

Ice T, Ricochet

(intro)

Yeah,Syndicate's in the house
Yeah,Geto Boys in the house
Yeah,Donald D's in the house
Yeah,Body count's in the house
Yeah,Zulu Nation's in the house
Yeah,Ice-T's in the house,yeah

(verse one)

You go on and on and you don't stop
Got sticky sneakers from the blood of a shot cop
Belt and a club,I'm leaving tracks on the white rug
Punk tried to rif and he met double-live slugs
I ain't the nigger to step to
I'm catching bodies and the next one could be you
Quick on the trigger,yo,I'm a gravedigger
Drop off a a body and deep six'em in the river
A nice talking psychopath
All cops hunt the black male in a skimask
But I'm too damn clever
Will they ever catch me,never
Because I operate in and out of state
Move at a quick rate
And never hesitate to take a chump sucker down
And my H-K it holds 80 rounds
So when you move be careful and don't play
And watch for the ricochet

Suicide,it's a suicide,yeah (x8)

(verse two)

So shut up motherfuckers as I laid the ink
When I'm in Detroit,niggers fight in mink
When I'm in Chicago,motherfuckers get buck wild
When I'm up in Oakland
Niggers rolling in huge piles
In Atlanta,niggers crash you doors
When I'm in Philly,it's a sold out tour
In L.A.,I max out real hard
When I'm in New York,I bill with the Gods
So don't try to deny me my proper juice
E.cuts the records and the yellow nigger gets loose
No static,just much respect
Truck my Rolex when I cruise the projects
A fly brother that is hard to figure
I punch hos and I smack up niggers
Because I'm a pimp and a player
Sometimes I bum hip-hop,the other times slayer
You don't like it
Well stay out of my fucking way
Duck for the gunshot and watch to the ricochet

Suicide,it's a suicide,yeah (x3)

C'mon yeah (x7)

(verse three)

Yo D.,what's up?,suckers is popping lip
Grab the H-K and the dum-dum clip and spread out
I'm putting punk's heads out
Doors is shut,there's no chance to get out

I got the motherfucking side with bi clocks
Raise the auto-loader and let off the buckshot

(Sounds of gunfire)

That's how I like to do work

(Gunfire again)

Got guts on my T-shirt
Motherfuckers tried to play the ice
Because I rhyme smooth
And on T.V. act nice
Saw,that's what you shouldn't have said
Now I'm so mad I'm busting veins in my forehead
You want to get off,come on let's rock
But have your safety off,and your shit cocked
Because when I come to get that ass
I'll leave your whole block filled with hot brass
So punk,don't make me pop my trunk
Show you my amps and my Mossberg pump
Because when I pull it most niggers run
Fool niggers stay and get hit by the ricochet

Suicide,it's a suicide,yeah (x8)

(verse four)

Niggers want to know about me and the.....
We squashed that shit with me and him about a year ago
But there's a new rule starting tonight
Dis'me on a record,see me bite
Because in a daze,you saw a battle of mics

(sounds of gunfire)

I'm using gages and flashlights
Ease back and don't give me no feedback
Yo,"Ice cool out",yo,fuck that
I'm hot,I'm putting niggers in cots
Some get knocked out,some just get shot
Where did I get all the juice I used
Gotta posse full of brothers with nothing to lose
Some just got out,some will never
Some beat the cases 'cause their lawyer was clever
I love'em all and they know that's true
So they won't blink while they doing a punk like you
Freeze motherfucker
Get on your knees,hands behind you back
Bow your heads,if you will please
I'll swing my axe,watch the bodies fall
Watch your head roll off like volleyball
So all you motherfuckers down with the fly guy
Look me in the face,like you're strong when you walk by
And all you punk niggers talking shit
Step to the side,bow your head like a bitch
I don't play,you'll get hit by the ricochet

You'll get hit by the ricochet
You'll get hit by the ricochet

Yeah