

# Ice T, Funky Gripsta

(Intro: Ice-T)

Yeah, Ice-T nigga, Seventh Deadly Sin

It's all about that hardcore mind

Got my nigga Radzay, my nigga Bazaro, my girl Gripsta in the house

We gonna do it for all the hardcore niggas out there like this...

(Radzay)

A hard hit makes a soft ass, that's what they told me huh!

I'm totally gone, I'm in another zone nigga put me on this

We layin' stick, my lyrics is heat

Havin' visions of ritual mirrors inside my sleep - nigga peep

I remember watchin' the news, dead people in jimmy bag

I got a Nine nigga get me mad

And watch me throw up razorblades and get to trippin'

I'm cats and crippin', lickin' is civil like Jack the Ripper

I'm on a mission drippin'-a-fog

An when it sees a million motherfuckers deceased

some of police are brutal hog, I'm actor-baitin'

No hesitation to slice a motherfucker in thirty places

Fuck a case - ain't leavin' traces here to Redder-Dip

I'm aimin' a - automatic find a bitch I'm hangin' up

Proteinin' up, boss strangler, better save my mother

Flat packs will end as brothers - the bloody covers

Bloody gloves like Yo-J, AK's my brainwaves

I'll strung a nigga all day to my dear play you won't be comin' back

I put that on my dear pops when I blast a fierce drop

My bloody mask revealin' Jason it's non-stop

The cemetery is what you facin'

My steel shot is smokin' like chainsaws, brains call

recommend that you get your homies and watch your motherfuckin' game fall

(Chorus)

I only like my shit hardcore

(Radzay, South Central L.A. nigga)

I only like my shit hardcore

I only like my shit hardcore

I only like my shit hardcore

(Ice-T)

Prepare for the night that you never wanted

These streets is taunted, blacked out impala with the big rims on it

Hit'cha corner with the lights out, bitch it's on

Duck down wit'cha kids, you know what you did

Motherfuck what your niggas say, watch for the ricochet

it's gonna be hard to hear much, once my trigger spray

That's neither here nor there, just beware

Cause when I bust off my gat flings like a roll flair

You now listenin' to - the most hated and most loved at the same time cuz

Ice nigga what the fuck you wanna do about a T

Most'cha bitch niggas can't fuck with me

Cause your chin-chalked talk I can see through

Like you're rollin' in a phat V-12

Bullshit - pull quick and have your shit cocked or dropped

Keep a spare clip cause sometimes the shots don't stop

It's motherfuckin' game to rap about, shits' for real

Double action, ain't gotta cock back no more

Got you bitch-ass niggas sweatin' like Taibo

Rather lookin', in my face, I'm just checkin' my flow

So, I advise you to keep it in the studio

Your attitude, you don't wanna meet me dude

My crews' like a fuckin' wild bunch of escaped beasts

Like scientists, cross cells of apes and G's

All the war - get you battle gear, black fatigues

You talk shit, your crews' catch a casualty, uh!

(Chorus)  
I only like my shit hardcore  
(Ice-T nigga, what?)  
I only like my shit hardcore  
I only like my shit hardcore  
I only like my shit hardcore

(Bazaro)  
Aiyyo my style be official, I bust like a pistol  
Criminal - the issue, mad shit the nigga been through  
Peep now, system, handcuffs nigga listen  
Word up, robbin' white boys to buy blunts  
The representative - GorTek Assassin thought to be a stallion  
Yo I be splashin' Street Wars  
The hardcore Ambassador in a black four door Akaror, I attach yours  
The Marquise piece, gold teeth and medallion  
Heads I be sappin' like the grams I be baggin'  
Fightin' women, cut throat and tree smokin'  
Violatin', infiltratin', blunt bakin'  
Block regulatin', the cake, bake, a brick flippin'  
Green expedition thicker to body stickin'  
Bazaro, yo I got the hardcore flow  
I drop to put a rock from the Bronx y'all know

(Chorus)  
I only like my shit hardcore  
(Bazaro, Boogie down Bronx baby)  
I only like my shit hardcore

(Grip)  
On the mic, Grip be flexin'  
Who's next to wreck when I mic check, mic check  
I'm checkin' any verbal an' steppin'  
What the fuck nigga duck you ain't fuckin' with this  
Get touched cause I lust to bust when I clutch  
with the quickness, killin' lyricist when I spit this  
Who's next on my hitlist when I rip this  
Lyrically I'm material, the Rap War General  
droppin' hoes quicker than a syllable, yeah you killable  
Your style, unfillable, wishin' my shit was stillable  
I eel for the fuck of it, queen you know I'm lovin' it  
Dick, never suckin' it unless I see a buck in it  
You need the whip, cluck it kid, I'm furious  
Leavin' your crew delirious so you don't take it serious  
I'm guessin' you was serious about the West, none test  
I got the rep for my niggas on the shaw  
Got the ball, fuck the law and yep I wet 'em out  
As I proceed to spread 'em out and dead 'em out  
Spray 'em out, lay 'em out  
Ain't no surprise, come see me with four eyes  
Young Grip I'm a prize, prepare for you demise  
Recognize I put a hole in the local aforenør  
Nigga this is Coroner

(Ice-T)  
Gripsta, Oakland, California

I only like my shit hardcore...