

The Iceberg

Ice-T

I-C-E B-E-R-G

What's that spell? Iceberg, nigga, can't you read?
Time to bleed, slaughter, slice
Try to say I wasn't nice as we waxed them punks like lab mice
Dice 'em up, slice 'em up, dissect
Put you in a boilin' pot and let your ass sweat
Cos I rap on game you think I'm weak in a freestyle?
Well 911 you should dial
Before my posse makes a move on your mom's crib
Think we got knives and guns? We got bombs, kid
Blow up your whole block, ya hear the gunshots
Throw you in the Syndicate cellar and let your body rot
Cos I'm the coldest motherfucker that you ever heard
Call me The Ice...or just The Iceberg

Evil E was out coolin' with a freak one night
Fucked the bitch with a flashlight
Pulled it out and left the batteries in
So he could get a charge when he begin
Used his dick, the shit was tight
Bitch's titties start blinkin' like tail lights
Rolled her over to change a connection
The bitch's ugly face cold spoiled his er*****
I'm the Ice rhymers, a big timer
And yes I'm a pimp and a player and a hustler and kinda
A mack and a poet, impressive I know it
Don't only rhyme for niggas cos I live my life co-ed
On the mic it's livin' breathin' hype
A 1989 type Dolemite
Cool motherfucker, word
Call me The Ice...or just The Iceberg

Charlie Jamm fucked a freak on a ski-lift
10 below, gave her the dick
It was cold and she said "Quit!"
Charlie Jamm said "Bullshit!"
She said "Oh, oh, oh my god!"
Charlie's dick was frozen hard
But she said she never felt it
Maybe Charlie's dick melted
Yes, I'm the rhyme kicker, the hard liquor
Parental Guidance Sticker? Yeah, I'm the nigga
Triple X is how I rate
I'm the one your parents hate
I'm as cold as cold can get
Under pressure never sweat
Cool motherfucker, word
Call me The Ice...or just The Iceberg

Out with the posse on a night run
Girls on the corner, so let's have some fun
Donald asked one if she was game
Back Alley Sally was her name
She moved on the car and moved fast
On the window pressed her ass
All at once we heard a crash
Donald's dick had broke the glass

Yes, I'm the big wheeler, the girl stealer
And if we play cards don't let me be the dealer
The Ice, cool as water, hard as stone
The black mack of the microphone
Talkin' shit the way I do
Rhyme Pays, the posse grew
Did you like Power? Word
Well this is The Ice...or just The Iceberg