

# Ice Age

Ras Kass

Ay, how come you won't gimme no pussy tonight?  
Aight, well, shake the spot then, you think you special?  
I hear your car keys jinglin', get the fuck out

El Drex, what you wanna do? Shai dog, what you wanna do?  
Kurupt, what the fuck you wanna do?  
Nigga, is you a rider, nigga? Is life fucked up?  
They let the gangstas in this muthafucka, Ice Age

I ride for my homeboys  
I ride for my homeboys  
Nigga, it's all about the money  
It's all about the chips  
Let's get rich, what, what?

With my new Tiny Tim, try again  
Up against the full wind, I'm an alien beast  
Generate, penetrate, bust shots  
Then fled, quick sick in the head  
Rippin' motherfuckers to shreds

Facsimiles, don't know, friend or foe  
Elusive, nigga this exclusive, conclusive evidence  
Your vision is short range  
Rearranged, restructured, recomposed and decomposed  
Disassembled, dismembered, reconstructed, polished

Perfected, demolished, rejected, fo' sho'  
Like I'm supposed to know this nigga  
I ain't neva seen him before, my life  
Bitch ass nigga, who tha fuck you supposed to be?

'Cause, niggaz, I grew up wit' threw up shit  
On some I don't give a fuck shit  
Makin' enemies, duck shit  
I'm on some make a million bucks quick

Money gone, quick, get a duck sick trick  
Not the one to fuck wit'  
My dyke bitch pimpin' on some Nike Flight shit  
Ludicrous iron mic shit

Stab yo cold heart wit' a ice pick  
Tha ice age, ice age  
Tha ice age, ice age  
Stab yo cold heart wit' a ice pick

Now Ben must be either pampered or crushed  
To regulate, relegate and delegate power  
Nigga touch sumtin', touch no one and die slower  
You drain your battery you barely talkin' like Teddy Ruxpin

See that's whattup, nigga, I don't give a fuck  
Spit some shit so nasty it will make Lil' Kim blush  
As if a '98 Bentley didn't tempt me  
To lay bullshit up in dis 60  
But consequently my conscience didn't permit me

I'm one third black man  
One third Jackie Chan and one third sand  
Shitftin' across the surface of tha land  
Golden State warrior  
Let my nuts hang like niggas in nuisance

So why you givin' groupies all your Lucci?  
I've been known for fuckin' hoochies in Suzuki's  
And slippin' bougie bitches roofie  
Loved yet feared, severe yet loved

The full time titan, fightin' 3 million over night thugs  
So get your hand out your rectum  
'Cause you can't stop shit, don't rock shit  
Studio hustlaz claim they got more ki's than a locksmith

What part of the game is this? Overtime  
Gimme the mic, the money, the pussy and the order  
The more the overpopulated, get fucked and ovary-copulated  
So all you chumps on some ?You owe me an apology? shit  
Suck your apology out my dick

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Let's get rich, what, what?

We all pawns in the game  
But every pawn got his personal chess board  
But how many pieces can you afford?  
We got reason to believe you a traitor  
In 20 words or less Webster's definition of a playa hater

The reason why you hate me so bad  
Is 'cause you love me too much  
But don't like yourself enough  
And, homey, that's it, your hands probably got calluses  
From the way you be swingin' on my dick

That's why your main squeeze wanna fuck me for free  
Slit the finger on my monkey then she dropped to one knee  
If she playin' wit' her pussy, she can suck on my D  
Then you can cum wit' me until 2 PAC