

Suckers step back, reacting his attack
Evil E is the place, cold dogging the WAX!!

All punks go for your mothers, today's today
I'm here to say Warriors come out and play
Rhine for your lives, weak run and hide
My name is Ice-T, L.A. is where I reside
Fly as a bird, also awesome unheard
If you bite I will take your life best believe that's word
FBI's most wanted, but them suckers can't stop
Mean rapping mother, terrorizing Khadafi
Few tried to match the deaf raps I wrote
Dis my rhyme that's the time; razor meets your throat
Born in New Jersey but raised in L.A.
Streets such as hard and the player still play
Far from a fag, getting paid for my brag
So if you wanna come and battle bring a bodybag
Definitely deadly and that ain't no Todd
And if you don't like what I'm saying, we can take it outside
Cause ain't nothing like a squabble cause you know that's fine
And if knife be your reason, then Uzi be mine
So all punks get ill cause you know I'm goner
Rhymes that ignite by like a piranha
Ice-T is just rocking the tracks
And Evil E is in the place, just dogging the WAX!!

I love the ladies who were down with the Tee
But what I hate and I state is a fool MC
You wanna battle the Ice, you gotta be insane
One step toward my repping, I inflict the pain
Got so many raps, I got no place to store them
Got so many damn pages, I can wallpaper the forum
Assassination, is my solution
No light operation, just massive contusions
Deaf dealing rhymers with a lust for blood
Conflict with the Master and your name is mud
I kick it up, no mercy for the fact you're brave
I'll just bury your butt, then I'll spit on your grave
Laugh at your family as they stand and cry
Cold smack your mother all in the eye
Cause I'll never get to heaven but you know damn well
I'll wear Bermuda Shorts while I'm maxing in hell
So all suckers step back, reacting the death's attack
Don't try to ripe me off, just talking like way smack
Because I'll leave a shamble, I hustle don't gamble
And I'll rock your butt blind like HBO scramble
Dogging the WAX!!

Sharp as a razor, down as dirt
Rhyme is my life, party is my work
L.A. is my place, More Righteous is my base
So my lyrics make sense, no words I waste
Down for a duel, colder than Kool
Chill with the brothers who built the Old School
Rhyme like a rocket, smooths in the pocket
Program the 80A and just lock it
Crash the Studio with my crew, twenty four tracks mixed down to two

Jam hits the stores, packed kinds of floors
Freaks in my hotel room by the scores
This MC Ice-T, I rock the freaks to ecstasy
Take them to the T-O-P and bust them out officially
Never off, always on, rocking to the break of dawn
Like this, like that, an emcee that's not the whack
All the rappers in the game, recognize my name
They write off as been lame, or get me credit for my fame
I'm here to make it clear, eighty six is my year
I'm the rapper you should fear and I'll have to peer
Supreme MC Chief, and when I die in my belief
Battle from L.A. to Rome, rock beyond the thunderdome
Sound hard, know why? it is, don't try
Only the top MCs will master this ability
If you do, you'll find out what that misword biddly
Or run that other A to me, for high speed poetry
Take advice from Ice-T, leave the cuts to Evil E
Get a girl, feel the bass, write correct for this funky pasta

I'm dialing M, for murdering fine emcees' heads
Showing no remorse, reanimating the dead
Kicking dirt in the wombs, turning a wheel in the rap
I'll make you run for the hills with a streak up your back
My rhymes are pigeons, stock cooler than Cold
Boys always convincing, jewelry solid gold
Magnified finesse at Hollywood address
The perpetrator, cream maker, representing the West
Avenge is my best friend, homicide is my life
I write my rhymes in my book with blood on the knife
Never been beaten in life, never planned to beat
Either rocked two days straight before I take a breath
The rhymes; memorize them like inside my head
And any one who dared bite somehow ends up dead
Got a license to kill, dogs refusing to chill
Uncut violence is my true thrill
I'm a hitman kinda sort of, suckers talk in manure
With co-cold man known tactics, no man can endure
Not to be mistaken, when Emcees faking
All contracts issued, to Ice-T are taken, with the multitude routes
You have no chance to shout
With the silencer of a ninja, your lights are out
Girls cry to sight, some in Latin fight
For the posal positions at my jam each night
The player from L.A. cooler than any Jay
My name is Ice-T, I make the Mafia Pay
Dogging the wax!!