

## Ice Cold

Red Café

Let's get ready to rumble!

Saratosa, the Notorious BIG  
Back to flight school  
How's yo bitch?  
East side niggas, what it be like? Shit down

Ice, ice cold  
That's a cold muthafucka, ice ice cold  
That's a cold muthafucka, ice ice cold  
Muthafucka, ice ice cold  
That's a cold muthafucka, ice ice cold

Ice, ice cold  
Fuck all the bullshit, we takin over  
All my niggas be stuntin heavy like they supposed to  
We won the trophy, fuck all them nominees  
Now I'm prayin to God for all my rivalries  
Ice, ice cold  
That's a cold muthafucka, ice ice cold  
Fuck with my money might be your last day  
We smokin' niggas, I'm gon' need an ashtray  
Strip off her lingerie like a robberies  
I made her cum fast like she was Japanese  
She listen to Drizzy, Weezy and Trigga Trey  
I said whatever baby, you getting dick today  
Hah, thug life, that's swole like  
Shakedown, we got the best dope price  
Yea

Ice, ice cold  
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That's a cold muthafucka, ice ice cold  
Muthafucka, ice ice cold  
That's a cold muthafucka, ice ice cold

Ice, ice cold  
These niggas counterfeit, they ain't bout shit  
I be weighin stacks, ain't got time to count shit  
I'm just tryna get ahead while we get some head  
First flock a nigga, they know I get to the bread  
Yea, ice ice cold  
I'm a bad muthafucka, bad like Michael  
Let's get it  
Shit might look trippy but we ain't trippin though  
(What else?)  
Might just be sippin but we ain't mixin though  
(What else?)  
All the time I ran, was on the federales  
My chick be on the Aderol or they on the molly  
Got that album, still getting that buckle out  
They waitin for this shit like Mayweather and Pacquiao

Ice, ice cold  
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That's a cold muthafucka, ice ice cold  
Muthafucka, ice ice cold

That's a cold muthafucka, ice ice cold

I'm runnin the town, no fuckin around  
I'm fuckin with Hov, I'm back on the brown  
Walk through the valley, the shadow of death  
I'm pitchin the white like I'm back when I'm out  
Bangin this pussy while you on yo feelings  
Makin a killin, got work and I'm villain  
Livin the life of a hustla child  
Pop me a freak then I'm back to the dealin  
We in the streets, just me and my dawg  
Ridin around with the strap and it cocked  
My niggas shooters, my bitches is bout it  
We smoking and drinkin, get fucked by the law  
Ice, ice cold  
And we back to the hood with the OG kush, that boy psycho

Aye man kill that beat man  
Kill that shit nigga  
Psycho 2, what else?  
(Fatality, fatality)

This is Donald Trump and who kid you're fired