

# Ice Cream Man

Yukmouth

\*(Yuk speakin)\*

Listen, I bring to you.

(chimes)

Here ye, here ye!

Attention all dope fiends, haha!

This is a Smoke-A-Lot pre-sentation

Check it!

I bring to you.... the 5th Ward mutha fuckin Boyz!

An Smoke-A-Lot himself!

Chorus \*(Fa Sho)\*

I am a dope fiend an

(the ice cream factory)

I need my drugs

I bought 'em from the Ice Cream Man

(in '98, posted up, posted up)

He's my neighborhood thug

I know I need to stop, but

I say no

(slang crack)

Cuz I'm a dope fiend an.... I need my drugs!

Verse 1 \*(Yukmouth)\*

Nigga.

First you cut the stove up

450 degrees farienhiet

Mix the bakin soda wit the China white

Sugar delight, Puruvian flake crack rock

Playa fill the pot up wit water, put the pot on the stove to make it hot

Then rock it up

Place the caviar in a jar full of boillin water, then shake it up

That's how I rock it up

Presice, before I chop it up

I sell it

My dope fiend test the product to see if I got the stuff

Packin gats incase I gots to bust

My cousin rode off in the wind wit two chickens, ever since then no

Nigga I can trust

Plus, family an business don't click

Cuz family members try to play you like a bitch

I'm quick to pistol whip this shit outta niggas like this

My niggas from the Vill killin each other, go to jail an turn snitch

Like a bitch

Me, I slang double ups, half thangs an zips

Blueprints on how to bubble up, have thangs an grip

Digital triple beam at my lab

Breakin down slabs an bump a zipper

Nigga 28 grams wit the bag

Fuck it

Drop Jag or a Cutlass

My ice cream truck be the toughest.

Chorus \*(Fa Sho)\*

I am a dope fiend an  
I need my drugs  
I bought 'em from the Ice Cream Man  
Well, he's my neighborhood thug  
I know I need to stop, but  
I say no  
Cuz I'm a dope fiend an.... I need my drugs!

Verse 2 \*(007of the 5th Ward Boyz)

I scream  
You scream  
We all scream for ice cream  
Trippin out these dope fiends  
Bringin back all kinda things  
T.V.'s, camcorders, VCR's, stereos  
Beepers, cell phones, any thing they get they hands on  
Nigga I don't want this shit  
Bring me back some cash  
Even dope fiend bitches try to get it for some ass  
Bitch I don't want no pussy  
I don't want no head  
I see they drapped the preist, creepin, violation the police.

Verse 3 \*(E-Rock of the 5th Ward Boyz)

See we Mobb figgas  
Coke dealas  
7-4-7 straight to Oak-Town hit 'em up wit Yuk now  
Yola snatchers  
Made money, go-getters  
Blood elapse ya  
Turn around an pimp slap ya  
I'ma make you love me bitch  
Wit the cock or the rocks  
Stockin up the million dolla spots  
Rollin in ah  
Candy coated '98 big body Tahoe  
Plenty dope smokers.

\*(Chorus)\*

Verse 4 \*(Lo Life of the 5th Ward Boyz)\*

All I need is one bird  
An I wont turn back  
An I'm show you how to turn this tough, turf-Town white powder to crack  
An I keep my clip clacked, so  
Please don't try an jack  
In the midst of the transact, I found where the dope fiends at  
I over react  
After midnite, while sellin my cream  
A dope fiends dream is to follow me, while, smokin out a screen  
I drive by in my ice cream truck  
Wit fiends run up  
I got 'em touchin for the good stuff  
White colored and blue  
I got yo drugs!

Verse 5 \*(Yukmouth)\*

I got yo drugs  
Heron, infedamines an crack  
Fiends get jacked  
Fiends get slapped  
Fiends that rap  
They got me back an fourth  
I'm tryin to shake the state  
Bakin cakes  
Razor blades  
Kragen plates  
Busta niggas they can hate  
Slangin major weight  
Thousand grams is a key  
Outta town a pound of boogie brown cost a G  
So I send it down  
Couple a rounds, never lost to P  
Never lost a G  
Mutha fuckas never crossin me.

\*(chorus)\* 2x  
(echos out)