

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, "Damn shut up!"

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-