

# Ice T, Fuck It

[Intro: WC]

Dub-C from the Westside Connect Gang

Dub-C from the Westside Connect Gang

Dub-C from the Westside Connect Gang

[Ice-T]

Yeah 'sup with these niggas in the club lookin' at  
niggas crazy and shit (Word, yeah fuck them body-o's homes)  
Motherfuckers is faggots (call me nigga?)

[Ice-T]

Step back it's the ultimate nigga with the hot shit  
The last standin' man, smack you with my backhand  
The veteran-er-the games you claim to be in  
Let me begin, express it, explain the dilemma

[Chorus: Ice-T]

It's either them or us, niggas that bust  
Niggas who ride, niggas that'll kill for this side  
Down to get down with the three-o-to-four pound  
Hit a nigga dead in his wig - FUCK IT!!

[Ice-T]

It's the National Pass Time, it's blast time - club's out  
Niggas break ill, pop-drunks get the guns out  
Set the shit off with the full clips  
Niggas lookin' hard in the club - now whassup bitch?  
Whassup bitch?!! Pull your weapon if you got it  
I'da shot it, plus you never live with rockets  
tried to dodge it, caught you all in the arm pit  
Easy target, dug you out in the lot kid

[Chorus: Ice-T]

It's either them or us, niggas that bust  
Niggas that ride, niggas that'll kill for this side  
Down to get down with the three-o-to-four pound  
Hit a nigga dead in his wig - FUCK IT!!  
It's either them or us, niggas that bust  
Niggas that ride, niggas that'll kill for this side  
Down to get down with the three-o-to-four pound  
Hit a nigga dead in his wig - FUCK IT!!

[El Sadiq]

Yo, too many bitch-ass-niggas think they got a lot  
And I'ma dead these wannabe heads with consecutive shots  
Man, they smile up in you, griller wanna give you a pen  
Stick it to your crew like glue like they been down  
Man listen, kill that bull with the fake-ass handshakes  
You can slide by me with the rest of them damn snakes  
Flakin' like paper while I'm takin' my life serious  
You talkin' and playin', your whole antenna's mystevious  
Claimin' that you got juice with an ultimate ??  
But when the brother test you, murder and recieved no types of love  
You think you got game, with that favour to your brain?  
FUCK YA NAME!!! Stompin' the rut got yourself to blame  
I represent Castor - bring it to you live  
But cool and civilized, despise a nigga's livin' lies  
No alibi's I see the weakness in your eyes dun  
You wanna run? Plus ya scared to shoot a gun for fun  
You bust a couple of slugs off the rooftop  
My team, come and touch ya somethin', make ya crew drop  
My nigga ICE, twice as nice  
El Sadiq free shit but platinum mics

[Chorus: Ice-T]

It's either them or us, niggas that bust  
Niggas that ride, niggas that'll kill for this side  
Down to get down with the three-o-to-four pound  
Hit a nigga dead in his wig - FUCK IT!!  
It's either them or us, niggas that bust  
Niggas that ride, niggas that'll kill for this side  
Down to get down with the three-o-to-four pound  
Hit a nigga dead in his wig - FUCK IT!!

[Powerlord JEL]

You wanna get live? Start scaubblin' with the bald-heads  
callin' them family, told 'em nothin' but the feds  
That's the blue and red who be dead  
when the sunrise come six in the mornin'?  
I'm maxin' like a wiseguy  
Know the John Gotti but I'm fuckin' up the body  
Everytime my poet thug at a party  
Ya wanna step to T, go through JEL first  
But remember where you see your homicide show rehearsed  
Check 'em tag-times like they do with a pencil  
No more solitary cause we mashin' in a Benzo  
Next who gettin' hitters talkin' shit cause we bit 'em  
Seven Deadly Sinner, problem-atic-rhyme-spitter  
You a quitter - but I'ma bomb steady  
If I was out of slugs, look out for Machette  
from ear to ear homes, it's clear, you'll be bleedin'  
Not me motherfucker lifestyles I've been devin'

[Chorus: Ice-T]

It's either them or us, niggas that bust  
Niggas that ride, niggas that'll kill for this side  
Down to get down with the three-o-to-four pound  
Hit a nigga dead in his wig - FUCK IT!!  
It's either them or us, niggas that bust  
Niggas that ride, niggas that'll kill for this side  
Down to get down with the three-o-to-four pound  
Hit a nigga dead in his wig - FUCK IT!!

[Outro: Ice-T]

Yeah, Ice-T nigga, El sadiq nigga  
JEL - Rhyme Poetic Mafia nigga  
You niggas really don't wanna get down  
Talk a lot of shit but you don't wanna get down  
Bitch-ass-niggas, hit a nigga dead in his wig FUCK IT!!!  
Seventh...