

## Mixed Up

Ice-T

Oh! Yeah, nineteen ninety three  
Ice motherfucking T in the place, you know what I'm saying?  
Cold lounging with my nigga SLJ from Wrecked Dialect  
You know what I mean? (YEAH!!) melt microphone screams  
Have to turn this motherfucker out, you know what I'm saying?

[SLJ] Yep, digging a profile  
[Ice] Yeah, check the technique whore, ha ha, I'ma do this  
[SLJ] Brave Guts!!

One, two, three, it's time to flip with the O.G. gangster  
Banger, underground slanger of the murderous rhymes your moms hates  
HUH! mother fuck the K.K.K. and Darrel Gates  
Give me the microphone now, goddamn it, so I can blow it  
Throw it, rip it, wreck it, pimp it, whore it (YEAH!!)  
I'm about to take the fuck up, with this bullshit  
Full clips spray from the hands of this convict  
I'm not no nice nigga, I'm known not to smile at no bitch  
How to think; whores be thinking about getting rich!  
I love these whores like money  
Back on the streets, on a track the Iceberg Cheque plenty (WORD!!)  
I got a bullet with your name on it, you want it?  
Knock your grill, I'll fill it with golden ponant  
Oh! my God, these niggaz hard, call the Bomb Squad  
Too late, I detonate, I beliderate three states, GONE!! (BOOM!!)  
I play Russian Roulette all alone  
You got me mixed up with a nigga that gives a fuck!  
You got me mixed up with a nigga that gives a FUCK!!

How many emcees do I have to rot? (ROT!!)  
How many suckers do I have to drop? (DROP!!)  
How many tampers do I have to plot? (PLOT!!)  
Count them, how many rounds are in the glock? (GLOCK!!)  
Niggaz wanna test me, stress me  
Well, they can't handle this shit that kick, and that's it  
Cause they can't catch the feat, that comes with the cleat  
Or an A.K. that I shot last week  
Cause niggaz on the Ave, don't really know the half  
of my shit, so watch if, you might get stabbed  
By the Rap plaque, who was trying to get paid  
In this tray, and any nigga stepped gets sprayed  
UHH!! by the verbal-lyrical, mystical, spirit-ual  
Sucker play me wrong, now watch me get physical  
I can't give a fuck about the punk ass cops  
I got a glock with the infrared dot on it's knot (POP!!)

[SLJ] Don't get me mixed up with a nigga that gives a fuck!  
[Ice] Don't get him mixed up with a nigga that gives a fuck!!  
[Ice] Don't get me mixed up with a nigga that gives a fuck!!!  
[SLJ] Ice, get on the mic and buck buck!

I fall in hate the way motherfuckers fall in love  
I blew it in the sky as up above  
But I'm in the gang no more, slang 'kane no more  
Step to me wrong and your jaw meets a cobra (HUH!!)  
I don't give a fuck about nobody  
Listen, if you like me, I love you, you hate me

I'm dissing them; suckers, bitches, busters, whores  
Can catch a bozack chased by a head crack  
I love the duckings throughout these ghetto alleys by myself  
Dressed in black so I'm stealth  
Keep by glock beside me, Ski-Mask to hide me  
And if I'm out to kill then now the assaults get by me (YEAH!!)  
Niggaz wanna flip but I'm the wrong male  
With the wrong hands, I thought you're in fact, the young shorts foreman  
Let's go back to the old shit, old style  
Ice motherfucking T on the mic buckwild (YEAH!!)

[SLJ] Don't get me mixed up with a nigga that gives a fuck!  
[Ice] You got me mixed up with a nigga that gives a fuck!!  
[Ice] You got me mixed up with a nigga that gives a fuck!!  
[SLJ] SLJ, get on the mic and destruct!! (YEAH!!)

Now watch me, grip up, zip up, split off suckers' heads  
Who thought that I was soft (HUH!!) cause it's ninety three  
It's time for me, to get a fat Cheque, ain't that right boss? (YEP!!)  
Cause this game is strange, it's just may change back to chains  
Caressing ankles back to brains  
Cause it's backdoor, once again to the end  
At this time, you might know whose your friends  
So watch your back, and the sounds of the clack  
Like other fool just succumbs to, who carries a gat (PING!!)  
Who's scheming, fiending, remember he's a demon  
Looking for the brothers who be straight disagreeing  
Cause if he haven't heard, who tried to dis the Iceberg  
Last year, this year, we still no fear  
Because we drop Ammo, that niggaz couldn't handle  
And after this blunt we still beget another scandal (YEAH!!)

Check the hood, check the hood for some real Gs  
So many suckers, I need some niggaz to roll with me  
To kick up some dust, drive-by and bust  
I love God but it's in GLOCK! I fucking trust  
I got a fucking Souleaf in my damn brain  
And the shit is dripping out, I'm damn near insane  
I don't wanted to, but I gotta, and I shot her, then I chopped her  
Then I packed her, then I stuffed her, then I rocked her (YEAH!!)  
The bitch is so fucking good anyway  
Snitched on my boys to the motherfucking D-E-A  
What's up? - You wanna try to focus your sights on the Mic  
This nigga can flip scripts all night  
Yeah, I wreck shit nice, the microphone smokes like Tri-ice  
Bang nigga, bang nigga, I'm a known gang figure  
Killed so many bodies, need to make my trunk bigger (HUH!)  
Dig a shallow grave on the side of the freeway  
Yo, I don't play and I'm ready to die today

Don't get me mixed up with a nigga that gives a fuck!  
Don't get us mixed up with the niggaz that give a fuck!  
Don't get us mixed up with some niggaz that give a fuck!  
Don't get us mixed up with some niggaz that give a fuck!  
YEAAAAAHHHH!! - Motherfucker!!  
The Syndicate's in the motherfucking house!  
Word them up!