G-Style

Ice-T

Yeah! Right about now motherfuckers is layin for a nigga like me Ice-T
to bust some freestyle shit... but I don't do that
I just cold lounge up here at the Ammo Dump
with my nigga Alladdin, SLJ, LP and my nigga Henry G
Yeah, we do the shit like this

The card after the ace is deuce
So cut the nigga loose on the 3
That's me
The motherfuckin T
I got ride on my surfboard
Rhyme hard
But only buy the shit that I can't afford
That's everything
That's why I truck big fat rings
Cause in the motherland gold is for kings
I got backup
To jack up
Punks who try to act up
Do a world tour
Watch the big bank stack up
Motherfuckers get dropped with the quickness
I got an ill left and a right fist
Make mistakes and you'll lose
Or you might die
Cause I'm the wrong Ice for your bruise
And that's no lie
Meanwhile the penile is stacked to the top with my niggaz
Mostly for squeezin triggas
I call em homies
Pigs call em crooks
So I write and put bucks on they books
I give a fuck about a cop or a G-man
They all talk shit
Their breath smellin like semen
I catch em in the alley all alone
Put em in the prone
Pop! Pop! Pop! To the dome

It's the G-style
Gangsta style

G Style, The gangsta talk
I got a teflon .9
And it eats vest
I take a motherfucker out quick
Just for talkin shit
Ride Rolls
Catch hoes like a mitt
LA, Atlanta, New York
Yo, my shit rocks
Chi-town, Miami, Detroit
I get much props
Because I roll with the hardcore G
Every street's the same street to me
I don't bullshit
I don't quit

Writin a rhyme fit
KKK pray each day
That I get hit
Motherfuckers try to flip on the Icepick
Move and slip
Close the eyes and catch a fuckin clip
Not in the ghetto no more
But I do hang
Got a black game
And it's sittin on them thangs
I kick the game from the street
Not the slamma
Tighten up my knockas with a big lead hammer

Some of the times
I write my raps with extreme speed
Some of the times
I take the pen and make pads bleed
My mind clicks to Homocide
Bullets fly
Ladies cry
A lot of people die
Some nights I can't right
Stare at the blue lines
I think I'm a go blind
Then the beat becomes me
Sit in the dark
And write a whole fuckin LP
G Style, the gangsta talk
Never near soft
Hard as a knockout bout
It's no sellout
I keep crime in my rhyme
Cause it's my thing
Packed with guns
And drugs
And lots of street slang
A-B-C-D-E-F, and LAPD
Words from a motherfuckin OG
Ammo Dump pumps the sounds that you bump in your trunk
So turn it up punk
What'cha fraid of?
What'cha made of?
Pull the pin
Set the grenade off
Blastin sounds out ya jeep
On every city street, nigga
Straight gangsta beat

Many like to dress the style, and act hardcore
Many motherfuckers are and they crack jaws
I like to lay in the cut
In a nightclub
Don't smoke bud
Drink suds
But I gets loved, mack, cool
I scope the freak with the mad backs
Hit her with the gangsta style
Cool, relaxed, bam
Put her in the Benz
Bump Too $hort, let her know

Right off the top, what's my sport
You think long
You think wrong
You got it goin on, baby doll?
But I won't sing you no love song
You either love me
Or you don't
You're either rollin tonight
Or you won't
She likes the style
Cause it don't bullshit around
Tounge in my ear, real slow
And then it went down
I gotta flip into a ill mode
Pack a clip full of hype tracks
And then unload
Music for the hardcore beatdown
No weak pop shit
Strictly underground
And if you don't like the style, as I get wreck
Ease back nigga, catch a knife through the neck

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!