

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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