

# Depths Of Hell

Ice-T

Now hear dis!  
All bad man what dey a know  
The original bad man dey a know, seen?  
Daddy Nitro, an' Ice-T dey 'pon ? man  
Come talk wit reality  
An' any guy who nah like dey got shot in ? face  
No Ice-T, come talk wit reality star  
Tell dem bout da endin of da world today.. COME!

I got a attitude as thick as a convict's  
Bomb ticks, my heart beats as I rhyme over hard shit  
Watch this, the nigga that you didn't think could do  
break through with the rhythm that'll rock your whole crew  
Thought you knew; I ain't no punk or no pooh-butt  
Step to me, the cops are still diggin niggaz up  
What's up? What's up? What's up? You wanna try your luck  
You move you weave you bob you got stuck  
And now you're trippin with your fuckin brain  
You never seen so much blood pour through one vein  
You try to scream, you choke  
You try to run, your legs are broke  
You're bulletproof I hope..  
Yo, I ain't no nigga to flex, but I will flip  
Fuck up a nigga and dropkick his fuckin bitch  
I love to squabble and I'm good widdit  
So if you want some nigga come get it  
I ain't trippin nigga trippin at all  
Yo, I'm fuckin walkin over weak rapper's downfalls  
It ain't my fault they fell, it ain't my fault I sell  
I pull my ass up from the depths of hell

Lawd! Jib-bibbidy-bong, jib-bibbidy-be-bong-ska-dang  
Daddy Nitro an' Ice-T come wid a different some-thang  
Comin out de ghetto tings are wild like pure 'ell  
Nuff man get ? in my firebomb sale  
Some a sell coke but the music we a sell  
We no inna doubt, we don't want no ambulance bell  
While other lyrics are full of our style we fill up our clientele  
Ice-T an' Nitro from the, depths of 'ell, COME!

You punks are jealous cause I'm rollin in fly shit  
My shit, all paid for and I don't owe no guy shit  
Fuck you, it ain't my fault your ass is on empty  
Thought you was it, but you're smooth gettin pimped G..  
.. I ain't no hoe fool  
Got much respect for the new and the old school  
But many rappers can rip mics but can't count..  
.. zero bank amounts  
Word and many critics are hot cause hard rap hits  
They like to make it all soft that we pop shit  
Fuck that, I'll die before I let the hardcore go  
Cause I'm a nigga from the G-H-E-T-T-O  
I got a posse who's airtight, quick to fight  
And got the power to continue or end the night  
And if you stepped on wrong, then you're a done kid  
The yellow tape's in the club because one did  
I got no pity so don't ask me for fuckin any

I'll break a bum off but you niggaz can't get a penny  
When I was broke, I stole my gold, I pawned  
I lived the life of a hustler off and on  
I'm just a brother that lived to tell  
I brought my ass up from the depths of hell

Come! In a de ghetto tings are wild round de clock  
Some man a smoke crack and soem man a fire shot  
Me tell de people dem laws, that we no inna dat  
If a guy try dat thing we get them sixteen shotta  
It's a lovely night ?? ?? off de chatta  
Easy Ice-T make them no say you a mark-a  
Anyway we go on I bet a no say we stop  
wit lyrics and de music and right on de ?  
EASE UP and come again my selector  
All over de world is only for pain an' sufferin  
That's why Ice-T and Daddy Nitro come wit the reality thing  
Nice this everytime star  
Man like Ice-T 'pon the ?? man  
Come in star, one last time and teach dem bout reality  
Now watch dis, COME!

I met this girl who act like I owed her somethin  
Nothin, all I owed her was some good steady fuckin  
Fuck that, not the one that's gonna fall on no hoe trap  
Ease back bitch, before you need all your teeth back..  
.. I ain't no fuckin mark  
Made all my money workin bowcutters in the dark  
Snatch bars and cars and vice grips  
Long handled sledgehammers, saws and wire snips  
I got an ill side that drips from my brain at times  
It still thinks of the psycho and brutal crimes  
I still remember when I had a low cash flow  
No hoes, no cars, no gear no dough  
And times got wicked..  
.. I even remember havin to sell all my pawn tickets  
But suckers spread out and they left me with few friends  
But that's who wit me as we fuck up the true ends  
So don't be trippin if your luck's gone bad, be glad  
It'll empty out the fake fuckin friends you had  
Then get yourself together, nigga aim straight  
Shoot point blank at your goals, work hard and wait  
You can do it even if you fell  
I brought my ass back from the depths of hell

Cause we are serious, en-ter-tain-ers  
Talk about de Ice-T, he no joker  
Cause we are serious, en-ter-tain-ers  
Talk about de Daddy Nitro me no joker  
Me come and pull up my lyrics and full up my style  
and full up our lingual  
As me sit upon de riddim I'ma sit on proper  
As me flow upon de riddim like a rockin of de gong  
Me sit upon de riddim like a true ??  
Man no listen Daddy Nitro like a fierce ??  
Me flow upon de mic from a ?? area  
Pam pamma, original chat masta  
Me pam pamma, original chat masta  
Me pam pamma, me come fi set fi dance pon fiyah  
An' if it's on, well you must fi chant up hiyah  
Me say dis a Daddy Nitro steppin ?? ??  
Come down, no try to diss and no dismiss de kid  
As me sit upon de riddim wit de man Ice-T

All of de massive up here listen to me  
Respect me come from inner New York Ci-ty  
Die gon test me, man go dead and buried, COME!  
Ease up man, FIYAH  
Wicked every time.. woy! Woy! Woy! Woy!