

# This One's For Me

Ice-T

Yo yo whassup Ice man you look upset brother  
Yo man, I got a lot of things on my mind man  
But I don't know if I should put it on this record, yaknahmsayin?  
Man go ahead and kick it man  
Let the people know what's happenin man  
You know brothers out there sellin out man  
Why they goin out like that man?  
Yo, sellin out like it ain't nothin man  
I ain't with it

Dig it, I'm just a brother from L.A.  
South Central, I live life the fly way  
Used to bang and hustle but I traded for the big game  
Infamy got dumped for fame  
Now I'm known and respect as creator of the crime rhyme;  
but my lyrics are deeper  
Because I'm the one that makes you think before make a move  
I wrote "Pusher", "High Rollers", and "Colors" just to prove  
that I could kick game, and drop knowledge at the same time  
But one L.A. station wouldn't play my records one time  
I'm tryin to save my community  
but these bourgeoisie blacks keep on doggin me  
They don't care about violence, drugs and gangs  
KJLH, you ain't about nuttin  
You just a bunch of punk bourgeoisie black suckers  
and this one's for me

You won't play no Public Enemy  
You ain't playin no Boogie Down Productions  
You ain't tryin to represent the black community  
You just carin about your little ol' R&B +BULL+  
you play all day and night  
I represent Los Angeles all over the United States  
and you ain't did NUTTIN for me  
Think about it

Hold up, I ain't finished on the diss tip  
There's a few more punks that I got to rip  
All you chump MC's who sell out quick  
When P.E. was on the top, you rode the tip  
But now they got problems and you suckers run  
Who's Chuck's real friends, does he really have one?  
You yell P.E. this, P.E. that  
Fist in the air, proud to be black  
Now they got static and you run like punks  
I haven't heard an MC stand up for him once  
Maybe you suckers are just hopin that they fall off  
so you can fill their shoes, nope sorry boss  
That's what the matter with black people anyway  
We ain't down with nothin, I don't care what you say  
yell or lie, don't even bother  
How low will a brother go for a dollar?  
Public Enemy broke a new rap age  
And now you rappers ain't got nuttin to say?  
"Yo it's their problem"  
"Griff shouldn'ta said it"  
E where's my pistol? (Yo I'll go get it)

Cause it's time for me to enforce some discipline  
Are you down or not, are you out or in?  
Chuck Flav and Griff are my true friends  
I got their backs if it means my career ends

All you so-called down MC's with Public Enemy  
I ain't heard nobody out there, tryin to help my man out  
YouknowwhatI'msayin? Griff is my man, I don't care WHAT he said  
YouknowwhatI'msayin? And I ain't gon' let them go out like that  
YouknowwhatI'msayin? Chuck, Ice got your back  
Anybody out there got problems with Public Enemy, come talk to me

Once again, I'm back in the diss mode  
I gotta speak my mind, it's time to unload  
on this so-called government we've got  
If I lied like them, I think I'd get shot  
They sell drugs to kids and say it's us  
And when the cops are crooks, who can you trust?  
You only see young brothers in a drug bust  
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust  
My homey got a year for an ounce of weed  
while Bush sells weapons to the enemy  
You gotta be stone blind not to see  
"Our government is honest!" Nigga, please  
Cocaine can't be made in the United States  
Kickin facts like this our government hates  
The young kids on the streets ain't the enemy  
They're just ghetto youth after money  
They sell drugs, but who sells drugs to them?  
Try the C.I.A. my friend  
or the F.B.I. or even Bush  
Somebody's gettin rich, damn sure ain't us  
We're just killin ourselves while others laugh  
Look at the street, it's a cocaine bloodbath  
We gotta realize dope is pure death  
Mess with drugs, you're breathin your last breath  
Sellin drugs is straight up genocide  
They're gonna laugh, while we all die

Sittin up there thinkin you're makin that money  
Hustlin and all that, you're killin your brothers  
YouknowwhatI'msayin? You just stupid, straight up stupid  
Puttin dope into your body - c'mon, youknowwhatI'msayin?  
You gotta get somethin goin out there  
Get some brains, youknowwhatI'msayin?  
We are just playin ourselves cold out of the pocket

This one's for me, I make records for you  
but this cut I straight out had to do  
There's topics in my mind I have to break  
cause so many of you out there are so damn fake  
If ya ain't know they're no-one, cutthroats  
backstabbers, scheamin for banknotes  
And all of you out there know what I'm talkin bout  
If you claim you're down then NEVER sell-out  
Never sell out, youknowwhatI'msayin?  
You gotta stay down for yours  
You know I want it, sure as I'm Ice-T  
I make records for you, but this one's for me

You know what I'm talkin bout out there  
There's ways to sell out left and right  
But you ain't got to do that

There's things more important than money  
I'm talkin bout pride, I'm talkin bout dignity  
You got it out there  
All you got to do is stand on your own two feet  
Don't go out like no sucker  
Stay down, youknowwhatI'msayin?  
Peace