

Watch The Ice Break

Ice-T

It's goin down
From the Ammo Dump
I got my nigga SLJ and DJ Aladdin
Droppin the fat tracks
Hit em with it
Syndicate's in the muthafuckin house
All duck MC's get flat, muthfuckas
Yeah

1993
And it's still me
A rappin brother from L.A., the cool T
Diss a brother, hate a brother, I still come back
With the fat tracks, fuck the pop crap
I got a mind to cold diss a fool
Wack rappers sellin out urge me to pull tools
For no reason
Pop suckers hookin for hits like hoes skeezin
Prostitutes that can't shoot, yet you clock loot
Dancesteps with the weak styles, but you look cute
Bitch, that shit's wack
Let Hammer dance, and you other fools ease back
The microphone in some twist in a clenched fist
Mind locked on [?] load of my hit list
And make duck rappers pray
Many talk shit, but none step this way
Cause I'm quick to beat down a weak clown
Clock crazy juice from L.A. to the Boogie Down
I play the whole map
Got hoes locked like a muthafuckin bear trap
Ice muthafuckin T
Before hoes gee they need two forms of I.D.
Never fess, not the best, but I'm hard to shake
Huh, watch the Ice break

Watch the Ice break

Yo, let's see now who's tryin to diss me
Say I sold out cause I rocked with the B.C.
Y'all are bitches, you're straight wack
Quick to talk shit, but always behind the back
I do whatever I wanna do, punk hoe
I rock a perm, you rock an afro
I wear khakis, while y'all wear silk
Y'all drink forties, and I drink milk
Cause that's my muthafuckin biz
I never sell out, cause it's no sale, kid
Hardcore to my heart from the fuckin start
Whether done over beats or loud guitars
I drop the dope hits
Case you forgot, I invented this gangsta shit
You wanna step to me? New jack, walk
Come back in five LP's, then we can talk
You're just new, kid, you got a hit out
In interviews you talk a lotta shit out
You got paid, you really made out
You went broke when your one jam played out

Now you're searchin for that one more hit
Shhhhiit
I ain't new to this, I got gangs of gold
I come original, then I break the mold
Too many MC's hit, then fold
They're just fakes
Hah, watch the Ice break

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Yeah
Syndicate jumpin off 1993
On some old fly smooth shit
All the muthfuckas out there down with us
You know what I'm sayin?
We're rollin strong
All the busters out there that got some static to say
We're settin this shit off physically this year
Like KRS-One says:
Sucker MC's duck down
Muthafuckas ain't takin no shit
I'm swingin on busters, point-blank
Diss me and it's on
Straight up

Now it's the break of dawn
And the mic is still on
All hoes are fuckin and the rhymes are damn strong
Many MC's that choke from the mic smoke
Those who tried to get with me
Lost in rhyme infinity
Or they lost breath
Try to step to the Ice equals sure death
Cause (it's then I begin[?]) than you ever assume
Drop the mic, go rap in your living room
I love the quick kill
Swing on a nigga sometimes just to break ill
Knuckle up, buster, fool, in his fuckin eye
All hands, I need no gun, yo punk, why?
Cause if I pull my gun, you die
No second try
I gotta cool out now, so I don't over-freeze
Nut up and start murderin MC's
Start catchin bodies from state to state
Throw on a ski mask and walk the streets late
And do me up a whole damn crew
The Geto Boys was trippin, but my mind's trickin me too
Cause diss me, and I meet you one day
And bet your life it won't be a fun day
I hope, nigga, it's not your fate
That you're around when the Ice breaks

When the Ice breaks