Ice Cream

Lil' Wayne

Young Money, syrup in the big shot
Time to do the thing, that's word to your wrist watch
Shoot the Glock til it burn, til my wrist lock
Rims hella big, tires skinny like Chris Rock
Hold the gun sideways like O-Dog
Shoot a nigga in his face, knock his nose off
Make the girls say my name like roll call
Pain killers got a nigga about to doze off
Big shit, nigga talk big shit, nigga
Big bread: bread like a picnic nigga
Shake the whole game like the hit-stick nigga
Money spread like germs: get sick nigga
Yea, and fuck them other niggas
1-900: who want it? I deliver
Concrete shoes won't help in the river
I don't care if you was Michael Phelps my nigga
I'm higher than the motherfucking Alps my nigga
I'm flyer than the motherfucking stealth my nigga
Young Money shit, top-shelf my nigga
We the motherfuckers like MILF my nigga
Ahem, flow like syringes
Yea I'm in my mode, got a code like Da Vinci's
I was in the trenches, now I'm in the Trump
And everybody watch your back when you're in the front
You ain't never safe, stop playing with a gangsta
Bring it to his face and he ran like a flanker
Bend the girl over, put her hands on her ankles
I'm all over this ice cream beat like sprinkles
"Why thank you", if you's a hater
I'm eating, you's a waiter
Pistol on my hip: Tomb Raider
Holla at your guala, zoom later
Young Tune nigga, typhoon nigga
And if you think you're sweet, buy a room nigga
Damu nigga
I'm on my gang shit
She give me good brain like she studied at Cam
Lighting up a motherfucking blunt
Stupid fruity swag like a motherfucking runt

And I be with my dog like a motherfucker hunting
Every day of the week is the first of the month
Audemars Piguet with the diamonds in the face
Can't tell the time cause the diamonds in the face
We can get it popping like a semi automatic
And if you got beef I put the cuit on a patty
Rockstar tatted, big-money addict
Running this shit, now I'm feeling athletic
I'm on a boat bitch, getting sea sick
Stop playing, I'm fresher then a degree stick
Street shit, well, of course I smoke mad weed
I'm on my high-horse, please don't shoot me down, I land feet flat
Then walk a million miles with New Orleans on my back
Ha, I need a massage
And when it comes to hoes, man, I got a collage
Finger on the button, nigga just stuntin'
If you ain't the bank teller, don't tell me nothin'
Kush so strong you can smell me comin'
Bitch, I go hard like the boy from "300"
You think you kick it, well boy we puntin'
Young Money baby we the shit weak stomachs
No Ceilings motherfucker
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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