

Ice T, Make The Loot Loop

Yeah

This is goin out to all those muthafuckas
That like to use the word 'gangster'
Although I am the O.G.
I'm representin that hustlin game
To the end, nigga
I'm tryin to make the loot loop

[VERSE 1]

I ain't no muthafuckin gangsta, wish you'd quit callin me that
Although I still pack straps I roll in Benzes and Lacs
Best believe the gats in my promo shots ain't props
I hang out sunroof tops and pop glocks at cops
(Yo, how ya livin?) On the mellow, coolin with my fellow
Hustlers, players, super bitch-layers
Mackaronies on the true d-I - hell, most
Fuckin with my niggas you could end up ghost
I made a million, got my shit out pawned
Bailed out the homies, now the shit's back on
Moved out the ghetto, cause I hate it
But I roll through your fuckin hood and regulate it
Cause I wasn't born to be broke, I let the .45th smoke
Before I let my baby boy go under, no wonder
I'm addicted to the cash flow, stacks of green
Flashback, I'm nudgin weights down a triple beam
I'ma make the loot loop

[CHORUS]

As fast as I spend it
I'm tryin to get back in it
I make the loot loop
It's cop and blow
Nigga, that's all I know
I make the loot loop
As fast as I spend it
I'm tryin to get back in it
I make my loot loop
Nigga
I'm tryin to make my bank roll bigger

[VERSE 2]

I must admit, I got a lust for loot, quick to shoot
Ostrich, fruits and Austin Martin coupes
Fill my dreams with cream, I got wet sheets
I'm bustin nuts over currency, kid, fuck freaks
We be the niggas in the back of the club with the Mo&amp;euml;t
Bitches, shrimps, mackin like pimps
Wearin fly shit you never seen before (raw)
I turn a angel to a whore, now need I say more?
My perm got bounce, fuck a 40 ounce
I'm sippin Cristal, pal, and represent I shall
To the end of the game
(That nigga Ice got fame)
And just not over these beats
But on the 4-wheel streets
I make the loot loop

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

Say what you will, I'm the fool on the hill
With the pool, jaccuzzi, laser-beam Uzi
Niggas in LA know the Ice don't play
I'm just a savage for the cabbage and a pimp parlay

I rock a million with the jewels on the paw (don't start)
Cause my niggas ain't the big ones, just big guns
Pushin the limits of this game till I gets my piece
I put my true queen Darlene in a white Corniece
So stay broke if you wanna, hang out on your corner
Step back from the curb when we roll up on ya
20 black cars all tinted, we meant it
'Syndicate forever - posse of the clever'
Rubberbands strap the fat green knots
We're strictly hustlers not gangsters, but we still lick shots
For the goal
Peace, I'm out like Nicole

(Get down
Get down)

Nigga
The bank's getting bigger
Yeah
I'm makin the loot loop
Straight player for life
Yeah
Hustler's side