

Lethal Weapon

Ice-T

E-V-I-L E and Ice-T are on a jack move
Layin down the dope groove, smokin those who disapprove
Wreckin the deck, you'll regret if you cross punk
Rollin like a Mack truck, waxin those who talk junk
Violent your end, I got your face in my crosshairs
Wanna see your dome bust sucker cause I don't care
Nuttin bout you, your crew, because you talk shit
I'm the Lethal Weapon boy, ridin the apocalypse
If you're in my way, then lay beneath the ground soon
Violence is my business fool, the microphone of doom
Mission that's to cure all punks as I bust caps
Peelin your back, my ammunition hollow-point raps
You try to run, that makes it even more fun
I just cold lamp and vamp you with the shotgun
Cops try to flex.. but guns they'll never find..
My Lethal Weapon's my mind!

Rakim, "Microphone Fiend"

Rakim, "Microphone Fiend"

"A lethal weapon..

A lethal weapon..

A lethal weapon..

An assassinator, if the people ain't steppin"

You hit the deck, as rap busts from my lips
You think I'm finished - I load another clip
Look in my face, I crack an evil grin
Lyrics bring death from the microphone Mac-10
Sucker MC's, you ain't down with the Syndicate
Try to kick game, but end up talkin weak shit, yo
You're weak, you're wack, you need to quit you lil punk bitch
Go and freak your mother, go dig a damn ditch
Get out my face, I'm tired of the press too
You write about me, I write about you
You think I'm violent, but listen and you will find..
My Lethal Weapon's my mind!

Rakim, "Microphone Fiend"

Rakim, "Microphone Fiend"

Up against the wall - it's Valentine's Day
The Massacre's about due for a replay
I'm about to explode - like a hand grenade
Evil E do damage on the crossfade
{*Evil E scratches*} Cuts like a battleaxe
You try to bite, get iced, my raps are boobytraps
Claim of mine, designed by the Ice himself
You beg for mercy as you read the hand you're dealt
"Ah ahh ahh AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"
Cause there's no let up, you walked into a set up
It's suckin you down and now you can't get up
Why because you froze the moment we met up
And I never run punk, I go head up
I ain't no fool and new jack poppin fake rap
I rap from the heart and soul, where only facts are kept

Many rappers sell-out pop and other MC's slept
I ain't in no playin mood, so nigga watch your step
Cause if you cross the boss, you go to bed quick
Know my situation boy, don't diss the Syndicate
cause when we chose to move, you're gone
and no remains they'll find..
My Lethal Weapon's my mind!

Rakim, "Microphone Fiend"
Rakim, "Microphone Fiend"

More bodies than John Gotti, the Lethal Weapon is slaying
Just open any book, that's ammo to the brain
What really matters, is how well is your weapon trained
Some would say genius, while others would say insane
The Weapon power has been witnessed upon my page
From Martin Luther's "dream", to Hitler's psycho rage
What's more powerful - the brain or a twelve gauge?
The words I speak have scared many people to this stage
But promote violence, I really have to disagree
It's entertainment, like "Terminator" on TV
But some'll never see, you're stupid ignorant and blind
The Lethal Weapon's the mind!

Rakim, "Microphone Fiend"
Rakim, "Microphone Fiend"

The mind..
Think!

The mind..
YouknowwhatI'msayin?
I got my jammy with me at all times, youknowwhatI'msayin?
They can't take this one thing away from me
that's got more power, than any gun in the world, youknowwhatI'msayin?
I'm talkin bout brain power homeboy
They can't mess with me cause I'm too smart for them out there
youknowwhatI'msayin? Fully strapped, always packed
Go to the library and get some more ammo, youknowwhatI'msayin?