

# Watch The Ice Break

Ice-T

It's goin down  
From the Ammo Dump  
I got my nigga SLJ and DJ Aladdin  
Droppin the fat tracks  
Hit em with it  
Syndicate's in the muthafuckin house  
All duck MC's get flat, muthfuckas  
Yeah

1993  
And it's still me  
A rappin brother from L.A., the cool T  
Diss a brother, hate a brother, I still come back  
With the fat tracks, fuck the pop crap  
I got a mind to cold diss a fool  
Wack rappers sellin out urge me to pull tools  
For no reason  
Pop suckers hookin for hits like hoes skeezin  
Prostitutes that can't shoot, yet you clock loot  
Dancesteps with the weak styles, but you look cute  
Bitch, that shit's wack  
Let Hammer dance, and you other fools ease back  
The microphone in some twist in a clenched fist  
Mind locked on [?] load of my hit list  
And make duck rappers pray  
Many talk shit, but none step this way  
Cause I'm quick to beat down a weak clown  
Clock crazy juice from L.A. to the Boogie Down  
I play the whole map  
Got hoes locked like a muthafuckin bear trap  
Ice muthafuckin T  
Before hoes gee they need two forms of I.D.  
Never fess, not the best, but I'm hard to shake  
Huh, watch the Ice break

Watch the Ice break

Yo, let's see now who's tryin to diss me  
Say I sold out cause I rocked with the B.C.  
Y'all are bitches, you're straight wack  
Quick to talk shit, but always behind the back  
I do whatever I wanna do, punk hoe  
I rock a perm, you rock an afro  
I wear khakis, while y'all wear silk  
Y'all drink forties, and I drink milk  
Cause that's my muthafuckin biz  
I never sell out, cause it's no sale, kid  
Hardcore to my heart from the fuckin start  
Whether done over beats or loud guitars  
I drop the dope hits  
Case you forgot, I invented this gangsta shit  
You wanna step to me? New jack, walk  
Come back in five LP's, then we can talk  
You're just new, kid, you got a hit out  
In interviews you talk a lotta shit out  
You got paid, you really made out  
You went broke when your one jam played out

Now you're searchin for that one more hit  
Shhhhiit  
I ain't new to this, I got gangs of gold  
I come original, then I break the mold  
Too many MC's hit, then fold  
They're just fakes  
Hah, watch the Ice break

Watch the Ice break

Yeah  
Syndicate jumpin off 1993  
On some old fly smooth shit  
All the muthfuckas out there down with us  
You know what I'm sayin?  
We're rollin strong  
All the busters out there that got some static to say  
We're settin this shit off physically this year  
Like KRS-One says:  
Sucker MC's duck down  
Muthafuckas ain't takin no shit  
I'm swingin on busters, point-blank  
Diss me and it's on  
Straight up

Now it's the break of dawn  
And the mic is still on  
All hoes are fuckin and the rhymes are damn strong  
Many MC's that choke from the mic smoke  
Those who tried to get with me  
Lost in rhyme infinity  
Or they lost breath  
Try to step to the Ice equals sure death  
Cause (it's then I begin[?]) than you ever assume  
Drop the mic, go rap in your living room  
I love the quick kill  
Swing on a nigga sometimes just to break ill  
Knuckle up, buster, fool, in his fuckin eye  
All hands, I need no gun, yo punk, why?  
Cause if I pull my gun, you die  
No second try  
I gotta cool out now, so I don't over-freeze  
Nut up and start murderin MC's  
Start catchin bodies from state to state  
Throw on a ski mask and walk the streets late  
And do me up a whole damn crew  
The Geto Boys was trippin, but my mind's trickin me too  
Cause diss me, and I meet you one day  
And bet your life it won't be a fun day  
I hope, nigga, it's not your fate  
That you're around when the Ice breaks

When the Ice breaks