

Sellin' Ice Cream

Master P

Just another day, sellin' ice cream in the bay
An' fools trying to get him for his pay
But Master P don't play, it's all about money
Just another day, sellin' ice cream in the bay
An' fools trying to get him for his pay
But Master P don't play, it's all about money
I'm in the south side with ghetto cheese, or should I say ice cream
72 Oz's, players I mean 2 Ki's
For all you niggas that smokes
I got my homies with the gats posted by the liquor store
'Cause we ain't takin' no shorts, in the 9 scrilla
Say, what you want fool? I guess I'm a drug dealer
From the south side of Richmond, California
Where niggas run through with gats all up on ya
You better break North, South 'fore we take you out
Ain't no love in this motherfuckin' crack house
Lay down on the floor bitch break me off
'Fore you meet my little partner Mr.Sawed-off
I'm goin' crazy, Indonesia
Blowin' up the brown sticky nigga 'bout to please you
With this ketchup, watch I'll wet ya
Ain't no gettin' up 'cause your in a mess bro
'Cause it's just another day, sellin' ice cream in the bay
An' fools trying to get him for his pay
But Master P don't play, it's all about money
Just another day, sellin' ice cream in the bay
An' fools trying to get him for his pay
But Master P don't play, it's all about money
Drop the top on the Regal, shot a desert's eagle
Candy cane switches that's how us G's roll
Hoo-ridin' to the lizzay
Seen Tina, from the town laid her on that's a dizzy
But the side show was jumpin', bumpin'
Oozin' biker shorts and daisy dukes outside pumpin'
And niggas from Richmond rollin' hella deep
My little homies from Oakland got chased by the police
And these hoes wanna kick it
I met a bitch from Frisco gave me her number on a traffic ticket

And tonight I'ma page her
My niggas talkin' shit but these hoes get fade ya
When your ballin' they jealous, they hatin'
I guess they mad 'cause a nigga own gold day tons
And they bitches started lookin' at
Niggas I'm trigger happy, fuck it and my ass nappy
Get more hoes than freak show
Ask your bitch, nigga she know
But ya'll can't fade us
'Cause No Limit niggas come harder than the Raiders
I'll break you off a little left and feel it chump
What you see motherfucker is what you saw
'Cause ain't no stoppin', No Limit
TRU and Master P it's only the beginning
And we in it to win it like a rottweiler
I won't stop fool, I already made a million dollars
And I'm up and outtie on a comeback
Tryin' to get a fuckin' million in big stacks
'Cause it's just another day sellin' ice cream in the bay
An' fools trying to get him for his pay
But Master P don't play, it's all about money
Just another day sellin' ice cream in the bay
An' fools trying to get him for his pay
But Master P don't play, it's all about money
Just another day sellin' ice cream in the bay
It ain't No Limit, it ain't No Limit
Just another day sellin' ice cream in the bay
It ain't No Limit, it ain't No Limit
Say, wassup to all y'all players out there
Ice cream is trickin' us
In case y'all wondering what ice cream is
It's anything that you can make a profit of
I mean get paid, scrilla, scratch, paper
That's ice cream
Anything you can make some dizzolars of
Ya heard me? Remember that players

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>