

# Funky Gripsta

Ice-T

Yeah, Ice-T nigga, seventh deadly sin  
It's all about that hardcore mind  
Got my nigga Radzay, my nigga Bazarro  
My girl Gripsta in the house  
We gonna do it for all the hardcore niggas out there like this

A hard hit makes a soft ass, that's what they told me, huh  
I'm totally gone, I'm in another zone nigga put me on this  
We layin' stick, my lyrics is heat  
Havin' visions of ritual mirrors inside my sleep, nigga peep

I remember watchin' the news, dead people in jimmy bag  
I got a Nine nigga get me mad  
And watch me throw up razorblades and get to trippin'  
I'm cats and crippin', lickin' is civil like Jack the Ripper

I'm on a mission drippin' a fog  
An when it sees a million motherfuckers deceased  
Some of police are brutal hog, I'm actor baitin'  
No hesitation to slice a motherfucker in thirty places

Fuck a case, ain't leavin' traces here to Redder-Dip  
I'm aimin' a automatic find a bitch I'm hangin' up  
Protainin' up, boss strangler, better save my mother  
Flat packs will end as brothers, the bloody covers

Bloody gloves like Yo-J, AK's my brainwaves  
I'll strung a nigga all day to my dear play  
You won't be comin' back  
I put that on my dear pops when I blast a fierce drop  
My bloody mask revealin' Jason it's non-stop

The cemetary is what you facin'  
My steel shot is smokin' like chainsaws, brains call  
Recommend that you get your homies  
And watch your motherfuckin' game fall

I only like my shit hardcore  
(Radzay, South Central L.A. nigga)  
I only like my shit hardcore  
I only like my shit hardcore  
I only like my shit hardcore

Prepare for the night that you never wanted  
These streets is taunted  
Blacked out Impala with the big rims on it  
Hit'cha corner with the lights out, bitch it's on  
Duck down wit'cha kids, you know what you did

Motherfuck what your niggas say, watch for the ricochet  
It's gonna be hard to hear much, once my trigger spray  
That's neither here nor there, just beware  
'Cause when I bust off my gat flings like a roll flair

You now listenin' to the most hated  
And most loved at the same time 'cuz  
Ice nigga what the fuck you wanna do about a T

Most'cha bitch niggas can't fuck with me  
'Cause your chin-chalked talk I can see through

Like you're rollin' in a phat V-12  
Bullshit pull quick and have your shit cocked or dropped  
Keep a spare clip cause sometimes the shots don't stop  
It's motherfuckin' game to rap about, shits' for real

Double action, ain't gotta cock back no more  
Got you bitch ass niggas sweatin' like Taibo  
Rather lookin', in my face, I'm just checkin' my flow  
So, I advise you to keep it in the studio  
Your attitude, you don't wanna meet me dude

My crews' like a fuckin' wild bunch of escaped beasts  
Like scientists, cross cells of apes and G's  
All the war get you battle gear, black fatigues  
You talk shit, your crews' catch a casualty, uh!

I only like my shit hardcore  
(Ice-T nigga, what?)  
I only like my shit hardcore  
I only like my shit hardcore  
I only like my shit hardcore

Aiyyo, my style be official, I bust like a pistol  
Criminal the issue, mad shit the nigga been through  
Peep now, system, handcuffs nigga listen  
Word up, robbin' white boys to buy blunts

The representative, GorTek Assassin thought to be a stallion  
Yo, I be splashin' Street Wars  
The hardcore ambassador in a black four door Akaror  
I attach yours, he Marquise piece, gold teeth and medallion

Heads I be sappin' like the grams I be baggin'  
Fightin' women, cut throat and tree smokin'  
Violatin', infiltratin', blunt bakin'  
Block regulatin', the cake

Bake, a brick flippin'  
Green expedition thicker to body stickin'  
Bazaro, yo I got the hardcore flow  
I drop to put a rock from the Bronx y'all know

I only like my shit hardcore  
(Bazaro, boogie down Bronx, baby)  
I only like my shit hardcore

On the mic, Grip be flexin'  
Who's next to wreck when I mic check, mic check  
I'm checkin' any verbal an' steppin'  
What the fuck nigga duck, you ain't fuckin' with this

Get touched cause I lust to bust when I clutch  
With the quickness, killin' lyricist when I spit this  
Who's next on my hit list when I rip this  
Lyrically I'm material, the Rap War General  
Droppin' hoes quicker than a syllable, yeah you killable

Your style, unfillable, wishin' my shit was stillable  
I eel for the fuck of it, queen you know I'm lovin' it  
Dick, never suckin' it unless I see a buck in it

You need the whip, cluck it kid, I'm furious  
Leavin' your crew delirious so you don't take it serious

I'm guessin' you was serious about the West, none test  
I got the rep for my niggas on the shaw  
Got the ball, fuck the law and yep I wet 'em out  
As I proceed to spread 'em out and dead 'em out  
Spray 'em out, lay 'em out

Ain't no surprise, come see me with four eyes  
Young Grip, I'm a prize, prepare for you demise  
Recognize I put a hole in the local aforenor  
Nigga this is Coroner

Gripsta, Oakland, California  
I only like my shit hardcore