

Ice Cream Cone (Gucci Diss)

Waka Flocka Flame

See I been shooting pistols since the 7th grade
I been a real nigga since 2nd grade
And when I met Gucci, thought I met a real nigga
Until he crossed the line and he became a fuck nigga
I used to share rooms, now I got it made
Niggas sip codeine like its lemonade
I'm still the same nigga with his nappy fro'
Ain't nothing changed but this dirty cali coat

From roaches to Rolex's I been through so much shit
Effin on me and I got an extra clip
Wish a nigga trip, wish them pussy boys slip
Geeked up off them drugs so he better watch his lip
Know a nigga blood, but respected by the crips
Shawty shake that ass, let me see you do a split
And you know I got an army, know I got some killers
If he try to harm me, I'm sending killers
Keep them fuck-boys from round' me
Know they wanna doubt me
Wanna see me broke, locked down in the county
How the fuck you sending shots nigga, at a shooter
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I ain't worrying bout' shit, nigga wreck crew all around me
If there's 20 niggas then there's 20 pistols around me
Jump in the water bet them young niggas drown you
Shooters shoot for free I ain't gotta place a bounty
Overstep your boundary, I'll revoke your blood pass
Used to be my nigga, now you jealous, where the love at?
No loyalty, you put money over all that
Fuck this industry, cause' the streets know the real facts
P.S. Don't get caught in that, this ain't for promotion
All in your feelings, all in your emotions
Just for attention, you cause all of this commotion
Nigga you just talking you don't really want your business in t
he open

[Hook]