

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!