

Eskimo (feat. 2Chainz)

Gucci Mane

I can't let it go, I'm an Eskimo
I used to make one hundred thousand at the Texico
Now my neck is froze, I can't let it go
I'm so cold on these hoes like an Eskimo
I'm an Eskimo, I'm an Eskimo
So cold in the booth, I'm an Eskimo
I'm an Eskimo, I'm an Eskimo
So cold on these hoes, I'm an Eskimo Rich nigga with an attitude
So I got to hold a lot of ice cubes
More tattoos than a white dude
24 inch Billy White shoes
Balling on these niggas like I'm shooting hoops
Jumping out the coupe, no parachute
Walking these streets like a prostitute
Mines off top like a lawyer do
Three girls in my two seater
Crammed in, that's four people
Good drank and some nice reefer
These [?], I don't want to take her out to eat her
My gang cold as Siberia, ice white interior
I swear a nigga can't get rid of her, you stalking a ho, that's pitiful
Well I'm going in like a curfew, I'm shitting off top like a bird do
You doing birdshit like a birdbrain, I'm tryna see how these birds move
Got a Rolex and it's ice blue, in a drop top screaming how you?
In a drop head in the drive through, call a therapist, I got the swag flu
Aston Martin, watching Martin
And it's all red nigga, Barry Larkin
Valet park it, that's when I [?] start it
That's when your girl start talking at me, shoe out of pocket
I know she popping, took her to my 'partment
And that thang started dripping nigga, like a faucet
When it's that wet I fuck em on the carpet
I bet the neighbor know my name, it's "oh shit stop it"
Got them 8 balls in my corner pocket
I'm a D boy, I'm tryna detox
Big rims on the car, look like the knees knocking
Cold, when 12 see me they like freeze partner
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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