

# 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?