

# Black Ice

Goodie Mob

Do you ever see that stuff that be,  
When it get cold, that ice that you can't see?  
See, that shit happens sometimes.  
Yep, black ice.

Now you know, and I know, I done bumped every hole in the wall, y'all.  
Did you catch that phone call most of y'all didn't met me?  
Thought I was tall, get flipped like a dip.  
Slipped, fell on da black ice.  
Did you think twice? Homeslice came and he went.  
Satisfied, got bent bars, ain't shit.  
Meetin' coast to coast, yeah, lamped and Bo-man do-si-dos.  
Too many coming close 'cause...

Touched what I never touched before, seen what I never seen before.  
Woke up and seen the sun sky high, sky high.

Circulate like a Sunday paper.  
Capers caught Tony Tone with cheap flicks.  
Good picks pay hard; watch the hard turn sideways.  
Clip the tale for real sales to the who, lose cash.  
Flesh Live your life for now.  
Feeling good and warm, windows rolled tight.  
Thirty five degrees; nippy tonight, don't forget the chapstick.  
Lips dry quick when the jack out make you want to act out.  
Take the slack out, some people black out.  
Hibernating to a cave, backout.

I been in it for the past few days.  
Tighter than fades, I know all my plays now can I rap? Can I adapt?  
Now really sure, yeah, who's that looking over the shoulders  
Of those writing dreams?  
Feening for the taste of menthol; missed class stayed in the hall.  
Looking for a squeeze play, better yet, a holiday.  
Stayed away from the pyramid board game.  
Broke it down to a neighborhood slang, cash before fame.

Sky high.  
Sky high.  
Sky high.  
Sky high.  
Sky high.  
Sky high.  
Sky high.  
Sky high.  
Sky high.  
Sky high.

Now who done stepped in? The nigga the be fucking the secret weapon, boy.  
Slicker, that black ice throwing them flows like rice at weddings.  
So quick flexing, you speaking about sankin'; that's refreshing to the earlo  
bes.  
Pay for the room and still be in pimp mode.  
Like icebergs, Chryslers and Buicks.  
Some niggas ain't on their jobs, so them suckers tend to lose it.  
Abuse their privileges, and now the whole village has been shot to pieces.  
'Coz niggas are biting that same stupid shit, I mean that feces.

Boy, don't beat me if you ain't got no work.  
I'm strictly about these verses, like the ones you hear at church, boy.  
Seach boy, talking about your dough and punk like lurch boy.  
Every time I heard your rhyming, like a fucking jerk boy, simp, yeah!

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your eardrums.  
It was a beautiful day off in the neighborhood;  
Yellows, and greens, and blues, and browns,  
And greys, and hues that ooze beneath dilapidated wood.  
Ain't a thing could explain but what pertains,  
To cocaine and sustaining rain.  
See summer roll around; niggas all about change,  
Then they steady move them keys like Bob James.  
'Coz old man winter's arrived,  
The temperature dives,  
November just died,  
December's alive.  
Thus it ain't no typical ride.  
Just individuals way to bring home the bacon when bacon was all gone.  
Making it our own, taking me all wrong.  
We've all indulged in the bulge of those no-nos.  
No you ain't solo, there's even lower levels you can go.  
Take sun, people, put them in the snow.

[Chorus]