

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