

Icy (feat. Young Jeezy) [Instrumental]

Gucci Mane

I'm icy, I'm icy, I'm icy, I'm icy, I'm icy, I'm icy, I'm icy, I'm icy [Chorus]
All these girls excited
Oh ya know they like it
I'm so icy, so icy
Girl don't try to fight it
All yo friends invited
I'm so icy, so icy Got a house around my neck, and my wrist on chill
Any given time, 250 in ya grill (a quarter million?)
All I do is talk shit, you can even add a couple grand for my outfit
You better act like ya know man, in my hood they call me Jeezy the Snowman
Ya get it? Get it? Jeezy the Snowman
I'm iced out, plus I got snow, man
Let it marinate, y'all niggas is slow man (slow man)
(Man what the fuck y'all, yo dumb ass)
I used to get nineteen for a beat
Call me Ginuwine, the same 'ol G ('ol G)
I'm the shit biatch, I need toilet paper (damn!)
And some air freshener nigga, fuck a hater
These niggas don't like me
I'm wit the Gucci Man and I'm so icy [Chorus] She diggin' my fit, she think I'm the shit
Is this a chain on my neck, or the watch in my wrist
Maybe the ice in my ear, or my bracelet
But she look like the type that could take a dick
Young Gucci Man, don't kiss me baby you can kiss my chain
Ya gotta be a dime piece,
Just to look at the rocks in my time piece
I come through in a drop top Jag, or Old-School Chevy
Wit the antique tags
My pockets so heavy that I can't walk steady
Niggas coppin' ice we done done it already
Got a gold grill but it's not from Eddie
I ride big Chevy's cause a nigga ain't petty
I'm icy, so motherfuckin' snowed up, lil' kids want to
Be like Gucci when they grow up
Me, Jeezy and Boo
We ain't hatin' pussy nigga 'gon and do what you do
'cause we icy, so icy, we icy, so icy [Chorus] I'm hoppin' out the range wit the seats piped out
You can still see my chain even when the lights out
'cause that's how monsters do it

Spit a lil game give 'em that flosser music
I'm the man from the C.H.I.
These lames runnin' 'round thinkin' they so fly
Got a lil' buzz but Boo been too high
I'm pullin' hoes in the club and I don't even try
I guess when she glance at my wrist, she want to get my dick
I tell her holla at Jeezy if ya want to pop Cris
Get at Gucci Man 'cause he on some lil' shit
And you know I'm in the cut, grippin' my 4/5
Like let a nigga trip, naw we ain't runnin'
We just takin' all ya chicks, buyin' drinks gettin' blunted
Groupies, show you how to do this son
We throwin' out hundreds while you savin' them ones I got so many rocks, on my chain and watch
I know I'm the shit, my chain hang down to my dick
I know I'm the bomb, just look at my charms
I know I'm the shit, my chain hang down to my dick [Chorus] I'm so icy
Look at my charms
My, chain, hang, down, to my dick

Songwriters

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