

## Fly By

Ice-T

Everybody step back from the mic  
As I set it off  
All playin' the wall  
It's time to sweat it off  
Anybody with staatic oh please try  
I'll do ya like Godfather 3  
And do a fly by  
Time to rip and hit and strangle  
I eat Guardian Angels  
And toy emcees  
With their names on the front page  
I bury in shallow graves  
I don't rap to girls on my L.P.  
I don't beg for pussy  
I love the ladies  
aand they love me right back  
Now who's the mac?  
Mission accomplished  
I came to stomp this microphone  
And leave suckers unconscious  
and if you uthink  
Yo got an S on your chest  
You better wear two vests  
Watch your back, your front  
I always hit, don't bunt  
Crazy posse  
When I'm on a duck hunt  
Emcee Ice-T answers to no one  
Load my rhymes  
And cock 'em like a shotgun  
Let off like frags from a pipe bomb  
A low stroll  
and my mic in my right palm  
The cops hate me  
And that's right they oughta  
Before my crew  
Gets to their daughters

Nat the Cat Grandmaster Caz