Ice Water

Raekwon

Tommy Hil' rockin ice niggaz
Tommy Hil' ice rockin niggaz who fuck
Mira afrente
Take a one on one to this shit y'all
(Yeah)
Get your nostrils clear
(Yeah)
Come on, sniff your brains out
All my Al Capone, Al Pacino niggaz
(Yeah)
Who's down with drug smuggling
Cappadonna Golden Arms
Yo, yo, take out the rap kingpin, the black Jesus
I know a few niggaz sniff coke, it cause seizures
Peace to half-moon Caesars and all the bitches in the bleachers
Hot weather, sex on the beaches, jury shopping out of the country
Deluxe luxury, people sayin' dem not change, look, truckle me
But what about the Wonder Woman bracelet?
Two-oh point three diamond cut engraved rubies, kid I laced it
My sweet tooth gotta nigga throbbin', ready for robbin'
But first hit Maria's, for a butter almond
The bionic microphone is stacked mechanic
Move like a bunch of Mexicans with bandanas
Son, it's on, so we can just Maximillion
I got the spot sewn, so we can make a billion
The God's tropical, ladies call me black fruit punch
Rainbow, flavored niggas, murder niggas for lunch
Peace to the Paris crew in the avenue and my nigga, Jay Love
Who carries switch blades on the red roof
Yo, the first branch, the third leaf, whoever want it got beef
I politic, show love, crush those who dare creep
Into my realm of sunshine, I praise divine
Fine line between dawn of dumb, deaf and blind
He ain't mine, he shook like the faggots on daytime
Crossed over grain while we was bubblin' moonshine
Sippin' on the Moet, laid up, Rae-Gambino
Mastermind the plan, Tony Starks, Cappachino
Develop while your head be swellin' up all for the nation
Blinded by the ice while I release the confrontation

Donna holy fat bads of weed, ravioli
Pasta, Bodyguard the killa bee songs like Kevin Costner
Infrared all inside your bumba rasta
Cappadonna pimped the derby like the mobster
Yeah, yeah, eight spaghetti lame brain ass niggaz
Quarters, nickels, and dimes bitch, except for overtime nigga
Any ass money should be fine
'Cause I'm coming strong, reakin' niggas backs, keepin' shit real
If you haven't noticed crazy ass, rusty ass nigga
Let me tell you this four times
Tony Starks, Raekwon the chef
Cappachino and Golden Arms
Is comin' through mad strong
From the isles of Shaolin
For all them faggot ass
Rusty ticket-head bitches too
Shump shump baby
Yo, back in the days, baggin' crack, scrapin' plates
Flippin' cakes to them heavy head, niggaz hatin' Jakes
It be us, all the war's soldiers, hangin' in halls gettin' over
City niggaz who for blood money rockin' Rovers
Stay dipped, don't have no money in your pocket
In the streets while these people mark money in their Jeep
Crack bums, watch your back for jumps
Caught before a fake twenty dollar bill, get em son, we ain't the one
Politickin', purse vickin', sick of these Dominicans
Eatin' good, had to shoot my way up out of Bennigans
That's life, to top it all off, beef for white
Pullin' bleach out tryin' to throw it in my eyesight
Yo, what the fuck was on yo mind?

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