

Tuck Ya Ice (Ft. Baby) (Produced By Kane Beatz)

Trick Daddy

[Chorus]

Tuck, tuck that

Tuck, tuck that

Tuck, tuck that

Tuck, tuck that

Tuck, tuck that ice in

You ain't, you ain't iced out

Tuck, tuck that ice in

I shine like a lighthouse Tuck, tuck that ice in

You ain't, you ain't iced

Lights on, lights off

I shine like a lighthouse Tuck, tuck that ice in

You ain't, you ain't iced out

Tuck, tuck that ice in

I shine like a lighthouse

Tuck, tuck that ice in

You ain't, you ain't iced

Lights on, lights off

I shine like a lighthouse [Trick Daddy]

My shit is platinum

These assholes wearin' white gold

See, I'm too smart for this 'cause

All my shit paid for

And why should I rent a house

When I can buy it and write it off?

Make it my Florida home for the summer

'Round winter time just rent it out

See, I ain't none of them

Who ride around on rented rims

Change on the weekend

And floss in him mama's Benz

See, when I hit the scene

I be so fresh, so clean

White fitted, white tee

Ain't no nigga like me

What kind of shit you on?

Wearin' fuckin' rhinestones

Them cubic zirconium, son

Them ain't fuckin' diamonds

So you gonna fuck around
And get gangrene at the arm
Who'd rob and kill one
Over some motherfuckin' slum?
Your chain is crazy
That shit for gazey
And it ain't real
Unless it's copper or stainless steel
So whoever made it
You shouldn't have paid it
Twenty grand for a watch
That's fuckin' gold plated! [Chorus] [Baby]
Sixteen out the house
Seventeen gold mouth
Eighteen on the block
Nigga got them thangs out
Birdman stunna, nigga, we don't sit in jail
Real nigga's do real thangs
You know we make bail
Trick, hit me on the cell
Know I gotta make a sale
Found myself in Dade County
Nigga's movin' pounds of bail
So fresh, so bright with the ice
Nigga, you could loose your life playing with the bright lights! Yeah
Cali got my back
I'm strapped, nigga, and prepaid
Doin' it big, poppin' bottles, nigga, the g-way
Black handles, black ice, we'll get it right
For a cheap price, nigga, that cutter'll get your mind right
M.O.B. to a bitch
Made my hood rich
Quick cash, young money; it's that uptown shit
Ballin' one them bitches
Shock callin' on them bitches
Two million on some ice and some cars on them bitches [Chorus] [Trick Daddy]
They asked the kid the difference between mine and his
See, my shit blindin'
His shit don't shine
'Cause that shit ain't real
His gemstones - they fruity pebbles
Just like Flinstones
And he had his 'Roley' on
But I ain't even notice his arm
But his diamonds cloudy

And he ain't shiny
And I heard his shit Tick, tick, tickin'
Oh man, this nigga trippin!
See, we poppin' bottles and smokin' bugga
Actin' cocky
Big thangs with fat pockets
Wearing seventy-thousand dollar watches
My overseas friends
Are breakin' thangs in
Invest in a smaller hit town
Shakin', bakin', and breakin' it down
We gettin' top dollar
'Cause we got that top powder
Hos slob on our Johnson
'Cause Johnson got that best powder
We call a grand a dollar
We gettin' money, holla
Rollin' hard with five fives
Real fucking street ballers
I did five trucks since the first quarter
I'm on the right path at this rate
I'll be sellin' slabs by the halves[Chorus x 2]Tuck, tuck that ice in
You ain't, you ain't iced
Lights on, lights off
I shine like a lighthouseTuck, tuck that ice in
You ain't, you ain't iced out
Tuck, tuck that ice in
I shine like a lighthouse
Tuck, tuck that ice in
You ain't, you ain't iced
Lights on, lights off
I shine like a lighthouse

Songwriters

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