

# Ice T, The Iceberg

## Verse 1

I-C-E B-E-R-G

What's that spell? Iceberg, nigga, can't you read?  
Time to bleed, slaughter, slice  
Try to say I wasn't nice as we waxed them punks like lab mice  
Dice 'em up, slice 'em up, dissect  
Put you in a boilin' pot and let your ass sweat  
Cos I rap on game you think I'm weak in a freestyle?  
Well 911 you should dial  
Before my posse makes a move on your mom's crib  
Think we got knives and guns? We got bombs, kid  
Blow up your whole block, ya hear the gunshots  
Throw you in the Syndicate cellar and let your body rot  
Cos I'm the coldest motherfucker that you ever heard  
Call me The Ice...or just The Iceberg

## Verse 2

Evil E was out coolin' with a freak one night  
Fucked the bitch with a flashlight  
Pulled it out and left the batteries in  
So he could get a charge when he begin  
Used his dick, the shit was tight  
Bitch's titties start blinkin' like tail lights  
Rolled her over to change a connection  
The bitch's ugly face cold spoiled his erection  
I'm the Ice rhymer, a big timer  
And yes I'm a pimp and a player and a hustler and kinda  
A mack and a poet, impressive I know it  
Don't only rhyme for niggas cos I live my life co-ed  
On the mic it's livin' breathin' hype  
A 1989 type Dolemite  
Cool motherfucker, word  
Call me The Ice...or just The Iceberg

## Verse 3

Charlie Jamm fucked a freak on a ski-lift  
10 below, gave her the dick  
It was cold and she said &&quot;Quit!&&quot;  
Charlie Jamm said &&quot;Bullshit!&&quot;  
She said &&quot;Oh, oh, oh my god!&&quot;  
Charlie's dick was frozen hard  
But she said she never felt it  
Maybe Charlie's dick melted  
Yes, I'm the rhyme kicker, the hard liquor  
Parental Guidance Sticker? Yeah, I'm the nigga  
Triple X is how I rate  
I'm the one your parents hate  
I'm as cold as cold can get  
Under pressure never sweat  
Cool motherfucker, word  
Call me The Ice...or just The Iceberg

## Verse 4

Out with the posse on a night run  
Girls on the corner, so let's have some fun  
Donald asked one if she was game  
Back Alley Sally was her name  
She moved on the car and moved fast  
On the window pressed her ass  
All at once we heard a crash

Donald's dick had broke the glass  
Yes, I'm the big wheeler, the girl stealer  
And if we play cards don't let me be the dealer  
The Ice, cool as water, hard as stone  
The black mack of the microphone  
Talkin' shit the way I do  
Rhyme Pays, the posse grew  
Did you like Power? Word  
Well this is The Ice...or just The Iceberg