

# Bang This

## Blaq Poet

Yo, VIP  
Let's kick it  
Ice, Ice, baby  
Ice, Ice, baby

All right stop, collaborate, and listen  
Ice is back with my brand new invention  
Something grabs a hold of me tightly  
Flow like a harpoon, daily and nightly  
Will it ever stop? Yo, I don't know  
Turn off the lights and I'll glow  
To the extreme I rock a mic like a vandal  
Light-up a stage and wax a chump like a candle  
Dance, go rush the speaker that booms  
I'm killing your brain like a poisonous mushroom  
Deadly when I play a dope melody  
Anything less than the best is a felony  
Love it or leave it, you better gang way  
You better hit bull's eye, the kid don't play  
If there was a problem, yo, I'll solve it  
Check out the hook while my DJ revolves it  
Ice, Ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice, Ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice, Ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice, Ice, baby  
Vanilla

Now that the party is jumping  
With the bass kicked in and the Vega's are pumpin'  
Quick to the point, to the point, no faking  
Cooking MC's like a pound of bacon  
Burning 'em, if you ain't quick and nimble  
I go crazy when I hear a cymbal  
And a high hat with a souped up tempo  
I'm on a roll, it's time to go solo  
Rollin' in my 5.0

With my rag-top down so my hair can blow  
The girlies on standby waving just to say hi  
Did you stop? No, I just drove by  
Kept on pursuing to the next stop  
I busted a left and I'm heading to the next block

The block was dead, yo, so I continued  
To A1A Beach Front Avenue  
Girls were hot wearing less than bikinis  
Rockman lovers driving Lamborghinis  
Jealous 'cause I'm out getting mine  
Shay with a gauge and Vanilla with a nine  
Ready for the chumps on the wall  
The chumps are acting ill because they're full of eight ball  
Gunshots rang out like a bell  
I grabbed my nine all I heard was shells  
Falling on the concrete real fast  
Jumped in my car slammed on the gas  
Bumper to bumper the avenue's packed  
I'm trying to get away before the jackers jack  
Police on the scene, you know what I mean?

They passed me up, confronted all the dope fiends  
If there was a problem, yo, I'll solve it  
Check out the hook while my DJ revolves it  
Ice, Ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice, Ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice, Ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice, Ice, baby  
Vanilla

Take heed 'cause I'm a lyrical poet  
Miami's on the scene just in case you didn't know it  
My town that created all the bass sound  
Enough to shake and kick holes in the ground  
'Cause my style's like a chemical spill  
Feasible rhymes you can vision and feel  
Conducted and formed, this is a hell of a concept  
We make it hype and you want to step  
With this, Shay plays on the fade  
Slice like a ninja, cut like a razor blade  
So fast other DJ's say, "Damn!"

If my rhyme was a drug I'd sell it by the gram  
Keep my composure when it's time to get loose  
Magnetized by the mic while I kick my juice  
If there was a problem, yo, I'll solve it  
Check out the hook while D. Shay revolves it  
Ice, Ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice, Ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice, Ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice, Ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice  
Yo, man, let's get out of here

Word to your mother  
Ice, Ice, baby, too cold  
Ice, Ice, baby, too cold, too cold  
Ice, Ice, baby, too cold, too cold  
Ice, Ice, baby, too cold, too cold

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>