Intro

A.C.T

A child was born in the East one day
Moved to the West coast after his parents passed away
Never understood his fascination with rhymes or beats
In poetry he was considered eliteBecame a young gangster in the streets of L.A.
Lost connections with his true roots far away
But no matter the job or crime
He never lost his hardcore obsession to rhymeNew York's hip hop movement broke loose
DJ's cut records, raps had the juice
Since busting rhymes was his natural thing
He was crowned the west coast MC kingBut after his inauguration there was a rush
Of wack rappers with one intention to crush
This master rapper and take his throne
A simple job, he had no crew, he stood all aloneAssassins came in groups of one through five
With raps no mortal MC could survive
But he showed no mercy, he rapped blood thirsty
Battling from Friday on through to ThursdayNever losin', about never ending in doubt
Every confrontation K.O. knock out
On his never ending journey to the T.O.P.
The L.A. player M.C. Ice-T

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