

Ice T, It's On

Yo, Ice

The organization say they can't stay in business with us any longer
What you gonna do?

[Ice-T]

We always knew we were gonna come to this point sooner or later...
We have absolutely no option but to move forward.
We'll have to set up our own distribution, manufacturing,
run a totally independent organization and operation.
We still got our connections in Texas, Miami, New York, Chicago,
Detroit, and soldiers on the street willing to die.
I can't put any cut on the product...
I just can't live like that.
But from now on if any cops get in our way... (5 gunshots)

[Ice-T]

Turn up the mic dog, so I can get off
Find me Charlton Heston and I might cut his head off
I'm not to be fucked with
Step in the range of my Gauge and get bucked quick
Niggas, hoes, I don't know who you are, my friends or foes
Smile in my face and plot to kill me behind doors
I got a new attitude, no trust
Got me in a corner all a nigga can do is bust
It may be you
There's gonna be a lot of dead before I'm through
I'm 'bout to break off niggas who play me and dis' me
Try to switch from side to side like they whip me
The damage is done
Source Magazine, you're the first one {*gunshot*}
You try to dis Chuck, Cube and me
How the fuck you pick us 3?
You punk motherfuckers ain't shit, you're just a bunch of hoes
Makin' money off the pros
And when I see I get you in my sights
I give your ass a story to write
Cause it's on

It's on

[Chorus: Ice-T]

It's on motherfucker and you can't turn the shit off
Catch you in the streets and your ass'll get tossed
Bang! Bang! Bang! Cause it ain't no thang
To put in work and watch your head burst **a gunshot**

[Ice-T]

A lot of fans ain't shit
Let me repeat
A lot of fans ain't shit
Quick to flip if our group don't hit
They don't make you nothin but a pop ho bitch
And I don't need ya
I love to bleed ya
All I ever wanted was a real nigga's praise
But the sad motherfuckin' fact
Is that ain't that many real motherfuckers these days
Game knows game I know too many who plays the name
And I can make it in the music or the street game
I still got hoes that'll work, still got crews that'll hit
Still roll with an extra clip
And those who think they'll stop me, doubt it
Those motherfuckers better think about it
You'd best to let me rap

Ice back on the streets?
You don't want that
Cause I break ill
And you really after body count the caps I peel, it's on

[chorus: Ice-T]
It's on motherfucker and you can't turn the shit off
Catch you in the streets and your ass'll get tossed
Bang! Bang! Bang! Cause it ain't no thing
To put in work and watch your body jerk
It's on

[Ice-T]
It's on motherfucker you goddamn right
It's on, my royalty cheque, yeah, fool, I write my own
I own my own label put my own shit out
So no one tells me what the fuck to talk about
And all the suckas that said I was through
You need to wake up to my view
I'm fallen off
Ha! Ha! That's a joke!
You motherfuckers are still unknown and broke
And I'm stankin' rich
My fuckin maid lives better than you, bitch
So shut your trap
When it comes to this level of game, you don't know jacks
CIA, FBI, IRS
Try to flip us out for sweat
But they'll never sweat you son
Cause you're broke and you're dumb and you're no threat to no one
Them fools don't play
I gotta deal with those motherfuckers every day
They'd love to get me behind bars
They hawk a nigga like I'm Carlos Escobar
But in a way I am
Been puttin dope on the street for years and don't give a damn
So I'm thinkin about them, friend
The real motherfuckin gangstas wanna see me end
It's gonna end up in a bloodbath, no doubt
That's the only way I'm going out, it's on

[Chorus: Ice-T]
It's on
It's on motherfucker and you can't turn the shit off
Catch you in the streets and your ass'll get tossed
Bang! Bang! Bang! Cause it ain't no thing
To put in work and watch your head burst
It's on