DJ Break 'Em Off Hood certified you bastards Free Radio, you motherfuckers

Big Sant, Go-rilla Top chopped off, won't find nothin' trilla Pimpin' makes ya hard bitch, I'm 'bout my skrilla Two bad bitches, chocolate and vanilla I was candy paint pimpin' down 6th street Texas East side of Austin, rippin' up a Lexus Mississippi mack shit, backflip, roof off T-Top old school, movin' like a U-Haul Who do I ball? Boss hog, big dog 3rd Coast all star, rims big, tint doors [?] gonna go hard, you thought wrong I was on my 4th coat of butterscotch, ice cream paint job Who ya with? Girl get up in if you never seen doors that remind you of Benz I'mma win, they took a loss She took a look and saw a boss

Cream on the inside, clean on the outside Ice-Ice-Ice cream paint job

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Mr. Ice Cream Man what they call me Sittin' in a bucket of vanilla I was crawlin' Tryin' chill dash, seats marshmallow Pop my top, school double yellow Butter-pecan keep her on the scene I really dig your flavor shawdy, cookies and cream Rock and Roll lean, sprinkles I be toppin' them White and Brown, shawdy pink, real neapolitan Baskin' like Robbin and them, Ben and Jerry too Chopper in the trunk, don't make me strawberry you He ain't said nothin', do it myself When she saw me in the club, made her ice cream melt How much ice cream left? They like Krizzle what they call you Yea my swag Blue Bell, shawdy, you should leak it on you Wrist deep freezer, chain ice cold Dunk on 28 inch oreos My ride

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