I'm from the old hood, somethin like yo' hood Where niggaz don't know good, or know Suge, but the blow good So we rock it like Tracy McGrady Send it to Houston in a gray Mercedes I'm a product of my environment, grew up in the 80's So that mean, me Kanyeezy and Jeezy all crack babies And it's evident my flow is heaven-sent First LP, on the same shelf as the veterans Nigga I can't be fucked, like a lesbian I'm to hip-hop what Cartoon is to Mexicans I'm a artist, never claimed to be the hardest Just number one since B.I.G. and 'Pac departed Nate ridin with me, Snoop ridin with me All you other niggaz used to be good like Ken Griffey I'm on fire like the tip of a blunt On fire like a nigga that let it drip for a month I'm a Blood, you can Crip if you want, just let it bump like you got Scott Storch tied up in the trunk I'm the ice cream truck man, guns in the trunk man Drugs in the trunk man, call me the front man

Too much Cris' in the club not to get drunk
Too many bitches in the world not to fuck
Too much chronic in the studio not to roll it up
And too much bass in the trunk, so let it bump

You look like you mad as fuck, but who cares? Grabbin her by the arm, cause she stare Don't know how much attention you pay You better be ready to die, in this game

I thought I told y'all I'm done with the beef clown, my son three now And I've been watchin Dre so long I'm makin beats now Game on the rebound like Ben Wallace in the D-Town I mean Chi-Town, fuck it it can go down Nigga I spit the whole round, fo' plus fo'-pound Nigga this the wild wild West, call it a showdown And I'm Billy the Kid 'til they split my wig I come back from the dead, tell 'em kill me again Put my head on the barrel, dare a nigga to shoot me I'm gangsta, took more shots than Tookie I'm alive, so I'ma take a Patron shot for Tookie Roll a California blunt and keep watchin the movie Inspired by this gangbangin shit since I was two I brought the West coast back, what the fuck you do? I'm the ice cream truck man, guns in the trunk man $\$ Drugs in the trunk man, call me the front man

Too much Cris' in the club not to get drunk
Too many bitches in the world not to fuck
Too much chronic in the studio not to roll it up
And too much bass in the trunk, so let it bump

You look like you mad as fuck, but who cares? Grabbin her by the arm, cause she stare Don't know how much attention you pay

You better be ready to die, in this game

Drive fast, both hands on the dash Close both of your eyes and hope that you don't crash It's lyrical homicide, both airbags out Roll the fuckin windows down, let the bass out Niggaz - drop the top on whatever in Bitches - let your ponytail blow in the wind Inhale the chronic, blow out dollar signs Nigga you can drive a Bentley if only in your mind Four doors, leather and wood Ride like I got a horse stable under my hood And I keep a chrome fo'-five under my hood So if I die, nigga bury me under my hood Who had the hottest bitch in the game, wearin they chain Mr. H to the Izzo, Nas and Hurricane Long as my family straight, read this at my wake I gave 'em "The Documentary" and they scraped the plate Twenty magazine covers, nigga look at his face I can not, will not ever be replaced I'm the ice cream truck man, guns in the trunk man Drugs in the trunk man, call me the front man

Too much Cris' in the club not to get drunk
Too many bitches in the world not to fuck
Too much chronic in the studio not to roll it up
And too much bass in the trunk, so let it bump

You look like you mad as fuck, but who cares? Grabbin her by the arm, cause she stare Don't know how much attention you pay You better be ready to die, in this game

He wolfin a lot of shit, he look scared You can't find your girl, she right here I'm not a bad dream, I'm a nightmare 'Sides there's way too many hoes in here