

Ice T, Fly By

Everybody step back from the mic
As I set it off
All playin' the wall
It's time to sweat it off
Anybody with staatic oh please try
I'll do ya like Godfather 3
And do a fly by
Time to rip and hit and strangle
I eat Guardian Angels
And toy emcees
With their names on the front page
I bury in shallow graves
I don't rap to girls on my L.P.
I don't beg for pussy
I love the ladies
aand they love me right back
Now who's the mac?
Mission accomplished
I came to stomp this microphone
And leave suckers unconscious
and if you uthink
Yo got an S on your chest
You better wear two vests
Watch your back, your front
I always hit, don't bunt
Crazy posse
When I'm on a duck hunt
Emcee Ice-T answers to no one
Load my rhymes
And cock 'em like a shotgun
Let off like frags from a pipe bomb
A low stroll
and my mic in my right palm
The cops hate me
And that's right they oughta
Before my crew
Gets to their daughters

Nat the Cat M.C. Donald D.