

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)