

Ice Cold

Baby A.K.A. The #1 Stunna

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 tradeHe got, the skrimps, the lobsters, the primes
 The salmon, the little salmon, the big selmen
The sardines, the cardads and all thatLadies and gentlemen, put your hands together
 And give a warm welcome
 To Jay Fizzle, my nizzle, fo shizzle
Hey, turn up J. Fizzle's microphoneStunner and T Kizzie that's so icy
 Mommy gave me rangs on the back of my bikey
 I got the mink coat for wifey, wifey
Icely icy, my wifey wifeyThey should have named me Dr. Freeze
 'Cause I'm the coldest nigga y'all done seen
 Day that rap met R&B
We got the Birdman, Jazze and meAy, ay, see I'm so icy, my life so cool
 So so icy, the boys a fool
 Ice from iceman, I ice my boo
Iced all over, from my head to her shoeIce 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, biatchTell me why, why is it so
 That I'm so, oh, ice cold?
 Tell me why, why is it so
 That I'm so, oh, ice cold?Ay, ay, T Kizzie, R&B around
 I put ice on my mom and my sister too
 It's mister icy icy in the burgundy coupe
 I'd ice my grand-daddy, if he still was here
On them white-wall tires with them white-wall rimsIt's the million dollar ice, ice pumped up boots
 I got ice all over, with the million dollar shoe
 Look at iced up dro back, iced up me
Watch number eighteen as he kill the cityPut ice on my Benz, on the twenty inch rims
 And I ice my lens with the barberry tims
 I got ice on my wrist, too cold to melt
Pinky ring, icy icy in a bird nestI'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 shitTell me why, why is it so
 That I'm so, oh, ice cold?

Tell me why, why is it so
That I'm so, oh, ice cold? Ay, ay, T. Kizzie, big pimpin'
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 fifteen karats, icy ice, my boo Went to the corner, you can see me
I'm in the ice cold six four, smokin' dro
Ballin' nice and E-Z, S S that I bought from fresh
With the Cali license plate that read 'L.A. Is Best' Big Wop is iced out and Ceedi iced out
Tiny-toe, big G, my rounds iced out
And Exey icy hot, and busy is too
We get money, spit ice and wear Gucci suits Let me tell you 'bout what we are is what we are
Ice cold money makin', see ya marra
And we gon' keep ballin' 'til they close the bar
And do the same damn thing tomarra, oh yeah, oh yeah Tell me why, why is it so
That I'm so, oh, ice cold?
Tell me why, why is it so
That I'm so, oh, ice cold? Fo sho, 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 shinnin', nigga
Busy, Birdman, third world magnolia, biatch Say T Queezie, you too hot for me pimpin'
See you stunnin' and you talk enough shit
To make a cripple man walk, I'm a tell you like this, dog See Jimmy, you holdin' down back there
Nigga, keep your head up, I'ma say
Elton, are you still one of the hottest niggas out there nigga?
You ain't front at all nigga, keep ya head up, biatch My brother's in this shit ya heard me, biatch
Please believe me, nigga
[Incomprehensible]
Birdcall, motherfucker, motherfucker

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