

Ice Pick

Fabulous

I ain't gon' do too much on this
It's that Vincent Price type of shit
(Kill kill kill...)

Every verse is a novel (read)
Every other chapter, I bust you or carve you (neat)
I'm a grown man so I don't wanna argue
1 point somethin' for the stone in the marble (umm)
Thank God for the things that I got already (thank you)
No house warmin', crib hot already (woo!)
I'm heroin compatible, powder ready (uh)
Them niggas that booked you is the crowd already
(Kill kill kill!) G-wagon'll do store runs (haha)
I ain't votin' this year, just coppin' more guns (yep)
Big funerals, everybody can all come
Mortician, hell of a job, body was awesome (awesome)
Body on the ratchet, only reason to toss 'em (umm)
Probably up in the Four Seasons havin' a foursome
Lucky they get a Uber, I usually iron horse 'em (yep)
As far as the dope boys go, I endorse them, what?

Killin' these niggas like it's a sport now
Fellas of Rockefeller or Rothchild
Tailor made cloth on my body, holdin' the fort down
Room full of bosses callin' me boss now (what?)
Killin' these niggas like it's a sport now (what, nigga?)
Fellas of Rockefeller or Rothchild
Tailor made cloth on my body, holdin' the fort down
Room full of bosses callin' me boss now

Evil thoughts comin', should I re again? (what)
Havin' talks with the Devil, it's just me and him (what's up)
He ain't never crack a smile, but I seen him grin (haha)
In my man cave watchin' CNN (umm)
Yeah, I do it cause I'm built to
Bad day for me is red wine on a silk suit
I can make a call and have a nigga bring a mill through (bring that)
I associate with the niggas that could've kilt you
(Kill kill kill...) at the table, the round or the square one
At the clearport, playin' cards 'til the Lear come (C-note)
Havin' money talks, too large for your eardrum
Death pentalty, that's when the needle or the chair come
(Kill kill kill...) best shape of my life, check the endurance
Got the guns in the attic for home owner's insurance
You know preferably rather the chrome for my performance
Still murderin' shit, knowin' damn well that they on us
We like fuck it though, what?

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Room full of bosses callin' me boss now

(What, what, what... kill kill kill...)