

My Ice

Riff Raff

My ice, my ice, my ice, my ice
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When it's cold outside and I rock my ice
When it's hot outside, still rock my ice
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Not bad, drop Jag
Paper tag on the back
I was gon' leave five stacks but valet scratched my bag
I'm addicted to foreigners, rocking Ralph Lauren
Could've been stage touring, it's the white Martin Lawrence
Like a drunk doctor, I lost my patients
Started to hate waiting, Cadillac Escaladed
I'm at the Trump Towers on the escalator
If it ain't about the paper, I'm a see you later
I rock more ice than a figure skater
When Gucci got out, I had to call my jeweler
But don't get confused, my wrist is a zoo
All my diamonds are see through blue, RiFF

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[?] right back at the state park
Parked outside of Fort Knox, Porsche Boxster, door locks
Four tube socks filled with solid gold blocks
Paint wetter than a mop as I proceed to chop blocks
White ice man diamonds big as a knee pad
91 surpreme gas mango matte Maybach
Shot more jumpers than Scott Skiles, aquaberry smiles
They tried to steal my style but I was rocking reptile
It's the versatile crocodile, Iceberg Simpson [?]
I'm eating shrimp on my burberry blimp
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