

# Ice On My Neck

HoodRich Pablo Juan

She know she bad, I got the bag  
Foreign with 230 on the dash  
I could count cash, fast  
Pourin' up lean, go to sleep on the Xans  
Roll up Gelato, three grams, stuffin' my pockets with bands  
She cute, she having a hand, I'm rich I know I'm the man  
Ice on my neck, god damn, I got bitches poppin' up like spam  
Stole my money gave her 22 grams  
Sell the whole thang, way down to the gram  
She had a fat ass, god damn, I got Supreme on my Vans, yeah  
Gucci bag fill it with bands, call up the shooters they jump out the van

Ice skatin' got my shooters waitin'  
I got the cookies bakin'  
I wanna fuck 'em, impatient  
Foreign, she half-asian  
Foreign, I ride like I'm racin'  
38 keepin my shell casings  
None of my bitches is basic  
On the red pill like Neo in The Matrix  
I'm geeked up, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Everything I wear is rare  
Gucci with snakes and lions and bears  
Louis Vuitton, I love Damier  
Fuck from the back and I pull on her hair  
Got them Chanel's and they clear (Double C)  
After they come out next year  
I'm drinkin' lean, not no beer  
Shut the fuck up, ain't no reason to care  
Get your ass buss, ain't no pussies over here  
Brand new foreign with the cam on the rear  
Twenty thousand worth of ice in one ear  
I got some bitches that are white like veneers  
These niggas fallin' off the map like Sears  
I got these haters mad, they in tears  
Ya'll niggas sharks, they cut like some shears

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