

# Prozac

## Vanilla Ice

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Stop as I drop this bomb  
Blow up this place like another Vietnam  
I'm heavy like a Holyfield blow to the dome  
Back up son now give me room, give me room I set it off like this, don't give it up  
I'm all up in you till you just can't get enough  
I'm real hard to the bone you want more  
I sneak up on you like a sniper at your back door Phat flavor for your brain you know the time  
So check the wrath it's for real 'cause I'm gonna get mine  
I roll up on you like Eastwood  
I'm blowing up fifteens as I'm riding through your neighborhood I spreads butter like Parkay  
Real smooth with the flow and even when I parlay  
Do what you feel and check the skill  
I'm in your grill, peep this I got the raw deal And in your Jeep Cherokee or Land Cruiser  
Rollin' through the hood I know you're gonna use a  
Track like this all up in your eardrum  
So pump the E.Q. and let the speakers hum We gets crazy like Prozac  
Hype enough to start a party and illy has a heart attack  
We gets crazy like Prozac  
Hype enough to start a party and illy has a heart attack We gets crazy like Prozac  
Hype enough to start a party and illy has a heart attack  
We gets crazy like Prozac  
Hype enough to start a party and illy has a heart attack Go and check it I think it's time to wreck it  
Here I come again with my stuff, so let's test it  
I'm cool like the ice, or Vanilla, hear my flavor  
Freezin' up the mic, I hit you with somethin' you can savor No slippin', no stonin', I am gettin' to the point  
So hit the mad ism and light another joint  
The easy like stylist with a kick when I'm kicking  
No tripping, I'm hitting, so get a good grip in Get with a style I be using, and there's no dissin'  
And here's a quick lesson I carry a Smith and Wesson  
Listen up close and there'll be no confusion  
Now you're addicted to mentally abusing Word to the mother I'm here to tear it up  
And if you can't get with it, I don't give a fuck

So run to your crew and tell them I am here  
This here is for the people, yo [Incomprehensible]We gets crazy like Prozac  
Hype enough to start a party and illy has a heart attack  
We gets crazy like Prozac  
Hype enough to start a party and illy has a heart attackWe gets crazy like Prozac  
Hype enough to start a party and illy has a heart attack  
We gets crazy like Prozac  
Hype enough to start a party and illy has a heart attackOh yeah  
Oh yeahIt's the funky rhyme killer, the dope song thriller  
Get your ass back, before you get caps in ya  
Funky rhyme killer, the dope song thriller  
Get your ass back, before you get caps in ya  
Funky rhyme killer, the dope song thriller  
Get your ass back, before you get caps in yaWe gets crazy like Prozac  
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