

The 7th

Ice-T

This is Ant Banks, and it's hella motherfuckin' deadly sins
But don't ever fuck with the seventh bitch

Yeah, seventh, uh-huh, first things first man you're messin' with the worst
One, come on, come on, one

Yo, yo, yo motherfuckers can't fuck with this, realness
Seventh sin deadly, raise the key to rock steady
Run son the hour has come, touch ya
Remember this, real niggas don't rhyme
we walk up and buck ya
Stuck ya in the head, rush ya
Trife niggas knife you, seven venoms fight you
Your life's through, fuckin' with the wrong click - kapow!!
From the crackhouse, niggas quick to blow your back out

Enough talk, niggas talk too much, let's set it
Time to splash bitch niggas, gun fights, paramedics
Call my regiment up at midnight, tape on a flash light
Youn claim you want beef, it's too tough, called your bluff
Shot you at such close range, blew out your eardrum
Caught you with my mack, blast your cage our your back
Yo, the nigga stepped up and got bucked by my ninja's
Casualty after casualty all up in ya
Ya not a street vet yet bitch, just a beginner
My niggas eat punk like your crew for dinner
Rock ya in broad daylight to make the wrist-double
Hit ya then lower my gun and watch ya chest bubble
Step up, feel the Teflon, black talent
Rip through your vest, hit your chest, lose your balance
You never had no drama with the real, now ya want it?
My skill got you haunted, my ski-mask got ???

Aiyyo blackout, my whole click we blastout
The wrong move, show improve you assed out
Venom it, warn the niggas, treacherous
Squeeze automatic, quick to bust fuck with us
Yo the worst niggas, work the bitch to double figures
In new sixes, hennessey with dark mixes
The richest, fuck around, you won't fix it
Toke, heavy metal, settle shit, rebel shit
Fuck a cop, why not, we last niggas on your block
Last standin', coked up, we fucked up
Twenty g's, rope 'em up, you in the trunk - Lex Coupe
I'll leave a nigga with cement boots
Now we off lootin', hold me down, yo I'll start shootin'
in ya double lefts and tell the rest an'
Marc Li-ive, fuck the pad, bust his ass
and slide my fuckin' heat in the stash

Yo, yo, yo motherfuckers can't fuck with this, realness
Seventh sin deadly, raise the key to rock steady
Run son the hour has come, touch ya
Remember this, real niggas don't rhyme
we walk up and buck ya
Stuck ya in the head, rush ya
Trife niggas knife you, seven venoms fight you

Your life's through, fuckin' with the wrong click - kapow!!
From the crackhouse, niggas quick to blow your back out

She musta kicked off like special teams
I walk rare from a muchy bled nigga all lookin' like Grenedine
Murder scene, three to the head, three to the sline
We tied that motherfuckin' number like Kareem
It seems that I used to wonder why niggas don't give a fuck
within 2G - niggas is just buck
From hip-hoppers to gangsta's, sportin' stompers at yompers
The mirror has two faces in this room is not proper
So we religiously pray for peace and pack one
I walk softly, carry a big dick
these family jewels is my most important riches
but I still want my liquor, my sorry-ass friends and my bitch
And nigga this me, I only see green like a Marine
Support Calvin Klein jeans, fed a bitch from the Phillipines
with a immoral nose ring (masterbatin' with a magazine!!)
Yeah, I'm acid 9 and half the time undercover
Fuck you, your lesbain lover and your mother with the same brother
The blade runner, my games' tight
I could talk the Virgin Mary outta panties the same night

And that's the seventh deadly sin as the terror begins
Me and my friends came to rob ya for your props and your ends
Tuck it in, my niggas want, whatever's costin'
The rings plus the watch, plus thst chain from the slossin'
Son, that's why I go in and shit stop
Last night my nigga Ice-T had to pop a cop
I write the chop-chop lyrics, tryin' not to scratch the detail
I put 'em through the system, slang 'em out at full retail
It's thirty g's for the title and the ki's
Throw in the extra three and take the tyres and the D's
Nigga please, this is lik-wit and I'm the Alki
At three months from now you're gonna read all about me
One cause I smoke 'em, two cause I'm wealthy
Three because I rapped on my nigga Ice's LP
It's Castrophe, lik-wit fam, lik-wit crew
West Coast is in the house nigga, what you wanna do?

Yo, yo, yo motherfuckers can't fuck with this, realness
Seventh sin deadly, raise the key to rock steady
Run son the hour has come, touch ya
Remember this, real niggas don't rhyme
we walk up and buck ya
Stuck ya in the head, rush ya
Trife niggas knife you, seven venoms fight you
Your life's through, fuckin' with the wrong click - kapow!!
From the crackhouse, niggas quick to blow your back out

Yeah, seventh deadly sin bitch
Ice-T, Marc Li-ive, Ras Kass, Castrophe