

Frozone

Gucci Mane

Ayy, Heavy, turn that beat up, though
Uh, mmm-hmm (Let the BandPlay), yup
These bitch-ass niggas doin' all this motherfuckin' talkin'
I ain't even doin' no more talkin'
There ain't nothin' to say, ain't nothin' to talk about
This all you gon' hear from me from now on
Hold on, hold on
Hold on, hold on, haha
I'm with your bitch, beatin' her from the back
When I be hittin' it from the back, ah
Hold on, hold on

Uh, uh, hold on, uh
Ice on me cold like I'm Frozone (Ice)
Cartier watch, hit up two-tone (Bling)
Shit on these niggas, that sex got you dead wrong (Dead wrong)
We done made packs off a flip phone
Trappin' and rappin', post up 'til he get gone (Get gone)
Like how he get signed off of two songs?
Only been rappin' six months, it ain't take long (Take long)

I fucked the lil' shawty, gotta cum on
Catch him in traffic, hit him up 'til the truck gone
Greedy lil' bitch got her head gone
Send the airhead to get both of their head blown
Never ever, ever, would I go like that
Gainin' on the gang, checkers, nigga, not chess
Go against the gang, get your head put to rest
A-1 drop, let the car come and test
Came in raw, but I still remixed
Pushin' more weight than L.A., Phoenix
Blow a light dub, bought some drip in Lenox
G-rock shirt, one pack cost fifty
Hundred on the lines just to fuck up my kidney
Ain't about the money, then nigga, I ain't listenin'
I'ma slide every time, give a fuck if it risky
Rich-ass nigga, still posted in the trenches, uh, yup
New opp dead, now the feds out to get me
Say he catch a body, but he know that shit fixin'
If I'm not in the mood, then y'all not comin' with me
God with his ass, next time, can't miss him
Hundred bills at the spot, gotta dismiss him
Automatic choppa, yeah, I shoot it with a rhythm
I could drop a bag, get 'em up in a blender (Brr, brr, brr, brr)
Nigga talkin' gas, who the fuck got killed?
Would have been dead, but the feds got a tip
Valley Bank, J keep the HK still
Catch 'em down bad, I'ma dump a whole clip
Give a fuck about your man, get your best man killed
Feelin' like the mayor, yeah, the man of the year
Had a clear shot, still hit me in the hip
Lightbulb diamond, shinin' like a chandelier
Maybach slidin' I'm ridin' in the rear
All our opps dyin', its a celebration year
Diamonds ain't these see-through, crystal clear
Yeah, I signed a deal, that don't mean I'm in the clear
Still hoppin' with the choppa, make a nigga disappear

Was ridin' steam, now I'm flyin' in the Lear
So Icy Gang, make a bitch say, "Brr"

Uh, hold on, uh
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