

## The 7th

Ice-T

This is Ant Banks, and it's hella motherfuckin' deadly sins  
But don't ever fuck with the seventh bitch

Yeah, seventh, uh-huh, first things first man you're messin' with the worst  
One, come on, come on, one

Yo, yo, yo motherfuckers can't fuck with this, realness  
Seventh sin deadly, raise the key to rock steady  
Run son the hour has come, touch ya  
Remember this, real niggas don't rhyme  
we walk up and buck ya  
Stuck ya in the head, rush ya  
Trife niggas knife you, seven venoms fight you  
Your life's through, fuckin' with the wrong click - kapow!!  
From the crackhouse, niggas quick to blow your back out

Enough talk, niggas talk too much, let's set it  
Time to splash bitch niggas, gun fights, paramedics  
Call my regiment up at midnight, tape on a flash light  
Youn claim you want beef, it's too tough, called your bluff  
Shot you at such close range, blew out your eardrum  
Caught you with my mack, blast your cage our your back  
Yo, the nigga stepped up and got bucked by my ninja's  
Casualty after casualty all up in ya  
Ya not a street vet yet bitch, just a beginner  
My niggas eat punk like your crew for dinner  
Rock ya in broad daylight to make the wrist-double  
Hit ya then lower my gun and watch ya chest bubble  
Step up, feel the Teflon, black talent  
Rip through your vest, hit your chest, lose your balance  
You never had no drama with the real, now ya want it?  
My skill got you haunted, my ski-mask got ???

Aiyyo blackout, my whole click we blastout  
The wrong move, show improve you assed out  
Venom it, warn the niggas, treacherous  
Squeeze automatic, quick to bust fuck with us  
Yo the worst niggas, work the bitch to double figures  
In new sixes, hennessey with dark mixes  
The richest, fuck around, you won't fix it  
Toke, heavy metal, settle shit, rebel shit  
Fuck a cop, why not, we last niggas on your block  
Last standin', coked up, we fucked up  
Twenty g's, rope 'em up, you in the trunk - Lex Coupe  
I'll leave a nigga with cement boots  
Now we off lootin', hold me down, yo I'll start shootin'  
in ya double lefts and tell the rest an'  
Marc Li-ive, fuck the pad, bust his ass  
and slide my fuckin' heat in the stash

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She musta kicked off like special teams  
I walk rare from a muchy bled nigga all lookin' like Grenedine  
Murder scene, three to the head, three to the sline  
We tied that motherfuckin' number like Kareem  
It seems that I used to wonder why niggas don't give a fuck  
within 2G - niggas is just buck  
From hip-hoppers to gangsta's, sportin' stompers at yompers  
The mirror has two faces in this room is not proper  
So we religiously pray for peace and pack one  
I walk softly, carry a big dick  
these family jewels is my most important riches  
but I still want my liquor, my sorry-ass friends and my bitch  
And nigga this me, I only see green like a Marine  
Support Calvin Klein jeans, fed a bitch from the Phillipines  
with a immoral nose ring (masterbating with a magazine!!)  
Yeah, I'm acid 9 and half the time undercover  
Fuck you, your lesbain lover and your mother with the same brother  
The blade runner, my games' tight  
I could talk the Virgin Mary outta panties the same night

And that's the seventh deadly sin as the terror begins  
Me and my friends came to rob ya for your props and your ends  
Tuck it in, my niggas want, whatever's costin'  
The rings plus the watch, plus thst chain from the slossin'  
Son, that's why I go in and shit stop  
Last night my nigga Ice-T had to pop a cop  
I write the chop-chop lyrics, tryin' not to scratch the detail  
I put 'em through the system, slang 'em out at full retail  
It's thirty g's for the title and the ki's  
Throw in the extra three and take the tyres and the D's  
Nigga please, this is lik-wit and I'm the Alki  
At three months from now you're gonna read all about me  
One cause I smoke 'em, two cause I'm wealthy  
Three because I rapped on my nigga Ice's LP  
It's Castrophe, lik-wit fam, lik-wit crew  
West Coast is in the house nigga, what you wanna do?

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Yeah, seventh deadly sin bitch  
Ice-T, Marc Li-ive, Ras Kass, Castrophe