this cold world - the war that's controlled by the trigger
Revelation or the scripture got to be that live nigga

So if niggas want to bite the sound like Tyson
Deck him in the left eye, murder sit down like ryerson
You wanna dis, don't even try son
Hey yo, Pizzone - I'm the prodigy you need to keep ya eyes on
Yo who the don, who plays it all night long?
50 mill strong, Handle like napalm. Word is bond
Who get it on when it's time to drop a bomb?
Sadq keep it cool and calm with the niapalm
Droppin emcee's to their knees and make them pie straight

Dust and take and serve niggas on my hot plate
So cats who got beef, we can take it to the streets
Cause shit these niggas talk to the grave with they teeth
It's time to meet your maker step into the new millennium
I analyze data like intel Pentium
So follow me, I blame sovereignty for God we bust
Top Gun, move bright, smooth as Ice, sex and dust

Ante up the goods, Top Gun Ice-T in your neck of the woods
I'm 15 blocks deep in the foreign neighborhood
Street of my styles, no smiles, trying to gun down the golden child
Still on trial for my old endeavors
Cold weather got caught trying to buck wholes in my fucking sweater
Niggas is soft like butter, leathers and felt
Time to heat it up and melt
Felt the welts from brass belt buckles to brass knuckles
Kill all the jokes and chuckles - let's all get together
My fam stay thick together
Trick off and lick off together
No matter the weather
Lets ease on down to the bow and to the bricks
When I start to squeeze, I won't ease off a bit
Won't be no teams up in here with no clashes
Just bunk mile sleds boot shines up in the masses

Life got no guarantees, I'm looking for the long lease
When I'm in LA, it ain't hard to find me
21st floor eating shrimp at Belonte's
Every time you see me I'm connected to a dime piece
I check your styles, although you rhyme quicker
No matter what you do, I'll always lace mine thicker
Jealousy will make a fool die quicker than liquor
Watch your back with your niggas
Cause that's right where they'll stick ya
You see me in the club jeweled up, all alone
I give love to my homies, then I bounce the fuck home
Bodyguards are something that I just don't do
Cause if I'm after you black, I'm gonna clap them too
Money makes all my homies look brand new
I don't fuck with the fakes, I make moves with the true
Ice - baby chopping that real, thought you knew
I might sound hard, but nigga I can die too

Cause I'm as real as you