

Repossession

Ice-T

This is SMG
Yo niggaz, what the fuck is up?
It's real, it's going down
East Coast/West Coast is in your motherfucking face
Tired of you fagot ass niggaz running around reacting like you know what time it is
This is S.M.G bitch
Sex, Money and Guns baby, for real, yeah
Smoothe Da Hustler, Trigger Tha Gambler, Iceberg, Mark Live, Deuce Fever
Brooklyn's in the house nigga, Bronx's in the house nigga
Queen's in the house nigga, Westside's in the motherfucking house!
YEAH, all you pussy ass motherfuckers;
What happened to Gangster Rap? - Y'all forgot about it?
Yeah, niggas is up in here, taking your bitches
Grab your motherfucking gun now, nigga
This is going down motherfucker, WHAT! WHAT! WHAT!

Yo, they say Hustler bust for the fuck of it
Fuck it, I will cuff it
Rough it up something disgusting, it's nothing
I brutalize, black the blue eyes, smack the crew of guys
Accidental suicide, you decide
If you the crew lasts then utilize
Nigga utilize to live away from that crew of eyes
Black do the wise, if they act too surprise, and they sat through the lights
For the cheese they slab you a five, and wrap you alive

Plus, we leave up, fifties on faces when we rip mics
Take the bottom of the gun dog, just so we can grip tight
We're on our own, seven forties nigga, we don't miss flights
When we flow like water, we're so cold, we can piss ice
Weave the shit, pounds of bricks, up in that Benz rise
Snatch your money bags for the heights, doing hits on bikes
With bitches that's harder than dicks on dikes
I'm living in hell ever since I pull the fifth of Crikes

You niggaz make me notice; you're lying every time you're talking
Dreaming about your days of thieving, talking about the shit you did
Bragging on bids, you was a bitch kid, homo thug
Never moved drugs, never cocked back, never touched crack
In anyway; make me piss bitch, we don't feel shit
Time to end this, I started as the Pimp of Pretense
Cashed out; with most of my niggaz caught a Life Sentence
I kicked game; and Gangster Rapping was invented

This shit is so big (SHIT IS SO BIG!!) [Expulsion]
Look, massive attack (YEAH!!)
I moved the city with sex in it, Tex in it (SKIRTS!!)
No batteries included (BREAK YOUR FACE!!)
See, no batteries included, don't make us go and prove it (FAGOT!!)
Exclusive (UHH!!) S.M.G shit, you heard it first (YEAH!!)
Now listen, look, learn a verse (WATTS SHUT UP!!)
My whole clan is; Pakistan types
Killers, with head raps plus murder raps

It's repossessional

Everybody freeze, hit the floor, nothing personal
But we gotta survive; it's repossessional
Everybody freeze, hit the floor, nothing personal
But we gotta survive; don't tuck this shit for talking
You'll catch big lift quick, maggots eat shit
We're the wrong clique to beef with
Die choking where you rift at, gun smoking when I hit back
Blood clots where you drip at, take a block where you sit at

Yo, they're some bond niggaz, look, killers identity sick
Believe this or unbelieve you're warned (you've been warned nigga)
As top news at nine, COME ON!! (Channel Five!!)
This terror alert don't take us likely
It's night time kids, no time to react (UHH!!)
So stay the fuck back (BAAW!) fall the fuck back (BAAW!)
Insomniacs, we stay walking
We stay creeping, Keith-men, stay stalking

Nigga imagine coming out for Dolo
Pressing up your records with your re-up money
Instead of busting out my polo; or new kicks in a new chain
This is a new game where a few things that do change
I'm up in this page, especially when it's finished the lade
We got juice, we get it played the minute it's made
I'll let the gun talk to end your charades
Pop a hole in whatever you gassed up, to end your parade nigga

I'm floating like planes over clouds, destination a million miles
Flying over concerts, got a million in the crowd
Got women screaming loud for the Macks and Dons
Keep a sack of tram, model bitches on my lap and arm
Flipping keys, gun is squeezed, ninety eight or ninety five
Window down, feel the breeze, Bitch from Queens and Philipppines
Heavy armed, hundred shot, magazine
Quick to clap a fiend for the lack of green
Take your block, mack the scene

I can stand in these Gators
Work so hard, they need it haters
See me live in the club menu, swimming with bitches, my shit is wicked
Brass gets evicted, Into-tech I'm quick to lick it (BLAW!!)
Never listen to biscuits, of vibe bitches
Dime pieces, platinum thesis, have you niggaz premature ejaculating
Keep waiting and hating, we're just demonstrating what it looks (LIKE!!)
Sounds (LIKE!!) ~ smells (LIKE!!) ~ feels (LIKE!!)
Nigga what real is like