

It's time to start the party if ya'll don't mind
 Me and "E" clean our Adidas with 409
 He rocks the highs,I dog the bass
 Ya wanna hear us rock?
 Here's a taste!!!

Every day I make a sandwich with ham and cheese
 Use miracle whip,I don't like mayonnaise
 I eat a can of beans,good for my heart
 About 1 a.m.,I always.....
 Far from me to bite anothers rhyme
 They're just too easy to write
 I do'em two at a time
 Like doggin' the wax and ya don't quit
 And if you didn't like that then suck my....
 Dictations how I write my raps
 Cold maxin' with two freaks upon my lap
 Chillin' on the phone,bookin' more def shows
 An' if the freaks get illy I smack the....
 Whole days of my life are spent inside my bed
 Just maxin' an' relaxin' like I'm at club med
 Ya say you like this record,you think it's fun?
 Party people get stupid we just begun!!!

You're get,get,gettin' real stupid
 As the beat hits your body get ill!!!
 You ain't dumb you paid dollars to party go off!!
 The girl you're dancin' with has got great hips bug out!!
 Go on homeboy and grab her.....
 Tape recorder turn up the bass
 No time to waste just dog the place
 R-R-R-Rocket like a missile in space
 Evil E keeps his 1200s in an anvil case
 We fly T.W.A.,Pan Am,P.S.A
 To places close to home,far away
 L.A.,New York,Detroit,Miami
 If I see a girl and like her then I let her see my....
 Jam rockin's how I got my fame,Ice capital T
 Evil E's his name
 If you can't see who's rockin' you must be blind
 You better clean your gazelles with some 409!!!

Go Ice get busy (2x)
 Go Evil Get busy (2x)

Turn up your stereo,equalize treble
 Bass be kickin' stupid hard as metal
 On the mic tonight that's right your rhyme opponent
 M.C. Ice T just microphonin'
 33 and 1/3 revolutions per minute
 This record is def because my heart is in it
 Vocals laid by the Ice,tempo tight and precise
 Special effects will be created by an editor's splice
 The funk is in it,ya dig it so stop that frontin'
 Bust a move to my groove work your body do somethin'
 No way in the world that you can deny my method
 As my record rotates,my words get more impressive

I'm an M.C., Evil's my Dj on Sire Records not M.C.A.
C.B.S.,Capitol,cause they move too slow
Now Sire/Warner Bros. clocks all the dough
As the record revolves money's gettin' made
A.S.C.A.P. pays me every time it's played
I chill in def leathers pure silks and suede
And the gold around my neck will never fade
Down with my Syndicate organized rhyme
Kickin' def tempos that I design
And if you can't hear'em thats such a crime
You better wash your dirty ears with some 409

I always rhyme elite,stay on beat
Travel in a posse when I walk the street
Loved to say my rhymes when I used to max
Now I don't speak much,I save my words for wax
I just wanna make a little point in this song
With a little nonsense we can all get along and on and on
Till the break'a break of dawn
This jam will never play out because the grooves too strong
Guys grab a girl,girls grab a guy
If a guy wants a guy,please take it outside
I wanna make ya enjoy yourself
On the mic tonight Ice T!!Who else?
Evil's on the cuts,Henry Gee's shot gun
Islam's my producer,Bambattas son
Bronx Style Bob's cold watchin' my back
Melle Mel's just layin' for some punks to act wack
Grandmaster Caz and Donald D ,Scott La Rock
Red Alert,Chuck Chill Out
If you're down with my crew you will be fine
But if you ill we'll get dirty-bring your 409!!

409.....