

# Icy (feat. Young Jeezy & Boo)

## Gucci Mane

I'm icy, I'm icy[Chorus]  
All these girls excited  
Oh ya know they like it  
I'm so icy, so icy  
Girl don't try to fight it  
All yo friends invited  
I'm so icy, so icyGot a house around my neck, and my wrist on chill  
Any given time, 250 in ya grill (a quarter million?)  
All I do is talk shit, you can even add a couple grand for my outfit  
You better act like ya know man, in my hood they call me Jeezy the Snowman  
Ya get it? Get it? Jeezy the Snowman  
I'm iced out, plus I got snow, man  
Let it marinate, y'all niggas is slow man (slow man)  
(Man what the fuck y'all, yo dumb ass)  
I used to get nineteen for a beat  
Call me Ginuwine, the same 'ol G ('ol G)  
I'm the shit biatch, I need toilet paper (damn!)  
And some air freshener nigga, fuck a hater  
These niggas don't like me  
I'm wit the Gucci Man and I'm so icy[Chorus]She diggin' my fit, she think I'm the shit  
Is this a chain on my neck, or the watch in my wrist  
Maybe the ice in my ear, or my bracelet  
But she look like the type that could take a dick  
Young Gucci Man, don't kiss me baby you can kiss my chain  
Ya gotta be a dime piece,  
Just to look at the rocks in my time piece  
I come through in a drop top Jag, or Old-School Chevy  
Wit the antique tags  
My pockets so heavy that I can't walk steady  
Niggas coppin' ice we done done it already  
Got a gold grill but it's not from Eddie  
I ride big Chevy's cause a nigga ain't petty  
I'm icy, so motherfuckin' snowed up, lil' kids want to  
Be like Gucci when they grow up  
Me, Jeezy and Boo  
We ain't hatin' pussy nigga 'gon and do what you do  
'cause we icy, so icy, we icy, so icy[Chorus]I'm hoppin' out the range wit the seats piped out  
You can still see my chain even when the lights out  
'cause that's how monsters do it

Spit a lil game give 'em that flosser music  
I'm the man from the C.H.I.  
These lames runnin' 'round thinkin' they so fly  
Got a lil' buzz but Boo been too high  
I'm pullin' hoes in the club and I don't even try  
I guess when she glance at my wrist, she want to get my dick  
I tell her holla at Jeezy if ya want to pop Cris  
Get at Gucci Man 'cause he on some lil' shit  
And you know I'm in the cut, grippin' my 4/5  
Like let a nigga trip, naw we ain't runnin'  
We just takin' all ya chicks, buyin' drinks gettin' blunted  
Groupies, show you how to do this son  
We throwin' out hundreds while you savin' them onesI got so many rocks, on my chain and watch  
I know I'm the shit, my chain hang down to my dick  
I know I'm the bomb, just look at my charms  
I know I'm the shit, my chain hang down to my dick[Chorus]I'm so icy  
Look at my charms  
My, chain, hang, down, to my dick

#### Songwriters

Jenkins, Jay / Davis, Radric DelanticPublished by

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