

# Ice Cream

## Fat Joe

[Intro: Fat Joe] Yeah, Krillz on to check it

Whattup Big March? K-O-J

Yeah...

This is the ice cream, yeah the ice cream man

Ha, the ice cream, I'm the ice cream man

Uhh, T.A. all day

You don't need that watch, yo, yo

[Fat Joe] I went from Jackie to Janice, Trina to Tameka

She had the fattest ass if my niggaz woulda seen her

See a nigga on, before you know it I'm gone

Front of the coliseum watchin girls eyes roam

Just a throwback nigga, with the Motorola phone

Hopped in the spaceship, whole 'nother zone

We outta here; back to the Bronx where the real say

Every last Sunday of the month call it Krillz day

Every other week I hear somebody tryin to kill me

But I be out of town, gettin money where the bills lay

Ice cream, ice cream, she wants ice cream

Says she's on a diet so I hit her with the light cream

I got the sweetest love, you know that rock thick

Shorty you can lick lick, suck on this big dick (AOW!)

Hold up, shit, you better get your wet wipes

You know Joey G'd up, I got every stripe

I got houses on the side of mountains

I'm more fearless than every one of my killers

If your girl leaves with me, she gon' keep comin

She gon' keep cummin, keep cummin, she gon' love me (ow)

[Chorus] Ice cream, ice cream, who wants ice cream?

Hey - everybody screamin for that ice cream

When she screams, I scream, I scream, she screams

Hey - everybody screamin for that ice cream

Ice cream, I'm the ice cream man

Yes the ice cream, I'm the cream man [3X]

[T.A.] I'm feelin like the Bronx most wanted, how they all want it

When it come to pretty women fuck them womens by the hundreds

I'm a stunner, a sunner, you can call me what you wanna

I'll, take yo' bitch she'll be "Gone 'Til November"

I, got so many hoes some names I can't remember

It was Tonya, Wanda, movies, made 'em  
Two time Johnny, two freaks when I slay 'em  
Always get new ones, old ones might play 'em  
Bumpin "Maybach Music" and I'm in the Maybach  
Come and get your ice cream, lil' mama lay back  
(Where at?) On the lap of Crack  
Cause we be trizzin, hit you from the front and the back  
My time is money, better have my money ASAP  
I done came up, I can bet them niggaz hate that  
If your girl leave with me, she gon' keep comin  
Comin keep cummin, keep cummin, she gon' love me  
[Chorus][Raekwon]Yo, aiiyo  
Who smelled the fragrance? It was Chanel mixed with YSL  
Flagged in burgun', serpent know well  
We at a large brunch, discussin the God's punch  
Kayla with Bartles & Jaymes, shorty kept starin at my shell son  
And my velour was rugged, my whip was 400  
Gangsters I was with flashed all hundreds  
Gucci couture to store shit  
Let me get the number love the worker exhausted, I forced it  
(That's right) Paragon style, I'm fly with it, might be what'chu want  
With good taste, put you in a good space  
Sat back, check her shape, good shape  
plus she vegan, I'm fiendin for you like Swiss cake  
My medicine is you and me in love, the plug was a match  
Gats on the center, Irish pub  
She kept laughin, lickin her lips, listen to flicks  
Clean Aston, now I got my hand on her tits, but uhh  
[Chorus][Outro: Fat Joe]Yeah! Hustle super fly shit, y'knahmean?  
On that A.C.G. shit, that fly Pelle  
Jumpin out that brand new whip on my own tip  
Little Dominican mami you feel me?  
It's Coca, Krillz! J.O.S.E. 2  
Get at me nigga

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