

Ice Pick

Albert Collins

Little blood clock, you could never test I
You come close, just close my left eye
See with my third, the rest you never heard
Executive roosters and pop producers
What you're used to, I get looser
I can use ya, abuse ya, fuck what you're used to
I'm gonna lose you, I'm not what you're used to
I see through ya, I see through ya, I see through ya
I'm needy, I'm greedy
Feed me, give me some
I'm needy, I'm greedy
Feed me, give me some
I keep it coming, I keep it coming
I'm running all the way
And while I'm running and while I'm running
I'm gonna leave you far away
Who you down like? Who do you sound like?
You sound like T, how he used to be?
Keep on talking, watch what he's making
You're in the bars with your stars
You go far, you're up to par
You're in this next, your turn to flex
I'm needy, I'm greedy
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