

Once again I'm back in the place to be
The I, the C, the E, the T
I'll never get a Grammy, so fuck the G
All I need is crowd, and my M-I-C
Got a gangster ass DJ named Evil E
My record label's called Warner B
William Morris is my agency
I'll never go broke, I got property
Got a dope pitbull named Felony
Got four gold albums
So what you tell'n me?
Power was two, Iceberg was three
This one here shipped five hundred G
Now when I roll, I roll stupid deep
Benz's, Bemers, and boomin' Jeeps
I'm always strapped
Cause my money I keep
You move on the Ice
And you're goin' to sleep
But when you see me
Walkin' down the street
You say, "What's up Ice?"
And I say, "Peace!"
You give me a dap, I give you one back
Cause I ain't souped
So forget about that
We might take pictures
Sign n utograph
Kick a little flavor
Have some fun and laugh
But step to me wrong
You might get shot
And wind up lookin' out a ziplock!!!