

## Personal

Ice-T

Emcee's no time out, it's time to rhyme out  
You've dug your own grave, now you must climb out  
Dig out, crawl out, hide from the fallout  
'Cause when I get mad I go all out  
ICE cooler than the coldest cube, dude  
And when I'm micin', boy, I'm know to get rude  
Criminal background, it's time to get down  
I use a silencer, don't like the loud sound  
Off my mic blast, you better run fast  
The last punk that popped junk passed  
Spit on his grave, laughed, jumped in my stretch  
Signed his bitch an autograph  
Syndicate boy, I don't fool out  
You're full grown, school's out  
You try to diss?...I think you better cool out  
'Cause your butt is smoke, if we ever duel out  
This jam is directed, to all of those who expected  
For me to cold be rejected, but now I'm highly respected  
And now their ears are infected  
With dollar signs I've collected  
Jealous punks, I said it!

Personal

Take a personal

Take it personal, punk, I'm talkin' to you  
And if they agree with you, then your crew too  
I never diss an emcee, I wish'em all good luck  
But if you diss me to my face, duck  
My style don't ramble, you shouldn't gamble  
With your grill, I got a fist like an anvil  
I write a record, lock it on the topic  
EVIL and IZ dog the track, then we drop it  
Record stores rock it, stock it, fans buy it  
People that never heard of ICE-T try it  
Then you try to diss? You got gall  
I got gold on my neck and gold on my wall  
Gold in my fingers, gold in my ear  
When this jam's spinnin', gold's what you hear  
Toy, this ain't Christmas, no time to play  
I ain't no child, punk, you'll get sprayed  
Illin' on a mega-villan  
You must want a pine box to go chill in  
Buried deep, creep, no one will weep  
'Cause the next night with your bitch I'll sleep

Personal

Take it personal

I ain't East Coast, West Coast, new style, or old style  
You wanna know about me? Check police files  
Get out my face or you might have a bruised one  
Brass knuckle prints? Yes, I used some  
I ain't here to boast, I don't do that  
When I talk it's straight dope, pure facts  
I rock hard but still called a new jack  
But talk shit, you're sure to get heard cracked

I don't drink or smoke or do dumb drugs  
But my posse's still labeled street thugs  
L.A.P.D's got all my boy's mugs  
Can't use my phone for the damn bugs  
I live in privacy, don't like suckers hawking me  
News reporters, some think they can talk for me  
Lies, misquotes, changin' all my words around  
But if I catch 'em on the street they'll get beat down  
They get money for hype-type publicity  
They don't think twice, about dissin' me  
But that's a mistake, with tha SYNDICATE you shoudn't mess  
I hope those punk reporters wear vests!

Personal  
Take that personal

Now the words I speak to some may sound radical  
But I'll explain, it's simply mathematical  
You diss, I diss, this is creates an equal  
You reply to my diss, this is called a sequel  
I reply to your diss, this is called a battle  
Not intelligent, not very adult  
So I don't battle, I just put heads out  
A straight line is always the direct route  
I write lyrics clear, to leave no doubt  
Don't even have to say who I'm speakin' about  
You know who you are, you just jealous  
'Cause you hear my records are million sellers  
Try to say I'm wack, out on the streets  
While your whole crew is jockin' my beats  
See me on T.V. and in the papers  
See me at a jam, and catch vapors!

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