

# Ice T, Ice M.F. T

Yeah! 1993, I'm back motherfucker, this is Ice-T.  
Got my nigga Ice Cube in the motherfuckin house.  
Yeah! Up here in the ammo dump studios I got my  
nigga Aladdin, SLJ's in the motherfuckin place,  
behind the mixin boards,  
we about to do dis shit like this here!

Verse 1:

It's goin down tonight in L.A.  
Buckshot and uzis spray  
Microphone blow  
The bitch checka  
The ho wrecka  
Ice motherfuckin T  
Nigga step to me  
But grab ya hoes quick  
Cause the Syndicate's throwin that crazy dick  
Punk motherfuckers run up  
You'll get done up  
We'll have your ass gunned up  
Before sun-up  
So what's the color I'm raggin?  
Been a millionaire for years  
Still saggin  
Left pocket's stuffed with the huge-ass grip  
.380 in my right so it sags a little bit  
More than the rest of my gear  
When I'm on tour  
I empty clips  
Bust lips  
And break jaws  
Cause I love to loc up  
So punk motherfucker don't choke up  
When you're talkin to me

Chorus:

Ice, Ice motherfuckin T (x4)

Verse 2:

Bush, Quayle and Clinton got a problem with me:  
The motherfuckin T  
I give less than a fuck about any of them  
Or their fuckin police friends  
They'd like to take me out  
Make me a goner  
They even tryin to sweat Time Warner  
Why?  
For tellin the truth to the youth  
That a lot of motherfuckers are hot  
And want police shot?  
You can't stop the shock (?)  
The fires are out  
But the coals are still hot  
I got juice to bring pain  
You tryin to fuck with the Ice  
Are you insane?  
This shit is bigger than me  
Be warned  
It's the calm before the storm  
And every fuckin thing I write  
Is gonna be analyzed by somebody white

Chorus

Verse 3:

Run motherfucker, hide motherfucker, trip motherfucker, die motherfucker  
You don't give love  
And you won't get loved  
You don't push  
And you won't get shoved  
No joke  
I ain't here to laugh  
I ain't here to cry  
But every night of the week  
One of my homies die  
Eeny meeny mynie moe  
Blood's pourin out the naps of your afro  
It could be you  
Could be you  
Could be you  
Could be your whole damn crew  
It happens real quick  
Screechin tires  
Next thing you're hit  
Your body's cold  
Your body's hot  
You feel your chest  
You gasp for breath  
You're shot  
And now your homies is trippin'  
Lookin for a gat to put they clip in  
Street crime-  
That's the thing I bring, Ice-T  
I rap, B.C. I sing  
They call it controversy  
I call it truth with no mercy  
The beats are phat Ammo Dump tracks  
The kind that make speakers crack  
Not made for squares  
Or the weak punks  
That made the bump trunks  
Press-  
Get the fuck out my fuckin face  
I ain't got no more time to waste  
A ho is a ho, a bitch is a bitch, a nigga is a nigga  
And that's it  
I'm through explainin the shit  
You just makin me backtrack  
The next duck reporter might get hit with a blackjack  
Plus  
Every one of my true fans  
Totally understands  
A nigga like me

Chorus (x2)