

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 boilin 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)