

# Ice T, Mic Contract

Brainstorm microphone napalm  
This is it, words from a timebomb  
Attack speed, fast as an F15  
Raise the heat, light thhe gasoline  
Overload, it might cause a blackout  
Dead end  
There's no chnce to back out  
Hit the tripwire  
Duck from the gunfire  
Broken glass, screech'n car tires, bodies hit the deck  
As I commence to wreck  
Eject another clip and drip sweat  
Face of danger, increasin' nger  
Point blank  
I smoke another stranger  
Grip the mic tight  
I see the brake lights  
Hit the back door  
I lay down cross the floor  
E's on the wheels  
He makes the rubber squel  
Blood's on my gear  
From caps I've peeled  
About a block away I sit up  
Look back  
It wasn't nothin' but a  
Microphone contract!  
Dressed in black I stalk my prey  
Parabellum in a leather attache  
Low tones I speak, I speak to few  
Just give me the money  
and who the fuck to do  
Four blocks away my aim's clean  
Night scope on a silence carbine  
Place my crosshairs on my vic's eye  
Squeeze the trigger  
Watch the brains fly  
Violent? Yeah you could call me that  
Insane? You're on the right track  
But turn the sounds up  
So I can stay amped  
Do another crew and breagak camp  
The only way I sleep is in a cold sweat  
You think I'm crazy?  
You ain't see shit yet  
Cause I love to kill and kill for fun  
The microphone goes off  
Like a handgun  
It's goin' down now  
Grab your girl hops  
No excuses when the bodies  
begin to drop  
Look in my face fool  
It look like I'm play'n  
Don't become another  
Victim of mic slayin'

What's up?  
You want your feet in some concrete?  
I got some brothers  
That'll do you for gold teeth  
But most the time I move, I move alone  
Take a bat  
Break your motherfuckin' dome

Shoot you dead in the face  
With a sawed off  
One hundred ten degrees  
Ice don't get soft  
Cause I'm hard as they come  
I come correct  
You can't handle the vandal hit eject  
If not you better get  
Out my face sucka  
Or else you better be  
A good bullet ducker  
Cause I'm a rip shop  
Tell that ass drop  
Five o Ice, yo fuck a damn cop!  
Cause I move hard and cold  
With a gangster stroll  
Five thousand dollar suits  
And fly gold  
Rolex, you can't fit no more  
Diamonds on it  
Pinky ring, worth a house  
If I decide to pwn it  
What's up now punk?  
Yo start to choke up?  
You try to move on the Ice  
You'll get broke up!

Midnight, time for a homicide  
Showtime, somebody's gonna die  
E hits the switch  
And thousands of volts connect  
With the weapon that's in my fist  
I see a sucka in the third row  
Try'n to riff  
A paragraph and a half he's stiff  
I start bustin' off barrages ear high  
Mothers grab for their children  
Tears fly  
I'm like a psycho  
In the microphone zone  
Speakers blown, mind gone  
I can't be touched  
Once my lyrics begin to fly  
Simple stage radiation  
Could make ya die  
Ya got a prob nigga  
you think your rep's bigger?  
Hold your heard right there  
While I squeeze the trigger  
Cause I'm a crazy motherfucker  
That's no joke  
My favorite smell is  
The aroma of gunsmoke  
I'm bustin' off another  
Lyrical nightmare  
Parents hate the Ice!  
You think that I care?  
Well I don't give a fuck  
Cause I rhyme tough  
Drop science, still bust the ill stuff  
So now it's time for crime  
And the rhyme is mine  
Track the movement  
Hide from the punchline  
I rhyme with quickness

Microphone fitness  
The assassinator  
Stay off the shit list