

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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