

This One's For Me

Ice-T

Yo yo whassup Ice man you look upset brother
Yo man, I got a lot of things on my mind man
But I don't know if I should put it on this record, yaknahmsayin?
Man go ahead and kick it man
Let the people know what's happenin man
You know brothers out there sellin out man
Why they goin out like that man?
Yo, sellin out like it ain't nothin man
I ain't with it

Dig it, I'm just a brother from L.A.
South Central, I live life the fly way
Used to bang and hustle but I traded for the big game
Infamy got dumped for fame
Now I'm known and respect as creator of the crime rhyme;
but my lyrics are deeper
Because I'm the one that makes you think before make a move
I wrote "Pusher", "High Rollers", and "Colors" just to prove
that I could kick game, and drop knowledge at the same time
But one L.A. station wouldn't play my records one time
I'm tryin to save my community
but these bourgeoise blacks keep on doggin me
They don't care about violence, drugs and gangs
KJLH, you ain't about nuttin
You just a bunch of punk bourgeoise black suckers
and this one's for me

You won't play no Public Enemy
You ain't playin no Boogie Down Productions
You ain't tryin to represent the black community
You just carin about your little ol' R&B +BULL+
you play all day and night
I represent Los Angeles all over the United States
and you ain't did NUTTIN for me
Think about it

Hold up, I ain't finished on the diss tip
There's a few more punks that I got to rip
All you chump MC's who sell out quick
When P.E. was on the top, you rode the tip
But now they got problems and you suckers run
Who's Chuck's real friends, does he really have one?
You yell P.E. this, P.E. that
Fist in the air, proud to be black
Now they got static and you run like punks
I haven't heard an MC stand up for him once
Maybe you suckers are just hopin that they fall off
so you can fill their shoes, nope sorry boss
That's what the matter with black people anyway
We ain't down with nothin, I don't care what you say
yell or lie, don't even bother
How low will a brother go for a dollar?
Public Enemy broke a new rap age
And now you rappers ain't got nuttin to say?
"Yo it's their problem"
"Griff shouldn'ta said it"
E where's my pistol? (Yo I'll go get it)

Cause it's time for me to enforce some discipline
Are you down or not, are you out or in?
Chuck Flav and Griff are my true friends
I got their backs if it means my career ends

All you so-called down MC's with Public Enemy
I ain't heard nobody out there, tryin to help my man out
YouknowwhatI'msayin? Griff is my man, I don't care WHAT he said
YouknowwhatI'msayin? And I ain't gon' let them go out like that
YouknowwhatI'msayin? Chuck, Ice got your back
Anybody out there got problems with Public Enemy, come talk to me

Once again, I'm back in the diss mode
I gotta speak my mind, it's time to unload
on this so-called government we've got
If I lied like them, I think I'd get shot
They sell drugs to kids and say it's us
And when the cops are crooks, who can you trust?
You only see young brothers in a drug bust
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust
My homey got a year for an ounce of weed
while Bush sells weapons to the enemy
You gotta be stone blind not to see
"Our government is honest!" Nigga, please
Cocaine can't be made in the United States
Kickin facts like this our government hates
The young kids on the streets ain't the enemy
They're just ghetto youth after money
They sell drugs, but who sells drugs to them?
Try the C.I.A. my friend
or the F.B.I. or even Bush
Somebody's gettin rich, damn sure ain't us
We're just killin ourselves while others laugh
Look at the street, it's a cocaine bloodbath
We gotta realize dope is pure death
Mess with drugs, you're breathin your last breath
Sellin drugs is straight up genocide
They're gonna laugh, while we all die

Sittin up there thinkin you're makin that money
Hustlin and all that, you're killin your brothers
YouknowwhatI'msayin? You just stupid, straight up stupid
Puttin dope into your body - c'mon, youknowwhatI'msayin?
You gotta get somethin goin out there
Get some brains, youknowwhatI'msayin?
We are just playin ourselves cold out of the pocket

This one's for me, I make records for you
but this cut I straight out had to do
There's topics in my mind I have to break
cause so many of you out there are so damn fake
If ya ain't know they're no-one, cutthroats
backstabbers, scheamin for banknotes
And all of you out there know what I'm talkin bout
If you claim you're down then NEVER sell-out
Never sell out, youknowwhatI'msayin?
You gotta stay down for yours
You know I want it, sure as I'm Ice-T
I make records for you, but this one's for me

You know what I'm talkin bout out there
There's ways to sell out left and right
But you ain't got to do that

There's things more important than money
I'm talkin bout pride, I'm talkin bout dignity
You got it out there
All you got to do is stand on your own two feet
Don't go out like no sucker
Stay down, youknowwhatI'msayin?
Peace