

# Untitled

Ice Prince

Wack-ass rappers  
Broke-ass rappers  
I'm finna go get my scissors  
I'm finna cut all your niggas

Wack-ass rappers  
Slow-ass rappers  
Broke-ass rappers  
Y'all niggas ain't got no manners

As you see me so  
I swear I no dey lack  
I no dey lack  
I no dey lack  
All my goons for my street dem get my back  
Dem get my back  
That's a fact

See my jeans get money  
E no dey slack  
I no dey slack  
I no dey slack  
Never dat

All these rappers wey dey talk  
I know they wack  
I know they  
Make I talk  
Abi make I brush  
All these girls the way they looking at me  
Come dey make a nigga wanna blush  
They cannot be like us  
Nobody fresh like us  
Niggas wanna act so tough over here  
I cut their whole dreadlocks

Back in the booth with my ABJ rastas  
And we dey blow every last card  
Always on the road like lassma  
Giddem them the smoke  
I kill 'em with asthma  
Shey you dey see all the flex  
Shey you dey see all the karat wey dey for neck  
I be like kala. I no get respect  
I be double wahala like konan and krept  
Bet  
Girl see ice turn wet  
Gave her that D then slept  
Me wey don drink all night  
But she still wan kiss with ma morning breath  
I feel like boarding jet  
But I go burn my kanaku first

I'm on my way to your city  
Please, make sure the foreign set  
Because of odumodu dem dey swear affida vit  
My haters. They pray, when they see me

Girls dem boku walahi  
Me I no dey pay for the pussy  
Alhaji  
Throw away money like qatari  
Habibi  
Na wetin she start to call me  
I pam kalashin  
Kpo  
Mago mago no dey near me  
I'm not a Dundee  
My money na mint kawai  
Zamani na hit dole  
ABJ boy in a bit sotey  
Obi cubana dey follow me eat  
Back to the business  
Back to the pimping  
My kala no dey point and miss  
Spin that kele for picanto flex am  
Odumodu squeeze my tits  
Odumodu lick my clit  
Na the same thing I suffer for my mistress click

All her friends wan nack me  
Chaw me  
Fuck me  
Wanna be my candy  
But I no get plan "B"  
So I stay on my grind just to feed my family  
And if they can't understand me  
They go hear am one day, when we enter Grammy  
They too dey fuck up  
They no dey lock up  
They no fit understand my voltage  
I told them boy there really I'm a problem  
Nigga I been drilling on road since 0-8  
I'm still a standard guy  
If you really wanna talk, we could talk no lie

Masun baby ji masun  
Get your ass up and go outside  
I told 'em wait for me  
I'm in the bank waiting patiently  
Low-key I used to just fuck on her friends  
But now they just hate on me  
I just sit back and let God handle that  
In the building I'm throwing a hundred racks  
In the section I'm fucking with you  
If I pass you the blunt, mehn you better just pass it back  
Fuck nigga

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