

Where's Ice Kid At

Ice Kid

[Verse 1: Ice Kid]

Stop dat, start dat, get dat, what?
Step back or get your headback popped
Top spot, I never left that slot
All I wanna do is get cheques and floss
Gyal love me like drugs, sex and rock
Amp and get a red top like West Ham's squad
Narcissistic, with a flow so artistic
I could have been the next Van Gogh
You ain't on the flex man's on
My gang won't pet to let straps buss
I be on job tryna get that gwop
I don't give a fuck about where man's from
Wanna see me down so I get back up
You're on the other side like a left hand drop
Man with the method but I ain't Redman's don
Hands on
Put me up against 10 man strong
Feel like I be the greatest of all time
You ain't in my range or my foresight
I stay away from the pork rind
I'm just tryna get paid like a court fine
And I'mma spray like a Aug Steyr
Till you see me in the bay by the pool side
More time I be taking a full hike
With a bag of bars, I've been making them all night
All right, stick to the script, please
Wanna see me skitz like I did E
Big dreams since I was 16
Ich ni's got 'em intrigued cuh we're in deep
Level I'm on, just ain't in reach
Got ya bitch whipped like a 6 speed
Grim beats, but I ain't Kid D
And I'm on a level that's way ahead of you century

[Hook 1: Ice Kid]

Where's Ice Kid at?
Man, I got bars like Rikers Island has
Try relax? I ain't got time for that
You best jump on ya bike and cycle back

Too much heat for your pyro stat
Idle camps try rival man
Hype's a wrap
You'll get spun like a gyro graph when I jump on the riddim and I kill 'em in a title match

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[Verse 2: Chip]
Stop dat, start dat, you man are pants
Swing with who? You on bants?
Diss tracks on the net, fam
Is not how man learnt how to clash
Sick and I'll prove it, fam
Come on, come on, what? Let's do this, fam
Tryna prove you're a goon by what? Doing music, man?
You ain't gonna shoot me, fam
Me and Ice could've posted a pic
Said fuck that, music first, come, we go
Cuh man are from the era where you couldn't be wack and blow
So if my man's wack, let's go
Swing me off the track? Heck no
With words and flows, if I let go, you'll get loads
Music changed my life in so many ways
It brought me friends and foes
See me and I ain't with my crew before
I see you, I'm still on my bloodclart toes
Jealousy and envy I know 'bout the roads
And man wanna take my life, cuh I'm cold and
Mi no care about radio tracks
Right now I just want Fuck Radio back
Get these MCs living off gas in one room, two mics (What you sayin'?)
Then we'll see who's wack
Cuh if man wanna play then it's game on, fam
Johnny Storm when I flame on man
In a league of my own since Whatever Da Weather times
You can't rain on man
Back now, like it or lump it
Man have got the hard food, dumplings
He's not a spitter, I'll lunch him, lines, punch him
No homo when I munch him (Bluku Bye Bye)

[Hook 2: Chip]

Yo, where's Ice Kid at?

You ain't gotta ask man, he's sounding back

Since "Fire Alie", man are fire on tracks

Wanna fire at man, man are firing back

Man are sick with it, lyrics on terrific

Switch it, man ain't genre-specific

Vibes? Man bring it, the way I spaz on riddims

Man's all in the booth twitching

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