

# Ice T, Intro/Rhyme Pays

A child was born in the East one day  
Moved to the West coast after his parents passed away  
Never understood his fascination with rhymes or beats  
In poetry he was considered elite  
Became a young gangster in the streets of L.A.  
Lost connections with his true roots far away  
But no matter the job or crime  
He never lost his hardcore obsession to rhyme  
New York's hip hop movement broke loose  
DJ's cut records, raps had the juice  
Since busting rhymes was his natural thing  
He was crowned the west coast MC king  
But after his inauguration there was a rush  
Of wack rappers with one intention to crush  
This master rapper and take his throne  
A simple job, he had no crew, he stood all alone  
Assassins came in groups of one through five  
With raps no mortal MC could survive  
But he showed no mercy, he rapped blood thirsty  
Battling from Friday on through to Thursday  
Never losin a bout, never ending in doubt  
Every confrontation K.O. knock out  
On his never ending journey to the T.O.P.  
The L.A. player M.C. ICE-T

[Verse One]

Magnificent rhymers, I'm the ill beat designer  
If they ask you if I'm def, don't front and say kinda  
Merciless, meticulous, so fresh it's ridiculous  
I'm raised in the heart of Los A-N-G-E-L-E-S

King word connector, the vocal projector  
Your girl tried to jock me, I had to reject her  
Always adventurous voice some say is sensuous  
Now, I'm on the mic so I think I better mention this

I don't like Gucci, Fila, Louie or Fendi  
Those are fads and I ain't trendy  
But whether your name's Lucy, Terry, Laura or Cindy  
Ice got beef and this ain't Wendy's

Bust a move while I'm talkin'  
Sucker rappers I be stalkin'  
When they see me on the street with my homeboy walkin'  
They slow down, turn around and ask was that Ice?

Then they see me cold countin' my cash  
Rhyme pays!!

[Verse Two]

Moves must be busted, girls can't be trusted  
I looked at your lady and I was disgusted  
Came into the party just to rock the place  
And your big zombie lookin' freak still won't get out of my face

I don't mean to diss her, but do you kiss her?  
Look at her lips, she got them crazy blisters  
Body that smells like the New York mets  
Arm pits all nappy packed full of sweat

I hope this something that you never forget  
Tie that freak outside next time you come in the set  
Because my jams be crazy, packed with all fly ladies  
I'm talkin' def girlies and I don't mean maybe

The way I rhyme no one will ever slay me  
And I ain't lyin' rhyme do pay me !

Rhyme pays!!

[Verse Three]

I'm notorious, I'm infamous, like a snake I'm venomous  
For those who may diss I think you should consider this  
I can make a rhyme complicated as a puzzle  
Dangerous and as violent as a pit bull in a muzzle

But this record is for radio S-T-E-R-E-O  
It not to be banned or for some underground mix show  
My hearts in my pen every time I begin  
Sometimes my lyrics go crazy and I just can't control em my friend

I try to edit what I'm rappin' about  
But I can't write polite my anger just jumps out!!  
Perpetrators in the business claim their hard as hell  
Talkin' that gangster shit, know'n they're soft as jell-

Oh! I better chill out before I ill out  
And my negative potential just might spill out  
And then this record won't be gettin played  
I'll save that rap for another day

-Rhyme pays-

[Verse Four]

The front stage area goes into hysteria  
As I start to rhyme and unleash my criteria  
Of what is to come during the beat of the drum  
And Evil agitates the records with the use of his thumb

Using his intricate moves, the record stays in the groove  
My boy cuts like Jason, it's easy to prove  
That Evil E is the great, his cuts are real not fake  
Not emulated effects or a play back tape

So suckers witness your fate while Evil demonstrates  
I'm bout to get off this mic, E., dog the break - Kick it!

[Verse Five]

Like me if ya want'a, diss me if you're gonna  
But my jam will still be kickin' on your neighborhood corner  
As my bass is max'n out the V.U.S. on your box  
There'll be no doubt within your mind whether this MC do rock

Like granite, I planned it, So you could understand it  
If someone's talkin' when I'm rhymin'  
Then just say, &quot;Damn shut up!&quot;

While Ice is breakin' the boy don't be fakin'  
Maybe they're just jealous of the dollars I'm makin'  
But you're down with me. You know god gifted me  
Black kids say I'm trech, white kids say I'm nifty

Spell out my name ya go I-C-E T  
But right now it's time for Evil E to hit me!

[Verse Six]

Rhyme pays, buys my food every night and day  
It pays my rent my bills I guess I'm doin' ok  
But when I say rhyme pays, I mean in different ways

Cause rappin' gets a lot of kids out of the streets each day

It makes me feel real nice when someone likes the Ice  
Or some young MC asks me for advice  
But there will always be rappers who hate Ice-T  
Maybe I dogged 'em in a battle or just jealousy

Inevitable situation, sucker rapper frustration  
I rhyme too tough to bite, too intricate for notation  
Syllables jumble, competitors crumble as they witness mic attack  
And the microphone rumbles like hurricane

I maim, sometimes I go insane  
Step toward my rap and I inflict the pain!  
No shame Ice capital T's my name!!  
Damn there I go illin' out again!!!!

-Rhyme Pays-