

# The Syndicate

Ice-T

Liquid, solid, gas - we'll be kickin ass  
In any form, or matter, or mass  
(This ain't science class) I know but it's science  
From the rhyme boss of the Syndicate alliance  
Rhyme Syndicate brotherhood, we rock a blood oath  
Radical posse down to death  
While your crew's on the tape, Donald-D break

Syndicate comin through, I'm talkin to you  
Flexin hardcore, what could you do?  
When we roll up you send your girl up to the crib-o  
Is it Rambo? No, the mic ammo  
Stompin you down on the ground, task forces  
Let you know Rhyme Syndicate bosses  
Any show, any tour, we house program  
Donald-D is who I am, damn

Attempt to do this, boy, you're takin a risk  
Cause my voice sounds dooper than a compact disc  
Styles and lyrics in the pocket  
Stupid dope beats and Evil E rocks it  
straight from my heart  
My jam is sure to hit the top of the charts  
Ram is my sign, he's different from all kinds  
Rock you all of the time, just form a single line

A lot of MC's like to talk 'bout they self  
A first-grade topic, I think you need help  
How many time on one album can you say you're def?  
"I'm baaaad" - Yo punk, save your breath  
That's weak shit from a weak mind  
And a weak mind creates weak rhymes  
You ain't never kicked knowledge one time  
Just livin on your own dick (that's a crime)  
Homeboy, why don't you talk about somethin  
You just talkin loud and sayin nothin  
And if you get mad, sorry brother  
And when you're in LA, watch your colors

I'm a MD, but no medical doctor  
Mic-Dominator Donald-D has got you  
Comin to the jamboree to hear the poetry  
And when you break north, the melody  
Stick to your mind like paste, it can't be erased  
Face to face I overpower like bass  
To the climax, I don't carry a sax  
I carry a axe to tax and wax those who rap

Born in Brooklyn, crib West Coast  
MC's I toast, you that talk most  
Trash, noise, can't throw, get with it  
Comin from the mouth of Hen-Gee from the Syndicate  
Ballers, mafia down to throw  
Gangsters, convicts throwin solid blows  
Start prayin, your sisters I'm layin  
I'm Hen-Gee, a Spinmaster, hear what I'm sayin?

(Party on the dancefloor)

(Evil E's in the place)

(Doggin the wax)

An organization, alliance, no duplication  
Rhyme Syndicate, a strong creation  
The Syndicate's stronger day by day  
12-gauge leave suckers brutally..  
Layin in a  
Your lines are thin, Hen-Gee came to win  
Don't talk a bunch, just known to crunch  
My one-two punch will put your butt out to lunch

Full-court pressure's what I'm applyin  
No relyin on the next man, roar like a lion  
Flexin, plexin ultra, the Bronx is my culture  
Strikin hard like a vulture  
Flingin, I'm slingin my hammer like Thor  
No singin, bringin it raw to the core  
Shogun assassin maxin in a limousine  
You stick your head in, out comes the guillotine

the game as I kick it  
Don't miss it, get with it  
Diss it, you're a knucklehead evicted  
From the crowd that's proud to be the Syndicate connection  
Respect mandatory, up is the direction  
I stand alone, one man that's true  
But you, my crew, you're on my side  
We're on a ride  
Power and pride is our gift  
And you're down with  
The Syndicate