

Fuck It

Ice-T

Dub-C from the Westside Connect Gang
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Yeah 'sup with these niggas in the club lookin' at
niggas crazy and shit (Word, yeah fuck them body-o's homes)
Motherfuckers is faggots (call me nigga?)

Step back it's the ultimate nigga with the hot shit
The last standin' man, smack you with my backhand
The veteran-er-the games you claim to be in
Let me begin, express it, explain the dilemma

It's either them or us, niggas that bust
Niggas who ride, niggas that'll kill for this side
Down to get down with the three-o-to-four pound
Hit a nigga dead in his wig - FUCK IT!!

It's the National Pass Time, it's blast time - club's out
Niggas break ill, pop-drunks get the guns out
Set the shit off with the full clips
Niggas lookin' hard in the club - now whassup bitch?
Whassup bitch?!! Pull your weapon if you got it
I'da shot it, plus you never live with rockets
tried to dodge it, caught you all in the arm pit
Easy target, dug you out in the lot kid

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Yo, too many bitch-ass-niggas think they got a lot
And I'ma dead these wannabe heads with consecutive shots
Man, they smile up in you, griller wanna give you a pen
Stick it to your crew like glue like they been down
Man listen, kill that bull with the fake-ass handshakes
You can slide by me with the rest of them damn snakes
Flakin' like paper while I'm takin' my life serious
You talkin' and playin', your whole antenna's mystevius
Claimin' that you got juice with an ultimate ??
But when the brother test you, murder and recieved no types of love
You think you got game, with that favour to your brain?
FUCK YA NAME!!! Stompin' the rut got yourself to blame
I represent Castor - bring it to you live
But cool and civilized, despise a nigga's livin' lies
No alibi's I see the weakness in your eyes dun
You wanna run? Plus ya scared to shoot a gun for fun
You bust a couple of slugs off the rooftop
My team, come and touch ya somethin', make ya crew drop
My nigga ICE, twice as nice
El Sadiq free shit but platinum mics

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You wanna get live? Start scaubblin' with the bald-heads
callin' them family, told 'em nothin' but the feds
That's the blue and red who be dead
when the sunrise come six in the mornin'?
I'm maxin' like a wise guy
Know the John Gotti but I'm fuckin' up the body
Everytime my poet thug at a party
Ya wanna step to T, go through JEL first
But remember where you see your homicide show rehearsed
Check 'em tag-times like they do with a pencil
No more solitary cause we mashin' in a Benzo
Next who gettin' hitters talkin' shit cause we bit 'em
Seven Deadly Sinner, problem-atic-rhyme-spitter
You a quitter - but I'ma bomb steady
If I was out of slugs, look out for Machette
from ear to ear homes, it's clear, you'll be bleedin'
Not me motherfucker lifestyles I've been devin'

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Yeah, Ice-T nigga, El sadiq nigga
JEL - Rhyme Poetic Mafia nigga
You niggas really don't wanna get down
Talk a lot of shit but you don't wanna get down
Bitch-ass-niggas, hit a nigga dead in his wig FUCK IT!!!
Seventh...