

## Hit The Deck

Ice-T

"I'm the minstrel man, the cleaning man,  
the pole man, the shoeshine man  
I'm a nigger man, watch me dance"

I put the lyrics on the paper with the pen  
Evil E makes the records spin  
Islam drops the beats that you rock to  
Thought that I would never get you? Got you  
Doggin the floor like you know you never done before  
How could a brother be so hardcore  
and still keep you on the floor like a maniac  
That's your question? Well I'ma answer that  
I'm on the mic tonight I'm here to do it right  
Ice, the capital T, airtight  
Coolest of the cool, a mack on a mission  
Step to me fool - you're missin  
minus, gone, pow, you're outta here  
This ain't no game to me, this is my career  
Throw me a mic, plug it in, "Bet!"  
I won't be happy til the dancefloor's wet  
I ain't no rookie, I'm a microphone vet  
Evil E's on the set, hit the deck!

"be easy on the cut"  
and "no mistakes allowed"

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E-M-C-E-E, I-C-E-T, A-N-D, DJ Evil E  
Doggin the deck like it's never been done before  
You had enough? "MORE!"  
Here we go, I'm about to blow up  
Don't you dare bite my rhymes, I'll make you throw up  
Poison soaked in an acid bath  
Swallow homeboy, your throat'll need a skin graft  
Toss it up, while the DJ known as Evil cuts  
You wanna know what's happenin - "WHAT?"  
The beat become my soul, I'm goin out of control  
Look in my face as my eyeballs roll  
back in my head and the mic glows red  
Step in my face and you'll wind up dead  
Yo, thanks, I needed that  
I was possessed by this treacherous track  
Watch out "WORD" this ain't no joke  
A sucker tried to flex and his arm got broke  
Don't make a move that you'll regret  
Evil E's on the set, hit the deck!

"kick it"  
"kick it"  
"kick it"  
"kick it"

You start to think and wonder bout how it's done  
"An emcee? Maybe I could be one"  
Drop the thought, get a job, change your mind  
To be a dope MC takes time  
Eight years of mine, no time for draggin  
You wanna be an MC? "Get off the bandwagon!"  
But if it's in your heart, get a pen  
Don't stop writin til the inkflow ends  
Work and work and don't halfstep  
Dog the mic every chance you get  
Motivation must be kept  
Stay down and build your rep  
Yo so let me demonstrate, rappin as a fine art  
And when I'm finished, you can take this rap apart  
Analyze my elements and tactics  
First I'm over there, and then I'm back to this  
I jumble topics, you won't know where I'll go  
Back in your face with a cold but steady flow  
You feel the power of the Ice in the first row  
You already know what to say, "HOOOOOOOOO!!!"  
On the mic is a stone cold vet  
Evil E's on the set, hit the deck

I'm in my mode, called the fourth episode  
or the last verse, if you wanna decode  
So I gotta raise the heat, hype up the beat  
Switch the mic from airtight to elite  
Pounce upon the deck, it ain't wet yet  
Let me see how hot you can get  
Then I'll turn up the amps, blow out the lights  
You're in darkness, then the mic ignites  
Glowin like it did before, but even more  
The room is lit, the raps are hardcore  
Evil cuts the records like a psycho with a switchblade  
You see a blur -- that's the crossfade  
Loud and proud, words bombard the crowd  
Look up in the air -- you see a mushroom cloud  
I kick flavor to a musical track  
too fast to catch, too complex to match  
I'm gettin hyped as hype can get  
Evil E's on the set! Hit the deck