

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 drankin' 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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