

Here it is, a dope hit
Iceman comin with a dope hit
Cause a few suckers need their throats slit
Jealous cause I went multi-platinum
Now I'm gonna blast em in the head till they're dead with my magnum
Lyrics might be simplistic, but I'm no gimp
On the strip, cause I know how to pimp it
Now I got grip and suckers keep sinking in my quicksand
Vanilla Ice, vocal hitman
Got the number three in my crosses, sittin on the rooftop
bop bop bop
And you fools drop, (scratching over "pop goes the weasel"
was a big fl-fl-flop flop
brother's didn't like your record `cause it wasn't hip hop hop
but this ain't a dis `cause you sold gold
Still, I made a killin and it ain't even a 10 - 11 million
given my rhyming spice while my DJs on the slice
Vanilla Ice is back on the map, with the wrath of the Ice King

No one will stop me
No one will stop me
No one will stop me
No one will stop me
No one will stop me
No one will stop me

[Chorus]

Why is that I disperse
Why does God shun
Why does my man try to run my actions
Why is that I disperse
Why does God shun
Why does my man try to run my actions
It's my living condition
It's my living condition
It's my living condition
It's my living condition

Etch on a sketch on a rhyme like an architect
Now watch your back son, cause you might lose your neck
Pound-for-pound, I rock the ground I stand on
I rock records, every record at random
Flyin heads, as the heads get full
Thoughts and speakers get ripped and torn
To my tomb
I'm wicked as a witch on a broom stick
I smash bricks with one lick

[Chorus]

No one will stop me
No one will stop me
No one will stop me

You don't get a second chance
Cause and tremors bring the scales in hand
Call the cops, the paramedics, the man's down

You wanna rock my bell so I broke them down
My tongue snapped and cracked like a bull whip
And you ain't nothing but my itty-bitty target
And as I walk through the valley of sin
I walk with all you - my friends