

Ice

Charli Baltimore

Artist: charli baltimore f/ mase

Uhh nigga

Uhm, yeah

(do you wanna (repeat through song))

[charli baltimore] (mase)

Yo, yo, yo

See I hold my head, hoes wanna 'spite me

Mad, I got the jag' but they the wifey

Icey, is what my merchandise be

Know i'ma star, so they over-price me

Charli b'more be twice you bitch

Tell you got no style by the ice you pick

Step into my cold area, polar bear wear

White minking, white lincoln, now what you thinking

What? too much ice got you blinking?

Meanwhile, mickey sinking, what you drinking

West philly, bad bitch, dress really

Ain't met a nigga with enough dough to sex really

Seen everything, from king's to heavy haters

Cherry gators, tahoe in every flavor

Rhymes I wrote (9's I tote 'em)

And times I hold 'em

I even put 9's in niggas quotas

What

Yeah

What

Yeah

What what

Yea what what

Turn me up, though

Turn me up

[mase]Yo, yo, now if you don't stop

Then we won't stop

If you want the bottom, then I'll be on top

I ain't never met a bitch that ain't ever suck a cock

So if you gotta proof, I gotta have a drop, bi-atch!

[charli]If you know b'more, then you know this song

I'ma rip any shit, niggas throw me on

While I'm reachin' mine, I ain't known you that long

Fuck around, nigga, wiggle more then your rollie gone
Ring too
Get that nigga cream too
Hit him bout once or twice, dream come true

[mase]I'll give you more then a six, mansion on the beach
Chanel flip flop's, satin all on ya feet
Liguini for brunch, or spice and your heat
So a bitch like you, can't check me from the street
[charli]I'm not a girl who'll dream about living with mase
All I wanna do is get his cake, and sit on his face
What what what
Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah

[mase]Yeah, what what what, what the fuck, ughh, yo
What they think, cause be mase young, mase be dumb
They get mase strung, there'll be no prenum
But ever since blood die, my life change
Out the blue, I'm they boo, that's quite strange
Now ya nice thangs, way out the price range
Half these girls, don't even know my right name
Though I got rollie, mink made of coyote
Love a ghetto hoe, I know she die for me
You got me confused, see cam the freak
Mase never the cat, bring sand to the beach
Show some that the average show-hand couldn't reach
Living expenses, 50 grand a week
You know me, I v-o-t, low key
Platinum rollie, smoke a o-z
Baby face nigga, without no goatee
2 point 8, about to blow 3

Huh
What the fuck
What the fuck
Yeah yeah yeah
What what what
Yeah yeah yeah
What what what
Yeah yeah yeah
What what what

Uh
What the fuck
Don't stop
What the fuck

We won't stop
Harlem-philly's
Still bless ya forever
Mase blessed forever

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