Ice Cold

BustaDoug

[Baby]
Ladies and Gentlemen, this young man is the author of the book
Pimps are people too
He is also the president of guns, bitches, and automobiles
He also controls all the seafood trade
He got, the skrimps, the lobsters, the primes
The selmon, the little selmon, the big selmen
The sardines, the cardads, and all that
Ladies and gentlemen, put your hands together and give a warm welcome
To Jay fizzle, my nizzle, fo shizzle
(Turn up J. Fizzle's microphone)

[Jazze Pha - in backround]
Tell me why, why, is it soo
That I'm soo-oh, ice cold (ice cold)
Tell me why, why, is it soo
That I'm soo-oh, ice cold

[Verse 1]

[Baby]
Stunner and T Kizzie, that's so icey
Mommy gave me brains on the back of my bikey
I got the mink coat for wifey, wifey
Icey icey, my wifey wifey

[TQ]
They should have named me Dr. Freeze
Cause I'm the coldest nigga y'all done seen
The day that rap met r&b
Got the birdman, Jazze, and me

[Baby]
Ay, ay, see I'm so icey, my life so cool
So so icey, the boys a fool
Ice from iceman, I ice my boo
Iced all over, from my head to her shoe

[TQ]
Ice in the mail from Jacob boo

I got a million dollar prala seat behind ya too
It's million dollar mob that's behind me boo
Now watch what the fuck I do
(Wipe em down, wipe em down, bitch)

[Chorus - Jazze Pha]
Tell me why, why, (why) is it soo (is it soo)
That I'm soo-oh, ice cold (so ice cold)
Tell me why, why, is it soo, (tell me why) soo
That I'm soo-oh, ice cold

[Verse 2]

[Baby]
Ay, ay, T Kizzie, r&b round
I put ice on my mom, and my sister too
It's mister icey icey, in the burgendy coupe

[TQ]
I'd ice my grand-daddy, if he still was here
On the white-wall tires, with them white-wall rims

[Baby]
The million dollar ice, ice pumped up boots
I got ice all over, with the million dollar shoes

[TQ]
Look at iced up dro back, iced up me
Watch #18 as he kill the cit-ty

[Baby]
Put ice on my Benz, on the 20 inch rims
And I ice my lens with the burberry tims
I got ice on my wrist, too cold to melt
Pinky ring, icey icey, in a bird nest

[TQ]
I'm from the ice clique, we unexplainably rich
Whole lot of hits, whole lot of chips
C-O the birdman, whole lot of bricks
Put it all together, that's a whole lot of shit

[Chorus - Jazze Pha]

[Verse 3]

[Baby]
Ay, ay, T Kizzie, big pimping
I got million dollar game, with as fly as freak
Princess, bigness, ice on my teeth
Round shape, we shape, my shit is a fool
I got 15 karats, icey ice my boo

[TQ]
Went to the corner, you can see me
I'm in the ice cold six four, smoking dro
Balling nice and e-z, is that I bought from fresh
With the Cali license plate that read L.A. is best

[Baby]
Big Wop is iced out, and Ceedi iced out
Tiny-toe, big g, my rounds iced out
And Exey icey hot, and busy is too
We get money, spit ice, and wear Gucci suits

[TQ]
Let me tell you bout what we are, is what we are
Ice cold money making, see ya marra
And we gonna keep balling til they close the bar
And do the same damn thing tomorrow
Oh yeah, oh yeah

[Chorus - Jazze pha]

Fo sure nigga, y'all know who want this ice shit
For this game nigga, it ain't no secret
See ya morra for life nigga
My whole crew shinning nigga
Busy, birdman, third world magnolia, bitch

Say T Queezie, your too hot for me pimping
See you stunning, and you talk enough shit to make a cripple man walk
I'm a tell you like this dog
See Jimmy you holding down back there nigga, keep your head up
Say Elton, you still one of the hottest niggas out there nigga
You ain't front at all nigga, keep ya head up, bitch

My brothers in this shit ya heard me, bitch, bitch

Brrrrrrrrrrrr, brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr, brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
Birdcall motherfucker, birdcall motherfucker

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