

# Soul On Ice

## Ice Cube

Off the dribble  
September 28th  
That's the date  
I am the West  
In stores  
You got to get that shit  
Internationally known  
You got to smell my cologne  
Last coast, motherfucker  
Last toast, motherfucker  
Old money, old money, old money, old money  
Old money, old money, old money, old money  
Old money, old money, old money, old money  
Old money, old money, old money, old money  
Old money, new money, no money, nose money  
Don't try to turn the Godfather into sonny  
Don't try to turn your forefathers into money  
The rap guy got the whole world prayin' for me  
Pray for me, [Incomprehensible]  
Crazy tunes DJ it for me  
I'm the real Iron Man  
You just rub it down me  
I'm crack head and black face  
Fresh out the country, nigger  
Back the fuck up off me  
I burn just like hot coffee  
I'm kind of sweet like toffee  
Look what this gangdom thought me  
Look, mamma, look, mamma  
I'm soul on Ice  
Look, mamma, look, mamma  
I'm soul on Ice  
Look, mamma, look, mamma  
I'm soul on Ice  
Look, mamma, look, mamma  
I'm soul on Ice  
Hey

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