

7th Deadly Sin (Intro)

Ice-T

Yeah yeah yo Ice what's up?
Just chilling ya heard? It's the god.
Know what I mean?
Heard you preparing to drop this 7th deadly sin
Know what I mean?
Just showing, you know, love, you know what I mean?
One player to another, you know coastal
How we do you know? Connect
Hit me up, give me a call. You know how we do?
Peace out
Roc-A-Fella Style, Peace

Motherfuckers said I'd never survive, here I am
Check your sound scan virally grand out the box
Bitches and glocks, hoes got rocks on my table
Fuck your cable, you better Ice that shit
Fuck you income you better twice that shit
You couldn't see me if you stood right in front of a pimp
You niggas make a million dollar but still manage to sink
I can stop for 10 years and still be 5 years in front of ya
What do ya want?
Mad bitched to flaunt
And mad wealth, but you fuckin hoes yourself
If you caught one its like a lesbian connect
You and a bitch all pussy no dick
Since '86 I been bustin off clips
Mashin mad whips, bendin hot chicks
Westside them niggas that ride for this shit
Fly to New York City, crack a Brooklyn bitch
You see me in a tunnel with my niggas on hit
Light skinned nigga in the full ink mink
Fuckin off chump change on bitches and drinks

(Yo Ice you fuck that bitch?)

Nigga what do you think?
I aint fuckin these hoes cause these bitches aint payin
Pimpin to me, that aint no bullshit sayin
Every song I hear today's about straight trickin
Mother fuck a bitch, hoe get your heels kickin
And all you niggas out there that don't like me
Fuck you! Fuck what you're goin through, fuck your hood
And all my real motherfuckers know it's all in the good
A nigga came up like a real pimp should
I feel you players out there givin me love
And all my dead homies watchin me from above
And all you down bitches recognize in the heat
Step to a pimp when you see me on the street
Let a nigga know that you down to hoe
Represent the Ice and collect the dough
This aint nothing new aint no mother fuckin façade
I've bee rockin shit for over 10 years god
You haters paralyze when a real baler comes around
Nigga give it up and put you fuckin head down
Cause you don't wanna talk to about how much dope you sold
You don't wanna talk 'bout how hard you claim your role
You don't really look me in the eyes sucker

(Know why?) Cause game knows game
And I don't know you buster
You got a deal with you own reflection in the mirror
So what you did a bid
You still a bitch kid
And not too many niggas gonna do what I did
Come off the streets, make raps about the lifestyle
Real for my niggas from the ghetto to the penile
Say what you will I moved to the hills
The seventh deadly is envy
Nigga fuck how you feel!