

Suckers step back, reacting his attack  
Evil E is the place, cold dogging the WAX!!

All punks go for your mothers, today's today  
I'm here to say Warriors come out and play  
Rhine for your lives, weak run and hide  
My name is Ice-T, L.A. is where I reside  
Fly as a bird, also awesome unheard  
If you bite I will take your life best believe that's word  
FBI's most wanted, but them suckers can't stop  
Mean rapping mother, terrorizing Khadafi  
Few tried to match the deaf raps I wrote  
Dis my rhyme that's the time; razor meets your throat  
Born in New Jersey but raised in L.A.  
Streets such as hard and the player still play  
Far from a fag, getting paid for my brag  
So if you wanna come and battle bring a bodybag  
Definitely deadly and that ain't no Todd  
And if you don't like what I'm saying, we can take it outside  
Cause ain't nothing like a squabble cause you know that's fine  
And if knife be your reason, then Uzi be mine  
So all punks get ill cause you know I'm goner  
Rhymes that ignite by like a piranha  
Ice-T is just rocking the tracks  
And Evil E is in the place, just dogging the WAX!!

I love the ladies who were down with the Tee  
But what I hate and I state is a fool MC  
You wanna battle the Ice, you gotta be insane  
One step toward my repping, I inflict the pain  
Got so many raps, I got no place to store them  
Got so many damn pages, I can wallpaper the forum  
Assassination, is my solution  
No light operation, just massive contusions  
Deaf dealing rhymers with a lust for blood  
Conflict with the Master and your name is mud  
I kick it up, no mercy for the fact you're brave  
I'll just bury your butt, then I'll spit on your grave  
Laugh at your family as they stand and cry  
Cold smack your mother all in the eye  
Cause I'll never get to heaven but you know damn well  
I'll wear Bermuda Shorts while I'm maxing in hell  
So all suckers step back, reacting the death's attack  
Don't try to ripe me off, just talking like way smack  
Because I'll leave a shamble, I hustle don't gamble  
And I'll rock your butt blind like HBO scramble  
Dogging the WAX!!

Sharp as a razor, down as dirt  
Rhyme is my life, party is my work  
L.A. is my place, More Righteous is my base  
So my lyrics make sense, no words I waste  
Down for a duel, colder than Kool  
Chill with the brothers who built the Old School  
Rhyme like a rocket, smooths in the pocket  
Program the 80A and just lock it  
Crash the Studio with my crew, twenty four tracks mixed down to two

Jam hits the stores, packed kinds of floors  
Freaks in my hotel room by the scores  
This MC Ice-T, I rock the freaks to ecstasy  
Take them to the T-O-P and bust them out officially  
Never off, always on, rocking to the break of dawn  
Like this, like that, an emcee that's not the whack  
All the rappers in the game, recognize my name  
They write off as been lame, or get me credit for my fame  
I'm here to make it clear, eighty six is my year  
I'm the rapper you should fear and I'll have to peer  
Supreme MC Chief, and when I die in my belief  
Battle from L.A. to Rome, rock beyond the thunderdome  
Sound hard, know why? it is, don't try  
Only the top MCs will master this ability  
If you do, you'll find out what that misword biddly  
Or run that other A to me, for high speed poetry  
Take advice from Ice-T, leave the cuts to Evil E  
Get a girl, feel the bass, write correct for this funky pasta

I'm dialing M, for murdering fine emcees' heads  
Showing no remorse, reanimating the dead  
Kicking dirt in the wombs, turning a wheel in the rap  
I'll make you run for the hills with a streak up your back  
My rhymes are pigeons, stock cooler than Cold  
Boys always convincing, jewelry solid gold  
Magnified finesse at Hollywood address  
The perpetrator, cream maker, representing the West  
Avenge is my best friend, homicide is my life  
I write my rhymes in my book with blood on the knife  
Never been beaten in life, never planned to beat  
Either rocked two days straight before I take a breath  
The rhymes; memorize them like inside my head  
And any one who dared bite somehow ends up dead  
Got a license to kill, dogs refusing to chill  
Uncut violence is my true thrill  
I'm a hitman kinda sort of, suckers talk in manure  
With co-cold man known tactics, no man can endure  
Not to be mistaken, when Emcees faking  
All contracts issued, to Ice-T are taken, with the multitude routes  
You have no chance to shout  
With the silencer of a ninja, your lights are out  
Girls cry to sight, some in Latin fight  
For the posal positions at my jam each night  
The player from L.A. cooler than any Jay  
My name is Ice-T, I make the Mafia Pay  
Dogging the wax!!