

Ice Cold

Berner

In the '62 Impala, got the motor out a 2013 Corvette
Slidin' like it got church socks on
Slide like the motherfucking tires are wet
All about a check in the GPS
Hustle hard, gotta treat yourself
You deserve the best
Move with a boss bitch and I curve the rest
Took a lil' bit of loss and I gained some wealth
That's game in your radius
Homeboy, I'm always 'round some player shit
Trampoline for the green, made paper flip
Never change, just increase my house shopping price range
Addicted to nice things
I'm kind of proud of it, though I'm kind of ashamed
Fresh from the plane to some unreleased strains
Uncharted terrain, I'm floating again, man

I'm floating again, man, ice cold champagne
Hot nights underneath the city lights
I'm floating again, man, ice cold champagne
Remember life, what it used to be like
I'm floating again, man, ice cold champagne
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From the planes to some unreleased strains

I be playing with her mind
I'm not a criminal but baby, give it here, it's all mine
A hundred at a time, I find another lime
Tanqueray, that's the lemonade with the lime
We cross state lines after sold-out shows
Bus full of smoke and halfway hoes
Infinity tub with the all white stones
The DA hate me but can't touch my grows
Napili beats chillin' with the low temp dabs
Mushroom chocolate got me stuck in the sand (I'm fucked up)
I don't drink much, but the champagne's cold
Rose gold skelly got my wrist all froze
We keep the prices high, why you tryna sell 'em low?
And fuck Instagram, why you tellin' on the phone?
It's like I'm always on the road, yeah, I moved another load
I got another one rolled, two hits'll make you float

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