

# Ice's Exodus

Ice-T

Yeah, This is Ice-T  
You've just been listening to the Seventh Deadly Sin  
To me the Seventh Deadly Sin is hardcore rap  
And I'm very proud to have been a part of that throughout the years  
I'd like to send peace out to all my homeboys that kept it real  
And love to all my niggas that have died out here  
In this bullshit that we call the streets  
You know? What can I say? Hip Hops been good to a nigga  
I got mad love for the East coast, West coast, North and South  
I got my niggas The Top Guns here  
We gonna sign this one off like this:

My life's been a great story in the ultimate war  
Should I ill or do right? Make peace or go raw?  
I can't explain the true penalties of fame and the wealth  
Tell me who can I trust? I can't trust myself  
Got the devil got me thinking 'bout them ill moves  
Every damn kid on the street, they got something to prove  
Push a bullet through my heart, why not? That's a start  
They could push their reps quicker, kill a well known nigga  
And if you say you're going to kill me, should I blast you first?  
Being black is kinda like being born with a curse  
Do or Die, that's the code of the streets I didn't invent  
Niggas sketch my life out with malicious intent  
My skin color's got me trapped in a never ending ghetto  
I move to the hills, but I can never let go  
The gun shots and the homicides just don't stop  
And just because I came up, I can always drop

Yo.. we come prepared for guerilla warfare  
Never scared soldiers to the heart  
And hose them body parts with the hardware  
You spark a dun with Bizzaro or sequel  
When you catch a link on the wings of this desert eagle  
Flappin, we splittin caps friend  
remember when niggas would shoot joints  
Now niggas be wildin' placing hollow points  
Cause in this rat race, shit be moving at a murderous pace  
Mad sons got slugs to the face, OG packs kilos  
Over sore losers and cilo, prepare like a scout  
I hold the burner on the delo  
In this age of idolatry, mad niggas worship u vanity  
If Five ?? you nigga maintain humanity - insanity  
Hope you see the light - like the prism's true colors  
Only a few remain brothers, fuck the others  
In this cold world - the war that's controlled by the trigger  
Revelation or the scripture got to be that live nigga

So if niggas want to bite the sound like Tyson  
Deck him in the left eye, murder sit down like ryerson  
You wanna dis, don't even try son  
Hey yo, Pizzone - I'm the prodigy you need to keep ya eyes on  
Yo who the don, who plays it all night long?  
50 mill strong, Handle like napalm. Word is bond  
Who get it on when it's time to drop a bomb?  
Sadq keep it cool and calm with the niapalm  
Droppin emcee's to their knees and make them pie straight

Dust and take and serve niggas on my hot plate  
So cats who got beef, we can take it to the streets  
Cause shit these niggas talk to the grave with they teeth  
It's time to meet your maker step into the new millennium  
I analyze data like intel Pentium  
So follow me, I blame sovereignty for God we bust  
Top Gun, move bright, smooth as Ice, sex and dust

Ante up the goods, Top Gun Ice-T in your neck of the woods  
I'm 15 blocks deep in the foreign neighborhood  
Street of my styles, no smiles, trying to gun down the golden child  
Still on trial for my old endeavors  
Cold weather got caught trying to buck wholes in my fucking sweater  
Niggas is soft like butter, leathers and felt  
Time to heat it up and melt  
Felt the welts from brass belt buckles to brass knuckles  
Kill all the jokes and chuckles - let's all get together  
My fam stay thick together  
Trick off and lick off together  
No matter the weather  
Lets ease on down to the bow and to the bricks  
When I start to squeeze, I won't ease off a bit  
Won't be no teams up in here with no clashes  
Just bunk mile sleds boot shines up in the masses

Life got no guarantees, I'm looking for the long lease  
When I'm in LA, it ain't hard to find me  
21st floor eating shrimp at Belonte's  
Every time you see me I'm connected to a dime piece  
I check your styles, although you rhyme quicker  
No matter what you do, I'll always lace mine thicker  
Jealousy will make a fool die quicker than liquor  
Watch your back with your niggas  
Cause that's right where they'll stick ya  
You see me in the club jeweled up, all alone  
I give love to my homies, then I bounce the fuck home  
Bodyguards are something that I just don't do  
Cause if I'm after you black, I'm gonna clap them too  
Money makes all my homies look brand new  
I don't fuck with the fakes, I make moves with the true  
Ice - baby chopping that real, thought you knew  
I might sound hard, but nigga I can die too

Cause I'm as real as you