

# Ice-T, I Must Stand

Nobody ever said life was gon' be easy  
But damn..

[ VERSE 1 ]

Just a kid, moms died when I was seven  
Pops died, eleven, what's up with heaven?  
It's hell when you're an orphan at a early age  
This impressionable stage, no love breeds rage  
In the heart of a child who never knew his roots  
Looked up to pimps and to hustlers in the eel-skin boots  
Parkin Caddies on the sidewalk, gangsta talk  
Truckin diamonds and gold  
Rubberbands around the bankrolls  
Fly girls to make your head spin  
Seemed they partied all night long  
I was like, "Put me on"  
But they said, "Little fellow, run and go play  
Take your butt to school or else you'll have to be like us one day"  
I didn't understand, but I tried to get a job  
While all the players got the girls cause they'd hustle and rob  
I was like makin 'bout 1-50 a week  
And after taxes, you know what that is - lunch meat  
And I know I can be better than this  
I gotta get me a car, man  
I gotta get a girl  
I know I can do it out there, man  
I'm finna go for it, man  
I gotta get some money

Word

[ VERSE 2 ]

Streets of anger, trouble and crime  
I had it hard, had to sleep in my car sometime  
But I never let another player see me down  
I kept my front up, my gear clean  
Even when checkin minor green  
Brothers knew my game was true  
So I hooked up with the real crew  
That knew exactly what to do  
Bank jobs and jewels, quick to flex with tools  
Pimpin hoes on the block  
Checkin cash non-stop  
Crack spots, armor with interior bars  
No lie, I used to own 'bout 15 cars  
Every piece Fila made  
Drape my women in suede  
Pavet Piaget, Cesar's Palace holidays  
It was on, crazy out of control  
We made up the word 'ballin', that was how we rolled  
But the FBI had a-whole-nother idea  
It's called multiple indictments for hundreds of years  
What  
Daff is dead?  
Carter got 25 years?  
Nah..  
Spike 35 to life?  
Nah, don't tell me B.O.'s dead, man  
I don't wanna hear that, man  
I was just with him

[ VERSE 3 ]

The game is vicious, no retirement, you die young  
Listen to a fake, he might tell you to grab a gun  
I get phone calls from condemned row  
Brothers I ran with, brothers I really know  
They tell me, "Ice you got much love in the pen  
You're the one that got away, don't wanna see you in"

They tell me, "Tell the little homies the deal  
Don't let em come up in this hellish habitat of shanks and steel"  
I marched two million strong in D.C.  
Lookin eye to eye with brothers that I used to think below me  
Damn, my mind was twisted in my hustlin days  
But God spared me, I got a baby son to raise  
And bein black ain't easy, prejudice is real  
But health and liberty is all we need for us to build  
We gotta come together, unseparated  
Check yourself like I did, blackman, because we're all related