

# 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,&&quot;Ice cool out&&quot;,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