

Pulse Of The Rhyme

Ice-T

Just checkin' my microphone once
As I check your audio
Increase the bass response
Hope n the speakers blow
I got no time to sit and flip
And pop bullshit
Turn up your stereo hops
Insert the rhyme clip
Roll your windows up
Make sure it's air tight
E.Q. the track exact
So shit sounds right
I rhyme of death
And darkness and danger
Your crib or car
Becomes a torture chamber
I write my rhymes with violence
What you expect?
Sounds of pain
The snap of a broken neck
All alone in darkness I sit each night
Write my rhymes
With blood upon a butcher knife
You say the Ice is ill, and ill I am
They try to ban my shit
And I don't give a damn
Roll up, your eye will get swoll up
Suckers who flexed
Yo, their deaths got tolled up
Cause I'm not the nigga to toy with
Boy with the big mouth
Ya got time to riff?
There's time to take you out
Put a couple caps in your ass
Cut your head off

Send it to your mom with flowers
Cause I'm so soft
Lay on your wack crew
Smoke the whole bunch
Bury 'em in my bck yard
And then I'll eat lunch
Cause I don't give a fuck about you
Or him or her
Whenever I'm in the house
A death just might occur
Is this real or fiction
You'll never know

While you're locked to the
Pulse of the rhyme flow!

Once I lock you up, you can't get loose
You put your head inside
And I placed the noose
The mic drips juice slow
From its steel mesh

My words feel like hooks
Underneath your flesh
Makin' you twist and turn
Scorch and burn, when will you learn?
The '90s are my turn
To pitch a vocal fit, like the ultimate
Gangster rhyme, yo, I invented the shit!
Watch me dod it, as I do it
And I do it right
Grab the gauge
Duct tape on the flashlight
Doin' the black ski mask
And come to your house
Cut off your power
And do you with the lights out!
Is this real or fiction?
You'll never know

A pool of blood
and floating body parts
Would make me grin
A close view of a razor
When it's breaking skin
If you were burnin'
I'd use gasoline to put you out
Cause I walk alone
And choose the dark route
Nightmares gotta be loved by some
And I'm the one
Ya wanna come, bring your shotgun
You ever see your partner die?
No? Well I have!
You ever see your father die?
No? Well I have!
You ever see your mother die?
No? Well I have!
So shut the fuck up, punk
And clear the rhyme path!
What would make meel calm and nice
Is a slow slice
Through your jugular and windpipe
Throw me in jail
I won't even try to make bail
Put me in the gas chamber
And watch me inhale!
Is this true or false?
Well you'll never know

Jason, Tales from the Crypt
And the Dark Side
Another fly murder, another suicide
Did these flicks
Have an influence on my brain?
I really doubt that shit
I think that I was born insane
When I was young
I had a lust for knives and guns
Use a magnifying glass
To fry an ant with the sun
And on and on
My lust for death got bigger
At fifteen
I was placed behind a trigger

Although I'm dirty
Not the one to be swept up
step up, I'd love to open your chest up
I've got no concept of life or death
All I want is your last breath
Give me a motherfuckin' break
I should behave
Give me a motherfuckin' shovel
I'll dig graves!
I break ill in extra large portions
where's your parents
I'll make you an orphan
So when you're talkin' crazy
You better think of me
The I, to the C, to the E, to the fuckin' T!
There'll be no tears
No screams or cries, just a laser beam
Between your fuckin' eyes
You feel strange well now you know