

# Iceman

Lloyd Banks

YEAH! Uhh, I'm back  
Uhh, haha  
Uhh, oooooooh

Yeah yeah, they know me 'round here, they call me Iceman  
I ain't your friend boy, I'll fuck your wife man  
Look at my left, now look at my right hand  
Every time I move it looks like a strike of lightning  
My name is Banks, but you can call me Igloo  
There's white rocks on my neck, and my wrist's blue  
So don't trip, cause you know I got my pistol  
You'll be surprised of the doors that it gets through

Yeah, Louie introduced me to jewelry, now I'm lovin it  
Tell Jacob the shinin's so good, them hoes love the shit  
Diamond after diamond, and I climbed up out the bottom  
So holla if it's a problem, I got 'em just like you got 'em  
I'm stylin; they grillin cause my whip can buy a skyscraper  
Roll down the windows stick my hand out, "Hi hater!"  
I'm on my way to L.A., I'll see you guys later  
You'll be here when I get back; ain't got no time to drink that  
Now all I do is sit back, hop on the plane and sip 'gnac  
Hop in the Range and whip that, came in the game with this crap  
You say my name you get smacked, right on your brain with the gat  
Know who you playin with Black, then holla back

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My name is Buck, but you can call me Icey  
I keep spillin Cristal on my white T  
Don't give a fuck, bitch you ain't gotta like me  
I pop my trunk and have you runnin in your Nikes  
Look what I just bought, this white mink I got it in New York  
And this bright link I put it on and walk right out the store  
Where's my car keys? What am I gon' drive?  
My Phantom got the steering wheel on the wrong side  
Pocket full of cash, Ferrari with the drive-out tags  
Them hoes followin us, let me stop and get some gas  
Liberace, the cops watch me  
I'm ice skatin like a nigga playin hockey - holla back

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Canary yellow princess cut, rocks when I smile  
Fat boy kept it gritty since I was a chubby child  
Look at me now, hat cocked up, wristwatch rocked up  
When I put my hand up to my mouth and hit that sticky stuff  
The light, hit the ice, on my eight-ways piece  
In the streets, I'm a G; on the mic, I'm a beast  
Keep a bitch, on her knees, nigga please, I'm a pimp  
Purge first, ask last, I'm a shark, you a shrimp  
Check a deuce, Chevrolet, rims taller than my son  
Gun, on the seat with a extra clip cause I ain't fin' to run  
in my brand new, shell toe, three stripe, all white  
In other words, come my way with that shit you gon' lose your life

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What the fuck are they yellin?  
Dope man, anybody killa in the hood, fuck the homeboy sellin  
I've got a problem with him - if I can't touch it  
Then he can't slang it, and these streets get dangerous  
Corny niggaz pull up in cargo vans  
Palms sweaty, icky's out with they masks all mad  
I gave 'em the order, and that's all bad  
Born into flossin flashin got his mark-ass, smashed  
The Iceman is in the buildin chillin  
Big game huntin; and this lame's, stuntin  
Got an addiction that's deeper than a prescription  
He's sleepin I'm on a mission to beat him in my position  
It's fucked

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Watch ouuuuut...  
They know me 'round here, they call me Iceman  
Watch ouuuuut, I'll fuck yo' wife man  
They know me 'round here, they call me Iceman  
Watch ouuuuut...  
They know me 'round here, I'll fuck yo' wife man  
Watch ouuuuut... yeah