

Personal

Ice-T

Emcee's no time out, it's time to rhyme out
You've dug your own grave, now you must climb out
Dig out, crawl out, hide from the fallout
'Cause when I get mad I go all out
ICE cooler than the coldest cube, dude
And when I'm micin', boy, I'm know to get rude
Criminal background, it's time to get down
I use a silencer, don't like the loud sound
Off my mic blast, you better run fast
The last punk that popped junk passed
Spit on his grave, laughed, jumped in my stretch
Signed his bitch an autograph
Syndicate boy, I don't fool out
You're full grown, school's out
You try to diss?...I think you better cool out
'Cause your butt is smoke, if we ever duel out
This jam is directed, to all of those who expected
For me to cold be rejected, but now I'm highly respected
And now their ears are infected
With dollar signs I've collected
Jealous punks, I said it!

Personal

Take a personal

Take it personal, punk, I'm talkin' to you
And if they agree with you, then your crew too
I never diss an emcee, I wish'em all good luck
But if you diss me to my face, duck
My style don't ramble, you shouldn't gamble
With your grill, I got a fist like an anvil
I write a record, lock it on the topic
EVIL and IZ dog the track, then we drop it
Record stores rock it, stock it, fans buy it
People that never heard of ICE-T try it
Then you try to diss? You got gall
I got gold on my neck and gold on my wall
Gold in my fingers, gold in my ear
When this jam's spinnin', gold's what you hear
Toy, this ain't Christmas, no time to play
I ain't no child, punk, you'll get sprayed
Illin' on a mega-villan
You must want a pine box to go chill in
Buried deep, creep, no one will weep
'Cause the next night with your bitch I'll sleep

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I ain't East Coast, West Coast, new style, or old style
You wanna know about me? Check police files
Get out my face or you might have a bruised one
Brass knuckle prints? Yes, I used some
I ain't here to boast, I don't do that
When I talk it's straight dope, pure facts
I rock hard but still called a new jack
But talk shit, you're sure to get heard cracked

I don't drink or smoke or do dumb drugs
But my posse's still labeled street thugs
L.A.P.D's got all my boy's mugs
Can't use my phone for the damn bugs
I live in privacy, don't like suckers hawking me
News reporters, some think they can talk for me
Lies, misquotes, changin' all my words around
But if I catch 'em on the street they'll get beat down
They get money for hype-type publicity
They don't think twice, about dissin' me
But that's a mistake, with tha SYNDICATE you shoudn't mess
I hope those punk reporters wear vests!

Personal
Take that personal

Now the words I speak to some may sound radical
But I'll explain, it's simply mathematical
You diss, I diss, this is creates an equal
You reply to my diss, this is called a sequel
I reply to your diss, this is called a battle
Not intelligent, not very adult
So I don't battle, I just put heads out
A straight line is always the direct route
I write lyrics clear, to leave no doubt
Don't even have to say who I'm speakin' about
You know who you are, you just jealous
'Cause you hear my records are million sellers
Try to say I'm wack, out on the streets
While your whole crew is jockin' my beats
See me on T.V. and in the papers
See me at a jam, and catch vapors!

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