Soul On Ice

Ludachrist

Off the dribble
September 28th
That's the date
I am the West
In stores
You got to get that shit
Internationally known
You got to smell my cologne
Last coast, motherfucker
Last toast, motherfucker
Old money, old money, old money, old money
Old money, old money, old money, old money
Old money, old money, old money, old money
Old money, old money, old money, old money
Old money, new money, no money, nose money
Don't try to turn the Godfather into sonny
Don't try to turn your forefathers into money
The rap guy got the whole world prayin' for me
Pray for me, [Incomprehensible]
Crazy tunes DJ it for me
I'm the real Iron Man
You just rub it down me
I'm crack head and black face
Fresh out the country, nigger
Back the fuck up off me
I burn just like hot coffee
I'm kind of sweet like toffee
Look what this gangdom thought me
Look, mamma, look, mamma
I'm soul on Ice
Look, mamma, look, mamma
I'm soul on Ice
Look, mamma, look, mamma
I'm soul on Ice
Look, mamma, look, mamma
I'm soul on Ice
Hey

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