

I Must Stand

Ice-T

Just a kid, moms died when I was seven
Pops died, eleven, what's up with heaven?
It's hell when you're an orphan at a early age
This impressionable stage, no love breeds rage
In the heart of a child who never knew his roots
Looked up to pimps and to hustlers in the eel-skin boots
Parkin Caddies on the sidewalk, gangsta talk
Truckin diamonds and gold
Rubberbands around the bankrolls
Fly girls to make your head spin
Seemed they partied all night long
I was like, "Put me on"
But they said, "Little fellow, run and go play
Take your butt to school or else you'll have to be like us one day"
I didn't understand, but I tried to get a job
While all the players got the girls cause they'd hustle and rob
I was like makin 'bout 1-50 a week
And after taxes, you know what that is - lunch meat

And I know I can be better than this
I gotta get me a car, man
I gotta get a girl

I know I can do it out there, man
I'm finna go for it, man
I gotta get some money
Word

Streets of anger, trouble and crime
I had it hard, had to sleep in my car sometime
But I never let another player see me down
I kept my front up, my gear clean
Even when checkin minor green
Brothers knew my game was true
So I hooked up with the real crew
That knew exactly what to do
Bank jobs and jewels, quick to flex with tools
Pimpin hoes on the block
Checkin cash non-stop
Crack spots, armor with interior bars
No lie, I used to own 'bout 15 cars
Every piece Fila made
Drape my women in suede
Pavet Piaget, Cesar's Palace holidays
It was on, crazy out of control
We made up the word 'ballin', that was how we rolled
But the FBI had a-whole-nother idea
It's called multiple indictments for hundreds of years

What
Daff is dead?
Carter got 25 years?
Nah..
Spike 35 to life?
Nah, don't tell me B.O.'s dead, man
I don't wanna hear that, man
I was just with him

The game is vicious, no retirement, you die young
Listen to a fake, he might tell you to grab a gun
I get phone calls from condemned row
Brothers I ran with, brothers I really know
They tell me, "Ice you got much love in the pen
You're the one that got away, don't wanna see you in"
They tell me, "Tell the little homies the deal
Don't let em come up in this hellish habitat of shanks and steel"
I marched two million strong in D.C.
Lookin eye to eye with brothers that I used to think below me
Damn, my mind was twisted in my hustlin days
But God spared me, I got a baby son to raise
And bein black ain't easy, prejudice is real
But health and liberty is all we need for us to build
We gotta come together, unseparated
Check yourself like I did, blackman, because we're all related