

# Iced Out My Arms

DJ Khaled

You can hear my diamonds talkin'  
You can, you can  
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You can see my diamonds talkin'  
You can, you can see  
DJ Khaled

I got Patek on my arms (Phillipe!)  
I got Patek on my arms (Phillipe!)  
I put Patek on my arms (unique!)  
I put Patek on my arms (woo!)  
I put Patek on my arms (ah!)  
I put Patek on my arms (woo! ice)  
I had to ice out my arms (ice)  
I done iced out my charms

Bust it down, bust it down, bust it down  
This is a hundred Patek, 20 more for Piguets  
Boardin' a jet with a quart on my neck  
Make her go board a plane with a brick on her breasts (hey!)  
I shoulda played for the Mets (Mets)  
OG two-tone my Patek (two-tone)  
Makin' these bitches obsessed  
Makin' these niggas grip TECs (ahh)  
Flex on my ex (flex)  
Like my man Khaled, say know we the best  
She saw the Patek and got undressed for sex ('Tek)  
Damn I'm so dranked that I saw a T-Rex  
Unleashin' the beast and I beat on my chest  
Ah, uh, step on the peds (step on the peds)  
Patek on my flesh  
Lambo wings, fly out the nest  
We do not settle for less (who?)  
I'm in the ghost with no head (ghost)  
I'm thankin' the Lord 'cause I'm blessed  
And some of my niggas, they dead (rest in peace)  
Pockets on Gotti  
We pull out the street in big body  
Might pop a wheelie, Kawasaki  
We make the profit and cop it  
As soon as they drop it  
Money fallin' out of my pocket (hey!)

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I done iced out my charms  
I had to ice out my arms (Phillipe!)  
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Niggas gon' watch at the arms (unique!)

I put some ice on my arms (woo!)  
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Ice, ice, woah, woah  
I put VVS' in my Patek, who want static? (21)  
Nigga don't touch my watch, it's gon' be tragic  
Keep that bratchet (fire)  
Tennis chains and tennis bracelets  
Nigga like I play at Wimbledon (21)  
Gang, gang, bitch  
Y'all niggas actin' feminine  
Gang, gang, bitch  
We gon' pull up on your Sprinter and (21)  
Ice on my neck and my arm, it's drippin' (ooh, drippin')  
Saint Laurent sweater, lil' bitch this ain't no Coogi (yep)  
Bitch you shop at JCPenney, you not bad and boujee (21)  
Patek drippin', Hublot drippin'  
And I got a bust down Rollie, cost 60 (21)  
Audemars bust down cost 150 (21)  
Hol' up, hol' up, hol' up, hol' up  
I got keys, I got keys like Khaled (keys)  
My bed Tempur-Pedic, I got an M in the mattress  
Lil' bitch

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Yeah, yeah  
The Patek Phillipe sit right on my wrist  
With a super bad bitch, eatin' right at Phillipe  
Plus she fuckin' with a winner  
Jury lookin' like a slushie  
Fresh up out the blender  
Maybe I hit her, maybe I didn't  
Even if I did, I don't remember  
Been a player since the very beginning  
Stones in my charm, never my denim, no  
Chain flooded like the livin' room  
Incredible  
Rappin', it was either that or sellin' dope  
Shit, let the dice roll  
Now diamonds all on top of diamonds, huh?  
Drippin', gotta let you know I gotta go  
Catch you anywhere, you get strong-armed  
I'm talkin' upstream on a paddle boat  
Okay one car, two shoes

You in hot water like a pack of noodles  
Yeah, wife-beater, no tattoos  
Like Wu-Tang, my cash rules, yeah  
Brand new Richard Mille and it's tourbillion  
'Bout to swap the Patek for the Vacheron (switch it!)

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