

# Ice Cream

Lil' Wayne

B-T-P, yah  
Is the AutoTune on?  
Hm hmm, good  
Mm

Young Money, syrup in the big shot  
Time to do the thing, that's word to your wristwatch  
Shoot the Glock 'til it burn, 'til my wrist lock  
Rims hella big, tires skinny like Chris Rock  
H-Hold the gun sideways like O-Dog  
Shoot a nigga in his face, knock his nose off  
Make the girls say my name like a roll call  
Painkillers got a nigga 'bout to doze off  
Big shit, nigga, talk big shit, nigga  
Big bread, bread like a picnic, nigga  
Shake the whole game like the Hit-Stick, nigga  
Money spread like germs, get sick, nigga  
Yeah, and fuck them other niggas  
1-900, who want it? I deliver  
Concrete shoes won't help in the river  
I don't care if you was Michael Phelps, my nigga  
I'm higher than the motherfucking Alps, my nigga  
I'm flyer than a motherfucking stealth, my nigga  
Y-Young Money shit, top shelf, my nigga  
We the motherfuckers, like MILF, my nigga  
Ahem, flow like syringes  
Yeah, I'm in my mode, got a code like Da Vinci's  
I was in the trenches, now I'm in the Trump  
And everybody watch your back when you're in the front  
You ain't never safe, stop playing with a gangster  
Brang it to his face, and he ran like a flanker  
Bend the girl over, put her hands on her ankles  
I'm all over this "Ice Cream" beat like sprinkles  
"Why, thank you!"—if you's a hater  
I'm eating, you's a waiter  
Pistol on my hip, "Tomb Raider"  
Holler at your guala, zoom, later  
Young Tune, nigga, typhoon, nigga  
And if you think it's sweet, buy a room, nigga  
Damu, nigga, I'm on my gang shit  
She give me good brain like she studied at Cambridge  
Lighting up a motherfucking blunt  
Stupid-fruity swag like a motherfucking Runt  
And I be with my dog like a motherfucker hunt  
And every day of the week is the first of the month  
Audemars Piguet with the diamonds in the face  
Can't tell the time 'cause the diamonds in the face  
We can get it popping like a semi-automatic  
And if you got beef, I put the biscuit on the patty  
Rock-star tatted, big-money addict  
Running this shit, now I'm feeling athletic  
I—I'm on a boat, bitch, getting seasick  
Stop playing, I'm fresher than a Degree stick  
Street shit—well, of course  
I smoke mad weed, I'm on my high horse  
Please, don't shoot me down, I land feet flat  
Then walk a million miles with New Orleans on my back

Ha ha! I need a massage  
And when it come to hoes, man, I got a collage  
Finger on the button, nigga, just stunting  
If you ain't the bank teller, don't tell me nothing  
Kush so strong, you can smell me coming  
Bitch, I go hard like the boy from "300"  
You think y'all kick it, well, boy, we're punting  
Young Money, baby, we're the shit, weak stomachs  
No Ceilings, motherfucker