

# Ice T, Ziplock

Once again I'm back in the place to be  
The I, the C, the E, the T  
I'll never get a Grammy, so fuck the G  
All I need is crowd, and my M-I-C  
Got a gangster ass DJ named Evil E  
My record label's called Warner B  
William Morris is my agency  
I'll never go broke, I got property  
Got a dope pitbull named Felony  
Got four gold albums  
So what you tell'n me?  
Power was two, Iceberg was three  
This one here shipped five hundred G  
Now when I roll, I roll stupid deep  
Benz's, Bemers, and boomin' Jeeps  
I'm always strapped  
Cause my money I keep  
You move on the Ice  
And you're goin' to sleep  
But when you see me  
Walkin' down the street  
You say, "What's up Ice?"  
And I say, "Peace!"  
You give me a dap, I give you one back  
Cause I ain't souped  
So forget about that  
We might take pictures  
Sign n utograph  
Kick a little flavor  
Have some fun and laugh  
But step to me wrong  
You might get shot  
And wind up lookin' out a ziplock!!!