

Black Ice (Sky High) [feat. OutKast]

Goodie Mob

Now you know and I know I done bumped every hole in the wall yall
Did you catch that phone call most of y'all that met me
Thought I was tall, Gipp flipped like a dip
Slipped fell on the black ice
Did you think twice, homeslice came and he went
Satisfied got bent bars ain't shit
Meetin coast to coast yeah I laughed and boast
Man do-si-dos, too many comin close to Touch what I never touched befo', seen what I never seen befo'
Woke up and seen the sun sky high, sky high Circulate like a Sunday paper
Capers caught long time, to cheap flicks, good picks
Paid hard, watch the hard turn sideways
Pick the tale for real sales to those who lose cash
Players keep your life for now
Feelin good and warm, windows rolled tight
Thirty-five degrees, nippy tonight, don't forget the chapstick
Lips dry quick, when the jack out
Make you wanna act out, take the slack out
Some people black out, hibernatin 'til we came back out Touch what I never touched befo', seen what I never
seen befo'
Woke up and seen the sun sky high, sky high
Touch what I never touched befo', seen what I never seen befo'
Woke up and seen the sun sky high, sky high I been in it for the past few days
Tighter than fades I'm knowin my plays
Now can I rap? Can I adapt? Not really sure yet
Who that lookin over the shoulders of those writin dreams
Fiendin for the taste of menthol
Missed class stayed in the hall
Lookin for a squeeze play, better yet a holiday
Stayed away from the pyramid board game
Broke it down to a neighborhood slang
Cash befo' fame Sky high Now who done stepped in?
The nigga the B-I-G the secret weapon Boi
Slicker than Black Ice, throwin these flows like rice at weddings
So quit flexing, we speakin about
Somethin that's refreshin to the earlobes
Pay for the room and still be in pimp mode
Like icebergs, Chryslers and Buicks
Some niggas ain't on they jobs so them suckers here to lose it
Abuse they privileges and now the whole village is, been shot to pieces

Cause niggas are bitin that same stupid shit I mean that feces
Boy don't beep me, if you ain't got no work
I'm strictly bout these verses like the ones you hear at church boy
Search boy, talkin' about your dough long like Lurch, boy
Every time I heard you rhymin like a fucking jerk boy simp, yeah! Friends, Romans, countrymen lend me yo'
eardrums
It was a beautiful day off in the neighborhood
Yellows and greens and blues and browns
And greys and hues that ooze beneath dilapidated woods
Ain't a thing could explain what pertains
To cocaine it's a stain that rain
See summer roll around niggas holla bout change
Then they steady move them ki's like Bob James
Cause old man winter's arrived, the temperature dives
November just died, December's alive
Thus it ain't no typical ride
Just individual's way to bring home
The bacon when bacon was all gone
Makin it our own, takin me all wrong
We've all indulged in the bulge of those no-no's
No you ain't solo, it's even lower levels you can go
Take sun people, put 'em in a land of snow Touch what I never touched befo', seen what I never seen befo'
Woke up and seen the sun sky high, sky high

Songwriters

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