

Icy

Gucci Mane

I'm icy, I'm icy, I'm icy, I'm icy, I'm icy, I'm icy, I'm icy, I'm icy

All these girls excited  
Oooo ya know they like it  
I'm so icy, so icy  
Girl don't try to fight it  
All yo friends invited  
I'm so icy, so icy

Got a house around my neck, and my wrist on chill  
Any given time, 250 in ya grill (a quarter million?)  
All I do is talk shit, u can even add a couple grand for my outfit  
U betta act like ya know man, in my hood they call me Jeezy da Snowman  
Ya get it? Get it? Jeezy da Snowman  
I'm iced out, plus I got snow, man  
Let it marinate, y'all niggaz is slow man (slow man)  
(Man what the fuck y'all...yo dumb ass)  
I used to get nineteen for a beat  
Call me Ginuwine, the same 'ol G ('ol G)  
I'm da shit biiiaaattch, I need toilet paper (daaaaaayyum!)  
And some air freshener nigga, fuck a hata  
These niggaz don't like me  
I'm wit da Gucci Mane and I'm so icy

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She diggin my fit, she think I'm da shit  
Is this a chain on my neck, or the watch in my wrist  
Maybe the ice in my ear, or my bracelet  
But she look like the type that could take a dick  
Young Gucci Mane, don't kiss me baby u can kiss my chain  
Ya gotta be a dime piece,  
just to look at the rocks in my time piece  
I come through in a drop top Jag, or Old-School Chevy  
wit da antique tags  
My pockets so heavy that I can't walk steady  
Niggaz coppin ice we done done it already  
Got a gold grill but it's not from Eddie  
I ride big Chevys cuza nigga ain't petty  
I'm icy, so muthafuckin snowed up, lil kids wanna  
be like Gucci when they grow up  
Me, jeezy and Boo  
We ain't hatin pussy nigga 'gon and do what u do  
Cuz we icy, so icy, we icy, so icy

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I'm hoppin out the range wit da seats piped out  
You can still see my chain even when da lights out  
Cuz dat's how monsters do it  
Spit a lil game give 'em that flosser music  
I'm da man from da C.H.I.  
These lames runnin 'round thinkin they so fly  
Got a lil buzz but Boo been too high  
I'm pullin hoes in da club and I don't even try  
I guess when she glance at my wrist, she wanna get my dick  
I tell her holla at Jeezy if ya wanna pop Cris  
Get at Gucci Mane cuz he on some lil shit  
And you know I'm in da cut, grippin my 4/5  
Like let a nigga trip, naw we ain't runnin  
We just takin all ya chicks, buyin drinks gettin blunted  
Groupies, show you how to do this son  
We throwin out hundreds while you savin them ones

I got so many rocks, on my chain and watch  
I know I'm da shit, my chain hang down to my dick  
I know I'm da bomb, just look at my charms  
I know I'm da shit, my chain hang down to my dick

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I'm so icy  
Look at my charms  
My...chain...hang...down...to my dick