

## O.G. Original Gangster

Ice-T

Ten years ago  
I used to listen to rappers flow  
Talkin' bout the way  
They rocked the mic at the disco  
I liked how that shit was goin' down  
With my own sound  
So I tried to write rhymes  
Somethin' like them, my boys said,  
"That ain't you Ice,

That shit sounds like them."  
So I sat back, thought up a new track  
Didn't fantasize, kicked the pure  
Facts. Motherfuckers got scared  
Cause they weas unprepared  
who would tell it how it relly was?  
Who dared?  
A motherfucker from the West Coast  
L.A. South Central fool  
Where the Crips and the Bloods play  
When I wrote about parties  
It didn't fit  
Six in the Mornin'  
That was the real shit

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When I wrote about parties  
Someone always died  
When I tried to write happy  
Yo I knew I lied, I lived a life of crime  
Why play ya blind?  
A simple look  
and anyone with two cents  
would know I'm  
A hardcore player from the streets  
Rappin' bout hardcore topics  
Over hardcore drum beats  
a little different  
Than the average though  
Jet you thru the fast lane  
Drop ya on death row  
Cause anybody who's been there  
Knows that life ain't sho lovely  
On the blood-soaked fast track  
That invincible shit don't work  
Throw ya in a joint  
You'll be comin' out feet first  
So I blst the mic with my style  
Sometimes I'm ill  
The other times buck wild  
But the science is always there  
I'd be a true sucker  
If I acted like I didn't care  
I rap for brothers just like myself  
Dazed by the game  
In a quest for extreme wealth

But I kick it to you hard and real  
One wrong move, and you caps peeled  
I ain't no super hero  
I ain't no Marvel Comic  
But when it comes to game I'm atomic  
At droppin' it straight  
Point blank and untwisted  
No imagination needed, cause I lived it  
This ain't no fuckin' joke  
This shit is real to me  
I'm Ice-T

O.G.

Two weeks ago I was out at the disco  
Two brothers stepped up to me  
And said  
"Hey yo, Ice  
We don't think you're down  
What set ya claimin'?"  
E drew the Glock, yo my set's aimin'!  
Dumb motherfucker  
Try to roll on me, please!  
I'm protected by a thousand emcees  
and hoodlums and hustlers  
And bangers with Jeri curls  
we won't even count the girls  
Cause they got my back  
And I got theirs too  
Fight for the streets  
When I'm on Oprah or Donahue  
They try to sweat a nigga  
But they just didn'T figure  
What my wit's as quick as a hair trigger  
"He's not your everyday-type  
Prankster."

I'm Ice-T, the original gangster

So step to me  
If you think that you're ready to  
Got on your bullet proof?  
Well mine's goin' right thru  
This ain't no game to me  
It's hollow fame to me  
Without respect frome streets  
So I don't claim be  
The hardest motherfucker on earth  
Catch me slippin, I can even get worked  
But I don'T slip that often  
there's a coffin  
Waitin' for the brother  
Who comes off soft when  
The real fuckin' shit goes down  
Take a look around  
all them pussies can be found  
they talk a mean fight  
But fight like hoes  
I'm from South Central, fool  
Where everything goes  
Snatch you out your car so fast  
You'll get whiplash  
Numbers on your roof top

For when the copters pass  
Gang bangers  
Don't carry no switch blades  
Every kid's got a Tec 9 or a  
Hand grenade  
Thirty-seven killed  
Last week in a crack war

Hostges tied up  
And shot in a liquor store  
Nobody gives a fuck  
"The children have to go to school."  
Well, moms, good luck  
Cause the shit's fucked up bad  
I use my pad and pen  
And my lyrics break out mad  
I try to write about fun  
andthe goodtimes  
But the pen yanks away and explodes  
And destroys the rhyme  
Maybe it's just cause of where I'm from  
L.A. that was a shot gun!

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