

Mic Contract

Body Count

I gotta get in the cut
Goin' in
Yeah

Brainstorm microphone napalm this is it words from a timebomb
Attack speed as fast as an F15 raise the heat light the gasoline
Overload it might cause a blackout dead end
There's no chance to back out hit the tripwire
Duck from the gunfire broken glass screechn' car tires bodies hit the deck
As I commence to wreck eject another clip and drip sweat
Face of danger increasin' anger point blank
I smoke another stranger grip the mic tight I see the brake lights
Hit the back door lay down cross the floor
E's on the wheels he makes the rubber squeal blood's on my gear
From caps I've peeled about a block away I sit up and
Look back it wasn't nuttin' but a microphone contract
Whutin' nuttin' but a microphone contract
Contract

Dressed in black I stalk my prey
Parabellum in a leather attaché low tones I speak I speak to few
Just give me the money and who the fuck to do
Four blocks away my aim's clean night scope on a silence carbine
Place my crosshairs on my vic's eye
Squeeze the trigger watch the brains fly
Violent Yeah you could call me that insane you're on the right track
But turn the sounds up so I can stay amped
Do another crew and break camp the only way I sleep is in a cold sweat
You think I'm crazy you ain't seen shit yet
Cause I love to kill and kill for fun the microphone that goes off
Like a handgun it's goin' down now
Grab your girl hops no excuses when the bodies begin to drop
Look at my face fool it looks like I'm playin'
Don't become another victim of mic slayin'

Contract
I want my muthafuckin' money
Contract

What's up you want your feet in some concrete
I got some brothers that'll do you for gold teeth
But most the time I move I move alone take a bat
Break your muthafuckin' dome shoot you dead in the face
With a sawed off a hundred ten degrees
Ice don't get soft 'cause I'm hard as they come
I come correct you can't handle the vandal hit eject
If not you better get out my face sucka
Or else you better be a good bullet ducker
'Cause I'm a rip shop till that ass drops
Five O Ice, yo fuck a damn cop 'cause I move hard and cold
With a gangster stroll five thousand dollar suit
And fly gold Rolex you can't fit no more diamonds on it
Pinky ring worth a house if I decide to pawn it
What's up now punk you start to choke up you try to move on the Ice
You'll get broke up

Midnight time for a homicide showtime somebody's gonna die E hits the switch

And thousands of volts connect with the weapon that's in my fist
I see a sucka in the third row tryin' to riff a paragraph and a half and he's stiff
I start bustin' off barrages ear high mothers grab for their children tears fly I'm like a psycho
In the microphone zone speakers blown mind gone I can't be touched
Once my lyrics begin to fly simple stage radiation could make ya die ya got a prob nigga
You think your rep's bigger hold your heard right there while I squeeze the trigger
'Cause I'm a crazy muthafucka that's no joke my favorite smell is the aroma of gunsmoke
I'm bustin' off another lyrical nightmare parents hate the Ice you think that I care
I don't give a fuck 'cause I rhyme tough drop science still bust the ill stuff
So now it's time for crime and the rhyme is mine track the movement hide from the punchline
I rhyme with quickness microphone fitness the assassinator
Stay off the shit list