

## Ice Cold

Birdman

Ladies and Gentlemen, this young man is the author of the book  
'Pimps Are People Too'  
He is also the president of 'Guns, Bitches and Automobiles'  
He also controls all the seafood trade  
He got, the skrimps, the lobsters, the primes  
The salmon, the little salmon, the big selmen  
The sardines, the cardads and all that  
Ladies and gentlemen, put your hands together  
And give a warm welcome  
To Jay Fizzle, my nizzle, fo shizzle  
Hey, turn up J. Fizzle's microphone  
Stunner and T Kizzie that's so icy  
Mommy gave me rans on the back of my bikey  
I got the mink coat for wifey, wifey  
Icey icy, my wifey wifey  
They should have named me Dr. Freeze  
'Cause I'm the coldest nigga y'all done seen  
Day that rap met R&B  
We got the Birdman, Jazze and me  
Ay, ay, see I'm so icy, my life so cool  
So so icy, the boys a fool  
Ice from iceman, I ice my boo  
Iced all over, from my head to her shoe  
Ice in the mail from Jacob, boo  
I got a million dollar prala seat behind ya too  
It's million dollar mob that's behind me, boo  
Now watch what the fuck I do  
Wipe 'em down, wipe 'em down, biatch  
Tell me why, why is it so  
That I'm so, oh, ice cold?  
Tell me why, why is it so  
That I'm so, oh, ice cold?  
Ay, ay, T Kizzie, R&B around  
I put ice on my mom and my sister too  
It's mister icy icy in the burgundy coupe  
I'd ice my grand-daddy, if he still was here  
On them white-wall tires with them white-wall rims  
It's the million dollar ice, ice pumped up boots  
I got ice all over, with the million dollar shoe  
Look at iced up dro back, iced up me  
Watch number eighteen as he kill the city  
Put ice on my Benz, on the twenty inch rims  
And I ice my lens with the barberry tims  
I got ice on my wrist, too cold to melt  
Pinky ring, icy icy in a bird nest  
I'm from the ice clique, we unexplainably rich  
Whole lot of hits, whole lot of chips  
See O, the Birdman, whole lot of bricks  
Put it all together, that's a whole lot of shit  
Tell me why, why is it so  
That I'm so, oh, ice cold?  
Tell me why, why is it so  
That I'm so, oh, ice cold?  
Ay, ay, T. Kizzie, big pimpin'  
I got million dollar game, with as fly as freak  
Princess, bigness, ice on my teeth  
Round shape, we shape, my shit is a fool

I got fifteen karats, icy ice, my boo  
Went to the corner, you can see me  
I'm in the ice cold six four, smokin' dro  
Ballin' nice and E-Z, S S that I bought from fresh  
With the Cali license plate that read 'L.A. Is Best'  
Big Wop is iced out and Ceedi iced out  
Tiny-toe, big G, my rounds iced out  
And Exey icy hot, and busy is too  
We get money, spit ice and wear Gucci suits  
Let me tell you 'bout what we are is what we are  
Ice cold money makin', see ya marra  
And we gon' keep ballin' 'til they close the bar  
And do the same damn thing tomarra, oh yeah, oh yeah  
Tell me why, why is it so  
That I'm so, oh, ice cold?  
Tell me why, why is it so  
That I'm so, oh, ice cold?  
Fo sho, nigga, y'all know who want this ice shit  
For this game, nigga, it ain't no secret  
See ya morra for life, nigga, my whole crew shinnin', nigga  
Busy, Birdman, third world magnolia, biatch  
Say T Queezie, you too hot for me pimpin'  
See you stunnin' and you talk enough shit  
To make a cripple man walk, I'm a tell you like this, dog  
See Jimmy, you holdin' down back there  
Nigga, keep your head up, I'ma say  
Elton, are you still one of the hottest niggas out there nigga?  
You ain't front at all nigga, keep ya head up, biatch  
My brother's in this shit ya heard me, biatch  
Please believe me, nigga  
Birdcall, motherfucker, motherfucker