

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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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