Icey (Featuring St. Lunatics)

Nelly

[Chorus: Repeat 2X]I am the king of the city
Top down windows up
Puffin' like Ditty
Riding cross the hatas face mad, team gritty
Honk your horn twice if your misses lookin' prettyWell if you run wit' your niggas
Then I walk with my killas
You will never have a woman
Head as long as I'm the dealer
What you fella (uh)
You sure you want some
I run wit' slum, cats play like they bums
Money in large sums, navigators and guns
Baby mamas wit' sons
Ain't afraid to let you have it
If you trick with their loved ones
Oh I mores no, no (you tripled your fare)
You best get on your mark, get set, go, go
My jagged edge will leave you my death is so, so
Type of person continue short sit in the front row
Get your hands out my pocket
You don't want just blow, blow
The only bird I get wit' more is the doe-doe
They be like oh, oh
It's what they screamin' from the back
Play Nintendo, is when I hit 'em with the ax
Put your gun away
And you might live to see another day
Come in head, run and done, bustin' like andele[Chorus:]So now you got a range
(Boy I been had wheels)
Aiyyo you think you gotta little change
(Yeah my dirties love me truly)
I remember you use to shoot that thang
(Ya never knew me)
Ya use to clam gangs (uh-huh)Yo, when I ride vo-cal it's either Tim's or Knight
When I step in my Prada I'ma rock the ice
When the Tics do a show I'ma rock the mic
Born in "New Jack City" like Wesley Snipes
Drive a SS M.C with racing stripes
Fronted two P's of L.G, flip it twice

Hang 'round with cats who bust and they don't think twice
Nothing but dome shots no coming back twice
All I knew was hustling and rolling the dice
Scraping the dimes for whole orders of china-men rice
Now I sacrificed my life for publishing writes
Hoping everything gonna be aightSt. Lunatics at the super bowl
Top roll gettin' super blow
Rams on the twenty four second down two to go
Now we hear the Louie tho
It's two below hundred degrees
I'm drivin' about one hundred and three
With a S.T.L hat on
Top down holdin' a blunt
You know I'm smokin' wit' the windows up
I be the young dude
Chief into kung-fu, with sun-do
Come through, Beenie Man
You don't really want to
How come you, think you can
I'm from the city where
The muddy Mississippi might sink you man
I'm getting brains in the Range
With the brains blown out
With TV's, the wood grain and
Them thangs rolled out[Chorus:]It's like a hot day in July
Just bangin' when I fool guys
It's the credible, edible, federal when I'm high
On the hills on the lane
Sixty four Chevy the brains
Blown, gone, spread foam, wood, and chrome
How you doin' mama my name is Lee
I be the fabulous M.C you heard of
St. Lunatics word up
I'm like "OK", all the sun out
Ice down but I still pull a gun out
Feel that, bow down
It's real rap
Verbally peel a cap as I stomp dem out
Toe shake sixteen bars of earthquake
If I do the whole song boom
It's Vietnam
You see it wrong
So I'ma gone leave you alone
Put my mind back on
Who I'm gone to take home

Ya might get jumped
Grab a cell call me tall
Need some Air Max 'cause dem boys
Bobbin' like stone, and a...[Chorus:]Ya ready for this, it's Ced let-me-entertain-ya
Wassup, representing on wax
Talkin' on record like P-Diddy
I'm just here hollering for The Kings of Comedy
You know too sharp Steve Harvey, Burnie B. Mac
Keepin' it on the D.L Hugley[Chorus:]

Songwriters
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