

# Cramp Your Style

Ice-T

(I cramp your style  
With a bullet and a smile)

Ugh, niggas on the d-l casin me out  
Truckin my jewels, feelin for the tools  
When they come they got's to come correct  
Because they know I catch wreck  
A well-known wild street vet  
Step into the kill zone, baby, it's on  
I pack the twin nine-mills that'll lift your dome  
Chrome pump with double-eyed slots and such  
A fully-auto Mac-dime that is sure to touch  
Ya, bust you with the Desert Eagle  
Street legal, move against my people  
And the Ice gets evil  
Hit you with the .44 Smith & Wes-  
Son, you're best to run cause my Tec eats pests  
I got a glock with the laser, hot police taser  
Step in real close, I hit your throat with the razor  
You wanna live or die, it's your decision  
Talk shit, you're dissin, i got you in my night vision  
Brain fragments on the street released  
Another nigga fronts hard, another nigga deceased  
I got a H.K., A.K. and a M-16  
A 12-gauge street sweeper with the circular clip  
Quick to let projectiles fly, you die  
And watch your fat moms cry - bull's eye

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What you think all the guns is for?

What's up, niggas don't seem to hear  
Still lookin crazy, let me make this clear  
Fool, the Ice ain't havin it  
And when I let loose lead, believe I'm accurate  
Fat scope on a 30???6  
Sawed-off double barrel and a pistol grip  
Pump on my lap at all times  
I fill my gauge shells with nickels and dimes  
Thompson Center spittin .45 slugs  
Black Mac-11, Python .357  
Snub-nose .38 or .380  
Seventy Automatic, full metal jackets  
Hollow points comin atcha fast  
You feel the slug before you hear the blast

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Muthafuckas frontin hard  
Lookin at niggas crazy and shit  
Make a nigga break  
Nigga don't want me to pull out

I don't like shootin but I do shoot straight

Niggas I be rollin with will shoot up a wake  
Why you wanna step in the sights of a nigga  
Known hair trigger, the coroner delivers  
More cold bodies to the morgue each weekend  
One minute you bleed, the next minute you're leakin  
Best to listen close cause this ain't no boast  
And never forget that I leave you wet  
Bloody, sticky, holes in your Dickey's  
Oh what a pity, lookin all shitty  
My Winchester will get the best of ya  
Hand grenades will fade all the rest of ya  
I reach out and touch you with the parabellum  
You got a crew, you better tell em