

Cramp Your Style

Ice-T

(I cramp your style
With a bullet and a smile)

Ugh, niggas on the d-l casin me out
Truckin my jewels, feelin for the tools
When they come they gots to come correct
Because they know I catch wreck
A well-known wild street vet
Step into the kill zone, baby, it's on
I pack the twin nine-mills that'll lift your dome
Chrome pump with double-eyed slots and such
A fully-auto Mac-dime that is sure to touch
Ya, bust you with the Desert Eagle
Street legal, move against my people
And the Ice gets evil
Hit you with the .44 Smith & Wes-
Son, you're best to run cause my Tec eats pests
I got a glock with the laser, hot police taser
Step in real close, I hit your throat with the razor
You wanna live or die, it's your decision
Talk shit, you're dissin, i got you in my night vision
Brain fragments on the street released
Another nigga fronts hard, another nigga deceased
I got a H.K., A.K. and a M-16
A 12-gauge street sweeper with the circular clip
Quick to let projectiles fly, you die
And watch your fat moms cry - bull's eye

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What you think all the guns is for?

What's up, niggas don't seem to hear
Still lookin crazy, let me make this clear
Fool, the Ice ain't havin it
And when I let loose lead, believe I'm accurate
Fat scope on a 30???6
Sawed-off double barrel and a pistol grip
Pump on my lap at all times
I fill my gauge shells with nickels and dimes
Thompson Center spittin .45 slugs
Black Mac-11, Python .357
Snub-nose .38 or .380
Seventy Automatic, full metal jackets
Hollow points comin atcha fast
You feel the slug before you hear the blast

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Muthafuckas frontin hard
Lookin at niggas crazy and shit
Make a nigga break
Nigga don't want me to pull out

I don't like shootin but I do shoot straight

Niggas I be rollin with will shoot up a wake
Why you wanna step in the sights of a nigga
Known hair trigger, the coroner delivers
More cold bodies to the morgue each weekend
One minute you bleed, the next minute you're leakin
Best to listen close cause this ain't no boast
And never forget that I leave you wet
Bloody, sticky, holes in your Dickey's
Oh what a pity, lookin all shitty
My Winchester will get the best of ya
Hand grenades will fade all the rest of ya
I reach out and touch you with the parabellum
You got a crew, you better tell em