

## KRUSHED ICE

Smino

Crushed ice, splashy charm  
Where you get it? Is your woman worth?  
Crushed ice fuckin' up your peripheral  
Crushed... uh, clear

I like-I like fuckin' two girls at the same time  
Same time, and she go crazy for the bassline  
Bassline, he got Apple Bottom, give me FaceTime  
Face time, livin' right now, can't erase time  
Nigga like me never really ever waste time  
Unless I lost the Piguet, I fucked her in my bunk bed  
The bus shake and we bump heads, I met her right off Sunset  
Then fucked her 'til the sun rose  
No bum hoes, we don't want those

I like mixin' Don Julio with pine, pine  
Pom-pom, shake it, it's amazing, lil' baby, poke it out  
She fuck with the Squidward, she gave me 'Kini Bottom (Mr. Squidward)  
Hoes fall like autumn, think I'm so damn awesome  
I think I'm finna move out there by Bron Bron  
Cop a new Jeep, new freak, some new sheets  
Thread count 2003, Forces from 2006  
I never trust a lousy plug, I never a childish bitch  
That's just somethin' that I learned  
Voulez-vous cou', don't lay up  
If she ain't my boo, I'm ghost, that's Raina  
Young bloke, throw on my trainers  
Then ball out, Elgin Baylor  
Good bread like Belgian waffles  
My bread and my bitch colossal

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I got a new bad bitch and she finna let me fuck her  
I did that with no liquor, my photo is on offset  
I am a pothole misser, I fucked that bitch, then ditched her  
My pa bought me a hand stitcher, yeah  
I pop Percocet, no itchin' and it's no ice in my Hi-Tech  
I'm smokin' some exotic, it's stronger than my bicep  
My coupe louder than Wyclef, it's been two days since I slept  
It's Gucci 'round my tricep, my bitch wasted as I  
I put dope inside my Backwood and you smell it 'fore I lit it  
Got pulled over, I hit it, no clear coat on it is it?  
You ride my cock, this isn't, I've got designer linen  
I'm bendin' corners in coupe, it's two bitches in it

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