

# Iceman (Feat. Young Buck, Scarface & 8Ball)

## Lloyd Banks

Yeah! Uh, I'm back

Uh, ha ha

Uh, ooh[Chorus]

Yeah yeah, they know me 'round here, they call me Iceman

I ain't your friend boy, I'll fuck your wife man

Look at my left, now look at my right hand

Every time I move it looks like a strike of lightning

My name is Banks, but you can call me Igloo

There's white rocks on my neck, and my wrist's blue

So don't trip, cause you know I got my pistol

You'll be surprised of the doors that it gets through Yeah, Louie introduced me to jewelry, now I'm lovin' it

Tell Jacob the shinin's so good, them hoes love the shit

Diamond after diamond, and I climbed up out the bottom

So holla if it's a problem, I got 'em just like you got 'em

I'm stylin' they grillin' cause my whip can buy a skyscraper

Roll down the windows stick my hand out, "Hi hater!"

I'm on my way to L.A., I'll see you guys later

You'll be here when I get back, ain't got no time to drink that

Now all I do is sit back, hop on the plane and sip 'gnac

Hop in the Range and whip that, came in the game with this crap

You say my name you get smacked, right on your brain with the gat

Know who you playin with Black, then holla back[Chorus]My name is Buck, but you can call me Icey

I keep spillin' Cristal on my white T

Don't give a fuck, bitch you ain't gotta like me

I pop my trunk and have you runnin' in your Nike's

Look what I just bought, this white mink I got it in New York

And this bright link I put it on and walk right out the store

Where's my car keys? What am I gon' drive?

My Phantom got the steering wheel on the wrong side

Pocket full of cash, Ferrari with the drive-out tags

Them hoes followin' us, let me stop and get some gas

Liberace, the cops watch me

I'm ice skatin' like a nigga playin' hockey ? holla back[Chorus]Canary yellow princess cut, rocks when I smile

Fat boy kept it gritty since I was a chubby child

Look at me now, hat cocked up, wristwatch rocked up

When I put my hand up to my mouth and hit that sticky stuff

The light, hit the ice, on my eight-ways piece

In the streets, I'm a G; on the mic, I'm a beast

Keep a bitch, on her knees, nigga please, I'm a pimp

Purge first, ask last, I'm a shark, you a shrimp  
Check a deuce, Chevrolet, rims taller than my son  
Gun, on the seat with a extra clip cause I ain't fin' to run  
In my brand new, shell toe, three stripe, all white  
In other words, come my way with that shit you gon' lose your life[Chorus]What the fuck are they yellin'  
Dope man, anybody killa in the hood, fuck the homeboy sellin'  
I've got a problem with him - if I can't touch it  
Then he can't slang it, and these streets get dangerous  
Corny niggas pull up in cargo vans  
Palms sweaty, icky's out with they masks all mad  
I gave 'em the order, and that's all bad  
Born into flossin' flashin' got his mark-ass, smashed  
The Iceman is in the buildin' chillin'  
Big game huntin' and this lame's, stuntin'  
Got an addiction that's deeper than a prescription  
He's sleepin' I'm on a mission to beat him in my position  
It's fucked[Chorus]They know me 'round here, they call me Iceman  
Watch out  
They know me 'round here, they call me Iceman  
Watch out, I'll fuck yo' wife man  
They know me 'round here, they call me Iceman  
Watch out  
They know me 'round here, I'll fuck yo' wife man  
Watch out, yeah

Songwriters

Crewe, Bob / Brown, Larry RussellPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group, Royalty Network, O/B/O  
APRA AMCOS Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>