

The Syndicate

Ice-T

Liquid, solid, gas - we'll be kickin ass
In any form, or matter, or mass
(This ain't science class) I know but it's science
From the rhyme boss of the Syndicate alliance
Rhyme Syndicate brotherhood, we rock a blood oath
Radical posse down to death
While your crew's on the tape, Donald-D break

Syndicate comin through, I'm talkin to you
Flexin hardcore, what could you do?
When we roll up you send your girl up to the crib-o
Is it Rambo? No, the mic ammo
Stompin you down on the ground, task forces
Let you know Rhyme Syndicate bosses
Any show, any tour, we house program
Donald-D is who I am, damn

Attempt to do this, boy, you're takin a risk
Cause my voice sounds dooper than a compact disc
Styles and lyrics in the pocket
Stupid dope beats and Evil E rocks it
straight from my heart
My jam is sure to hit the top of the charts
Ram is my sign, he's different from all kinds
Rock you all of the time, just form a single line

A lot of MC's like to talk 'bout they self
A first-grade topic, I think you need help
How many time on one album can you say you're def?
"I'm baaaad" - Yo punk, save your breath
That's weak shit from a weak mind
And a weak mind creates weak rhymes
You ain't never kicked knowledge one time
Just livin on your own dick (that's a crime)
Homeboy, why don't you talk about somethin
You just talkin loud and sayin nothin
And if you get mad, sorry brother
And when you're in LA, watch your colors

I'm a MD, but no medical doctor
Mic-Dominator Donald-D has got you
Comin to the jamboree to hear the poetry
And when you break north, the melody
Stick to your mind like paste, it can't be erased
Face to face I overpower like bass
To the climax, I don't carry a sax
I carry a axe to tax and wax those who rap

Born in Brooklyn, crib West Coast
MC's I toast, you that talk most
Trash, noise, can't throw, get with it
Comin from the mouth of Hen-Gee from the Syndicate
Ballers, mafia down to throw
Gangsters, convicts throwin solid blows
Start prayin, your sisters I'm layin
I'm Hen-Gee, a Spinmaster, hear what I'm sayin?

(Party on the dancefloor)

(Evil E's in the place)

(Doggin the wax)

An organization, alliance, no duplication
Rhyme Syndicate, a strong creation
The Syndicate's stronger day by day
12-gauge leave suckers brutally..
Layin in a
Your lines are thin, Hen-Gee came to win
Don't talk a bunch, just known to crunch
My one-two punch will put your butt out to lunch

Full-court pressure's what I'm applyin
No relyin on the next man, roar like a lion
Flexin, plexin ultra, the Bronx is my culture
Strikin hard like a vulture
Flingin, I'm slingin my hammer like Thor
No singin, bringin it raw to the core
Shogun assassin maxin in a limousine
You stick your head in, out comes the guillotine

the game as I kick it
Don't miss it, get with it
Diss it, you're a knucklehead evicted
From the crowd that's proud to be the Syndicate connection
Respect mandatory, up is the direction
I stand alone, one man that's true
But you, my crew, you're on my side
We're on a ride
Power and pride is our gift
And you're down with
The Syndicate