

Ice T, Watch The Ice Break

It's goin down
From the Ammo Dump
I got my nigga SLJ and DJ Aladdin
Droppin the fat tracks
Hit em with it
Syndicate's in the muthafuckin house
All duck MC's get flat, muthfuckas
Yeah

1993
And it's still me
A rappin brother from L.A., the cool T
Diss a brother, hate a brother, I still come back
With the fat tracks, fuck the pop crap
I got a mind to cold diss a fool
Wack rappers sellin out urge me to pull tools
For no reason
Pop suckers hookin for hits like hoes skeezin
Prostitutes that can't shoot, yet you clock loot
Dancesteps with the weak styles, but you look cute
Bitch, that shit's wack
Let Hammer dance, and you other fools ease back
The microphone in some twist in a clenched fist
Mind locked on ????? load of my hit list
And make duck rappers pray
Many talk shit, but none step this way
Cause I'm quick to beat down a weak clown
Clock crazy juice from L.A. to the Boogie Down
I play the whole map
Got hoes locked like a muthafuckin bear trap
Ice muthafuckin T
Before hoes gee they need two forms of I.D.
Never fess, not the best, but I'm hard to shake
Huh, watch the Ice break

Watch the Ice break

Yo, let's see now who's tryin to diss me
Say I sold out cause I rocked with the B.C.
Y'all are bitches, you're straight wack
Quick to talk shit, but always behind the back
I do whatever I wanna do, punk hoe
I rock a perm, you rock an afro
I wear khakis, while y'all wear silk
Y'all drink forties, and I drink milk
Cause that's my muthafuckin biz
I never sell out, cause it's no sale, kid
Hardcore to my heart from the fuckin start
Whether done over beats or loud guitars
I drop the dope hits
Case you forgot, I invented this gangsta shit
You wanna step to me? New jack, walk
Come back in five LP's, then we can talk
You're just new, kid, you got a hit out
In interviews you talk a lotta shit out
You got paid, you really made out
You went broke when your one jam played out
Now you're searchin for that one more hit
Shhhiiit
I ain't new to this, I got gangs of gold
I come original, then I break the mold
Too many MC's hit, then fold
They're just fakes
Hah, watch the Ice break

Watch the Ice break

Yeah

Syndicate jumpin off 1993

On some old fly smooth shit

All the muthfuckas out there down with us

You know what I'm sayin?

We're rollin strong

All the busters out there that got some static to say

We're settin this shit off physically this year

Like KRS-One says:

Sucker MC's duck down

Muthafuckas ain't takin no shit

I'm swingin on busters, point-blank

Diss me and it's on

Straight up

Now it's the break of dawn

And the mic is still on

All hoes are fuckin and the rhymes are damn strong

Many MC's that choke from the mic smoke

Those who tried to get with me

Lost in rhyme infinity

Or they lost breath

Try to step to the Ice equals sure death

Cause ??it's then I begin?? than you ever assume

Drop the mic, go rap in your living room

I love the quick kill

Swing on a nigga sometimes just to break ill

Knuckle up, buster, fool, in his fuckin eye

All hands, I need no gun, yo punk, why?

Cause if I pull my gun, you die

No second try

I gotta cool out now, so I don't over-freeze

Nut up and start murderin MC's

Start catchin bodies from state to state

Throw on a ski mask and walk the streets late

And do me up a whole damn crew

The Geto Boys was trippin, but my mind's trickin me too

Cause diss me, and I meet you one day

And bet your life it won't be a fun day

I hope, nigga, it's not your fate

That you're around when the Ice breaks

When the Ice breaks