

## Ice Talk

EST Gee

Who got the ups on us  
Strap across your shirt  
Like nigga buckle up  
You came in  
So I send you on that hit  
Might die you fuck it up  
Clip hold got like T trimmers  
Real street nigga  
My money up  
Wave this bitch  
Like hey what's up  
Soon as fat boy  
Get close enough  
Niggas don't want bums  
They punks  
On IG  
Up I post em up  
I'll talk to them bodies late at night  
When I be rollin' up

They know it's us  
Go with all that flaggin'  
Bitch you braggin' now  
Choke on bruh  
40 that's the caliber  
The magazine the 17  
I got this from Medallin  
18 times 33  
I hope he ain't sellin' dreams  
Might go back to mailin' keys  
I don't want no good bitch  
Make Dugg bitch a felon please

Maurey's Methamphetamine  
You know this that ice talk  
Cop I don't fool that pipe off  
Yellow tape  
White chalk  
OT gettin' this ice off  
400 hundred mounds  
Every country town around  
We beat it down  
Used to bag up pieces  
Sittin' up east  
Listenin' to 'Wipe Me Down'

I know they don't like me  
All your brothers, sisters, cousins  
Feds ever hit the house  
Put my shit in the oven  
They get cheaper by the dozen  
Roster  
Grew to a monster  
We blow them choppers bitch  
I don't know my after bitch  
Tell me what come after rich  
Play with us we whackin' shit

Claimin' shit and stampin' shit  
Fuck y'all

Yeah, yeah,  
Yeah these niggas  
Don't want beef with us  
They IG killers  
We bendin blocks  
And 3 rentals  
I don't see niggas  
Keep drillin'  
Bitch we breed killers  
We elite spinners  
Big Shiner  
Keep his heat with him  
Eat and sleep with it

Wake up  
Bitch wanna fuck the youngin' from the front  
Go get that makeup  
To make sure all my niggas had a piece  
I took a pay cut  
Hoe gon' put this apartment in her name  
You need some pay stubs  
I'm crankin' off fake drugs  
400 in 8 months  
10 with me like they stuck  
The driver like my idol  
That's the only bitch I can't touch  
These niggas is not me  
These niggas is not G  
Got blow pack  
Got roxys  
Got weed stems  
Some boxed gin  
I'm top 10

Go cash one and get locked in  
Got outta line and get knocked in  
In my city I'm top 10  
I'm 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9  
With a white boy snortin' H lines  
In the side county  
Niggas can't find  
With a 4-5 on my waistline  
Like fuck next  
I'm lit now  
Cross door I'm big slime  
I'm still slidin'  
I'm rich now  
Everybody gotta pick sides  
Took a risk to hold up my wrist high  
My lil brother took 6 lives  
He a lil nigga but look 6'5  
Can't the ops say  
That they didn't hide  
Yeah