

# Mr. Ice Cream Man

## Master P

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Ice Cream Man, yeah

Mr. Ice Cream Man

Mr. Ice Cream Man Before you jump in the game, let's get one thing understood

If you sellin' that ice cream, ya has to make sure it's good Mr. Ice Cream Man

(Mr. Ice Cream Man)

(Mr. Ice Cream Man) Hit the blocks dressed in white with some baggy girbaud's

A pocket full of stones, 3 G's and tryin' to lose these hoes

And the task coming sick 'cause it's the first of the month

Fiends on my pager like I'm tryin' to take these fools to lunch Going crazy in the ghetto, try to kill me

My little homies lost life, y'all fools feel me

I pack a D 'cause I'm paranoid at night time

Brother be pullin' jack, I'm in the hood bustin' gangsta rhyme And still gotta watch my back in the hood G

Like Spice-1 said, Those fools living like movie

Little kids get 'bout it, I mean my hood is rowdy

I'm try to make a dollar, 50 cent before I'm up and out it Before you jump in the game, let's get one thing understood

If you sellin' that ice cream ya has to make sure it's good Mr. Ice Cream Man

(Mr. Ice Cream Man)

Mr. Ice Cream Man

(Mr. Ice Cream Man)

Mr. Ice Cream Man

(Mr. Ice Cream Man)

Mr. Ice Cream Man

(Mr. Ice Cream Man) Mr. Ice Cream Man or call me Master P

I got that 2 for 3, call me if you need some D

Me and my little brother Silkk, we be ballin'

Got this thang sewed up from Texas to New Orleans And cross the West Coast where fools get wicked

