

## Twice The Game

Ice-T

Yeah DJ Ace, Iceberg nigga, Gangsters' shit  
Niggaz out there running their motherfucking mouth  
Acting like bangers, acting without SAG cards  
Like somebody supposed to be afraid

You faggots don't scare me, I'm twices cold  
Niggaz can't tell me shit, I'm twices old  
Fuck how much you sold, I got twice the cash  
Fuck how old you are, I blast twices fast  
No matter how fly you get, I get twices smooth  
No matter how slick you are, I got twice the moove  
Fuck how big you get, I got twice the fame  
One word burnt, that means twice the game

Twice the heart nigga, look in my eyes  
L.A. gangbanger to these streets I'm wise  
Not to knob us when it come to the guns  
I've never flashed just reach and blast  
Chrome hydraulics and the black ski-masks  
Your next decision might be your last  
Real niggaz, fade the fuck up with the fakes  
Think about the next move you make, nigga

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Fame, motherfuckers wanted so bad  
Give away every fucking piece of soul they had  
Lie to themselves then they lie on the pad  
It's a motherfucking Hip-Hop fad  
Get gangsta, get gull, get raw  
Talking about shit you ain't never fucking saw  
When the streets talk, they say they need to holler at you  
You got to jail, you got problems there too  
That's the drama that comes with the fakeness  
Bodyguard niggaz straight making me laugh  
Fourty niggaz in your entourage, twelve of them fags  
The real nigga in your crew's straight extorting your cash  
Who I ma talking to? ~ half of you rap boys  
Rolling with the cops, talking all about you're hardcore  
No names needed, everybody knows  
The real niggaz in the game, and the straight whores

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The streets got a problem with you  
They say the shit you say on your records ain't true  
They say you're talking about people that you never knew  
It's a gammick niggaz see right through  
They want a little cash back for the lives you stole  
They say they'll take you back and your blood and your gold  
More bodyguards, more stipulates;  
In the doors of your cars and your SUVs  
You know, you got real problems cause you're fucking with Gs  
You got the fake gangster rapper disease  
Keep lying, nigga, digging your grave  
Claiming how you bust guns when you know you Bitch-made  
Your whole posse knows, nigga, when will you learn  
They're looking at your bankrole laying to turn  
You wanna be a gangster but forgot one thing  
Gangsters get murdered or they're dying to bang

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Nigga, SMG, go to your stylist  
Get some gangster war-draw put together  
Put on your make-up, come out and do your video  
Rented cars, rented whores, rented houses  
Fake guns, fake lifestyles, MTV cribs, enemy in your house nigga  
Got to practise what you preach nigga  
Talk the talk you got to walk the walk  
Street niggaz wanna talk to you, kid, and talk to you face to face  
Your bodyguards homosexual anyway, fat-ass nigga  
Iceberg, the truth kid!