

# Ice Ice Baby

## Old School Players

Yo, VIP

Let's kick it

Ice, Ice, baby

Ice, Ice, baby

All right stop, collaborate, and listen

Ice is back with my brand new invention

Something grabs a hold of me tightly

Flow like a harpoon, daily and nightly

Will it ever stop? Yo, I don't know

Turn off the lights and I'll glow

To the extreme I rock a mic like a vandal

Light-up a stage and wax a chump like a candle

Dance, go rush the speaker that booms

I'm killing your brain like a poisonous mushroom

Deadly when I play a dope melody

Anything less than the best is a felony

Love it or leave it, you better gang way

You better hit bull's eye, the kid don't play

If there was a problem, yo, I'll solve it

Check out the hook while my DJ revolves it

Ice, Ice, baby

Vanilla Ice, Ice, baby

Vanilla Ice, Ice, baby

Vanilla Ice, Ice, baby

Vanilla

Now that the party is jumping

With the bass kicked in and the Vega's are pumpin'

Quick to the point, to the point, no faking

Cooking MC's like a pound of bacon

Burning 'em, if you ain't quick and nimble

I go crazy when I hear a cymbal

And a high hat with a souped up tempo

I'm on a roll, it's time to go solo

Rollin' in my 5.0

With my rag-top down so my hair can blow

The girlies on standby waving just to say hi

Did you stop? No, I just drove by

Kept on pursuing to the next stop

I busted a left and I'm heading to the next block

The block was dead, yo, so I continued  
To A1A Beach Front Avenue  
Girls were hot wearing less than bikinis  
Rockman lovers driving Lamborghinis  
Jealous 'cause I'm out getting mine  
Shay with a gauge and Vanilla with a nine  
Ready for the chumps on the wall  
The chumps are acting ill because they're full of eight ball  
Gunshots rang out like a bell  
I grabbed my nine all I heard was shells  
Falling on the concrete real fast  
Jumped in my car slammed on the gas  
Bumper to bumper the avenue's packed  
I'm trying to get away before the jackers jack  
Police on the scene, you know what I mean?  
They passed me up, confronted all the dope fiends  
If there was a problem, yo, I'll solve it  
Check out the hook while my DJ revolves it  
Ice, Ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice, Ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice, Ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice, Ice, baby  
Vanilla  
Take heed 'cause I'm a lyrical poet  
Miami's on the scene just in case you didn't know it  
My town that created all the bass sound  
Enough to shake and kick holes in the ground  
'Cause my style's like a chemical spill  
Feasible rhymes you can vision and feel  
Conducted and formed, this is a hell of a concept  
We make it hype and you want to step  
With this, Shay plays on the fade  
Slice like a ninja, cut like a razor blade  
So fast other DJ's say, "Damn!"  
If my rhyme was a drug I'd sell it by the gram  
Keep my composure when it's time to get loose  
Magnetized by the mic while I kick my juice  
If there was a problem, yo, I'll solve it  
Check out the hook while D. Shay revolves it  
Ice, Ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice, Ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice, Ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice, Ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice  
Yo, man, let's get out of here

Word to your mother  
Ice, Ice, baby, too cold  
Ice, Ice, baby, too cold, too cold  
Ice, Ice, baby, too cold, too cold  
Ice, Ice, baby, too cold, too cold

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