

# Retaliation

Ice-T

Every year the same shit happens  
More fuckin' funerals, dead homies  
Niggas out here killin' each other  
I don't know why  
And when it happens to you  
just can't turn the other fuckin' cheek  
Gotta get back for your dead niggas  
Yeah I'm caught up to

Sometimes I sit and wonder  
how many motherfuckers gonna die this summer  
Gunshots from the hummer  
Now the sawed-off riot pumps lead across your beds  
They said: "Mama, less you wouldn't strike back"  
mack ten, eleven, twelve, hit us and then puts us to hell  
They started it, there's no way to mend it, we'll end it  
My crew'll hit the mattresses, G.O.D.  
Father style - all prepared to get buckwild  
Half my niggas ball, other half ain't got it all  
They stay up at nights waitin' on a combat call  
Drinkin' hard liquor, smokin' mad loop and shit  
So high, sometimes I even gotta load they clips  
I ain't mad at them though, they dumps the ammo  
in you, suspend you in here, hell yeah  
It's the time that the real niggas live for retaliation  
Move on 'em, show, improve on 'em  
All you punk bitches just stand back and watch  
Me, I'm oilin' up the Heckler & Gotch  
I gots no love, for them busters, who put the work in  
I can still see my fuckin' boys' body jerkin'  
I ran over to him, put my hand on his chest  
Hole like an apple in the side of his neck  
His eyes glanced up, his body jerked once more  
There's nothin' else to do but to go to war  
Slide the hollow-tips in the chrome four-four  
Roll down the windows, hang the heat out the door  
Catch all the fuckin' bodies that I can tonight  
Double-back on your bitch crew, broad daylight

There's no innocence allowed in these ghetto streets  
Grab your guns, buck 'em off, when ya hit your leak  
Tell me what would you do if they killed your best friend?  
Could you keep your cool, would the wounds mend?  
If I said "peace", I'll be a motherfuckin' liar  
"I'm lettin' off until my arms tired"  
Retaliation

Been packin' straps so long I gots some permanent bruise in my leg  
Better that than dead  
Now it's time to show you what I'm trained for in this  
Rally up the wolfpack-attack relentless  
Make ya understand it was the wrong crew ya fuck with  
Now it's on bitches, guys are darker than shit  
You musta not a known when you fuckin' hit that day  
Or maybe you di, you're dyin' anyway  
And not just you, some of your family  
To tell you the truth any fuckin' body we see

You might just wanna turn yourself into me  
To save your hood pain of my crews' treachery  
You fucked up, we know who you are, where ya live  
We got your place ran up to a cop on the tick  
We'll hit your block so hard, you'll swear it was an earthquake  
Squeeze off the fully-auto, make your whole crib shake  
I know you're breathin' hard, livin' on your last day  
Or maybe, you're laughin', thinkin' that you got away  
I don't give a fuck, I won't sleep  
Till one of us lays me and my nigga  
That's the fear of these triggers  
If ya smart, ya probably make a break out of state  
We'll just snatch your kid, grab your fuckin' bitch and wait  
I'll catch ya down South, lay your ass out straight  
There's no where to run, it's time to meet your make  
You got one chance, arm your whole damn crew  
I couldn't stop my fuckin' niggas if I wanted to

There's no innocence allowed in these ghetto streets  
Grab your guns, buck 'em off, when ya hit your leak  
Tell me what would you do if they killed your best friend?  
Could you keep your cool, would the wounds mend?  
If I said "peace", I'll be a motherfuckin' liar  
"I'm lettin' off until my arms tired"  
Retaliation

"Lettin' off until my arms tired"