

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 rangs 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, icey 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 icey 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