

Mr. Ice Cream Man

Master P

Before jump in the game let's get one thing understood
If you sellin that ice cream ya got to make sure it's good

Mr. Ice Cream Man

(Mr. Ice Cream Man)

Hit the blocks dressed in white with some baggy girbaud's
A pocket full of stones, 3 G's and tryin to lose these hoes
And the task coming sick cause its the first of the month
Fiends on my pager like i'm try to take these fools to lunch
Going crazy in the getto try to kill me
My little homies lost life, y'all fools feel me
I pack a D cause i'm paranoid at night time
Brother be pullin jack, I'm in the hood bustin gangsta rhyme
And still gotta watch my back in the hood gee
Like Spice-1 said those fools living like movies
Little kids get bout it I mean my hood is ROWDY
I'm try to make a dollar 50 before I'm up and out it

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Mr. Ice Cream Man or call me Master P
I got that 2 for 3 call me if you need some D
Me and my little brother Silkk we be ballin
Got this thang sewed up from Texas to New Orleans
And cross the West Coast where fools get wicked
I'm in the gang hell a D I'm try to score a meal ticket
Break fiends on boulders I means Al soda
Duckin the task and try to hide from the rollers
And hangin' with TRU soldiers, my TRU click we true to this
TRU 2 da G A M E fools we ain't new to this
And in the hood I got ice cream cones, and if fiends
want a lick nothing for free that gonna cost you 20 bones
For y'all ballers that won't wait call on my pager
I got half gallon of milk fool I got 31 flavor
Mr. I-C-E, M-A -N is on the scene
You betta have my fetti if you don't have my ice cream

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Now let's see who owes me cash I gots to go to grind and gets mine
Fools be try to check it, wreck it, but it's about that time
See who owes me, pay me now, don't pay me later, cricket alligators
Try to scheme off the top, but they be like playa haters
I got that 2 for 3, 4 for 5 got them rocks
But killers I got that 2 for 3, 4 for 5 I'm maxin glocks
You can come and check my grip you can come and check this
But I'm on that triple gold 9 thiller LEXUS
Master P in the 500 S E L with a triple beam
You scream, I scream, but the fiends screaming for ice cream

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Master P the Ice Cream Man

Y'all fools betta recognize I'm the real Ice Cream Man

Mr. Ice Cream Man

Master P or call me the Ice Cream Man