

BEATS, RHYME AND CULTURE DROPPIN THE NEEDLE NOVEMBER 1, 2004

WHEN I WROTE ABOUT PARTIES
SOMEONE ALWAYS DIED
WHEN I TRIED TO WRITE HAPPY
YO I KNEW I LIED, I LIVED A LIFE OF CRIME
WHY PLAY YA BLIND?
A SIMPLE LOOK
AND ANYONE WITH TWO CENTS
WOULD KNOW I'M
A HARDCORE PLAYER FROM THE STREETS
RAPPIN' BOUT HARDCORE TOPICS
OVER HARDCORE DRUM BEATS
A LITTLE DIFFERENT
THAN THE AVERAGE THOUGH
JET YOU THRU THE FAST LANE
DROP YA ON DEATH ROW
CAUSE ANYBODY WHO'S BEEN THERE
KNOWS THAT LIFE AIN'T SO LOVELY
ON THE BLOOD-SOAKED FAST TRACK
THAT INVINCIBLE SHIT DON'T WORK
THROW YA IN A JOINT
YOU'LL BE COMIN' OUT FEET FIRST
SO I BLAST THE MIC WITH MY STYLE
SOMETIMES I'M ILL
THE OTHER TIMES BUCK WILD
BUT THE SCIENCE IS ALWAYS THERE
I'D BE A TRUE SUCKER
IF I ACTED LIKE I DIDN'T CARE
I RAP FOR BROTHERS JUST LIKE MYSELF
DAZED BY THE GAME
IN A QUEST FOR EXTREME WEALTH
BUT I KICK IT TO YOU HARD AND REAL
ONE WRONG MOVE, AND YOU CAPS PEELED
I AIN'T NO SUPER HERO
I AIN'T NO MARVEL COMIC
BUT WHEN IT COMES TO GAME I'M ATOMIC
AT DROPPIN' IT STRAIGHT
POINT BLANK AND UNTWISTED
NO IMAGINATION NEEDED, CAUSE I LIVED IT
THIS AIN'T NO FUCKIN' JOKE
THIS SHIT IS REAL TO ME
I'M ICE-T

O.G.

ICE-T, "O.G. ORIGINAL GANGSTER," O.G. ORIGINAL GANGSTER