

## 7th Deadly Sin (Intro)

Ice-T

Yeah yeah yo Ice what's up?  
Just chilling ya heard? It's the god.  
Know what I mean?  
Heard you preparing to drop this 7th deadly sin  
Know what I mean?  
Just showing, you know, love, you know what I mean?  
One player to another, you know coastal  
How we do you know? Connect  
Hit me up, give me a call. You know how we do?  
Peace out  
Roc-A-Fella Style, Peace

Motherfuckers said I'd never survive, here I am  
Check your sound scan virally grand out the box  
Bitches and glocks, hoes got rocks on my table  
Fuck your cable, you better Ice that shit  
Fuck you income you better twice that shit  
You couldn't see me if you stood right in front of a pimp  
You niggas make a million dollar but still manage to sink  
I can stop for 10 years and still be 5 years in front of ya  
What do ya want?  
Mad bitched to flaunt  
And mad wealth, but you fuckin hoes yourself  
If you caught one its like a lesbian connect  
You and a bitch all pussy no dick  
Since '86 I been bustin off clips  
Mashin mad whips, bendin hot chicks  
Westside them niggas that ride for this shit  
Fly to New York City, crack a Brooklyn bitch  
You see me in a tunnel with my niggas on hit  
Light skinned nigga in the full ink mink  
Fuckin off chump change on bitches and drinks

(Yo Ice you fuck that bitch?)

Nigga what do you think?  
I aint fuckin these hoes cause these bitches aint payin  
Pimpin to me, that aint no bullshit sayin  
Every song I hear today's about straight trickin  
Mother fuck a bitch, hoe get your heels kickin  
And all you niggas out there that don't like me  
Fuck you! Fuck what you're goin through, fuck your hood  
And all my real motherfuckers know it's all in the good  
A nigga came up like a real pimp should  
I feel you players out there givin me love  
And all my dead homies watchin me from above  
And all you down bitches recognize in the heat  
Step to a pimp when you see me on the street  
Let a nigga know that you down to hoe  
Represent the Ice and collect the dough  
This aint nothing new aint no mother fuckin façade  
I've bee rockin shit for over 10 years god  
You haters paralyze when a real baler comes around  
Nigga give it up and put you fuckin head down  
Cause you don't wanna talk to about how much dope you sold  
You don't wanna talk 'bout how hard you claim your role  
You don't really look me in the eyes sucker

(Know why?) Cause game knows game  
And I don't know you buster  
You got a deal with you own reflection in the mirror  
So what you did a bid  
You still a bitch kid  
And not too many niggas gonna do what I did  
Come off the streets, make raps about the lifestyle  
Real for my niggas from the ghetto to the penile  
Say what you will I moved to the hills  
The seventh deadly is envy  
Nigga fuck how you feel!