

Yo, Ice, the organization say they can't stay in business with us any longer. What you gonna do?

We always knew we were gonna come to this point sooner or later... we have absolutely no option but to move forward. We'll have to set up our own distribution, manufacturing, run a totally independent organization and operation. We still got our connections in Texas, Miami, New York, Chicago, Detroit and soldiers on the street willing to die. I can't put any cut on the product... I just can't live like that. But from now on if any cops get in our way... [3 gunshots]

Turn up the mic, dog
So I can get off
Find me Charlton Heston and we might
Cut his head off
I'm not to be fucked with
Step in the range of my guage and get bucked quick
Niggas, hoes, I don't know who you are
My friends or foes
Smile in my face
And plot to kill me behind doors
I got a new attitude
No trust
Got me in a corner
All a nigga can do is bust
It may be you
There's gonna be a lot of dead before I'm through
I'm 'bout to break off niggas who play me and dis me
Try to switch from side to side like they with me.
The damage is done
Source magazine
You're the first one
You try to dis Chuck, Cube and me
How the fuck you pick us 3?
You punk motherfuckers ain't shit
You're just a bunch of hoes
Makin' money off the pros
And when I see I get you in my sights
I give yo' ass a story to write
Cause it's on

It's on motherfucker
And you can't turn the shit off
Catch you in the streets and your ass'll get tossed
Bang! Bang! Bang! cause it ain't no thang
To put in work and watch your head burst

A lot of fans ain't shiy
Let me repeat:
A lot of fans ain't shiy
Quick to flip if our group don't hit
That don't make you nothin but a pop ho bitch
And I don't need ya
I love to bleed ya
All I ever wanted was a real nigga's praise
But the sad motherfuckin fact
Is that ain't that many real motherfuckers these days

Game knows game I know too many who plays the name
And I can make it in the music or the street game
I still got hoes that'll work
Still got crews that'll work
Still roll with an extra clip
And those who think they'll stop me
Doubt it
Those motherfuckers better think about it
You'd best let me rap
Ice back on the streets?
You don't want that
Cause I break ill
And you really have to body count the cops I kill cuz it's on.

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To put in work and watch your head burst

It's on motherfucker
And you can't turn the shit off
Catch you in the streets and your ass'll get tossed
Bang! Bang! Bang! Cause it ain't no thing
To put in work and watch your body jerk

It's on motherfucker
You Goddamn right it's on
My royalty cheque
Yeah, fool, I write my own
I own my own label
Put my own shit out
So no one tells me what the fuck to talk about
And all the suckas that said I was through:
You need to wake up to my view
I'm fallen off
Ha! Ha! That's a joke!
You motherfuckers are still unknown and broke
And I'm stankin' rich
My fuckin maid lives better than you, bitch
So shut your trap
When it comes to this level of game
You don't know jack
CIA
FBI
IRS
Try to ??? for sweat
But they'll never sweat you son
Cause you're broke
And you're dumb
And you're no threat to no one
Them fools don't play
I gotta deal with those motherfuckers every day
They'd love to get me behind bars
They hawk a nigga like I'm Carlos Escobar
But in a way I am
Been puttin dope on the street for years
And don't give a damn
So I'm thinkin about them, friend
The real motherfuckin gangstas wanna see me end
It's gonna end up in a bloodbath
No doubt
That's the only way I'm going out

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