

# Chocolate Ice Cream Land

TV Girl

(Saturday, Sunday, for miles around)  
(Saturday, Sunday, not much sound)

Maddie the villain, I keep it surreal  
Twist my mustache make it bend like steel  
Get the fuck back 'cause I pack the steel  
Seems fake but it's real-life electric eels  
So what the heck's the deal with these fake-ass foes  
Keep acid on my tongue, make it decompose  
You see my clothes, I'm draped in paisley  
I sniff the rose, y'all push the daisies  
And when I blow smoke y'all know what it's laced with  
You fools want a tool, take fifty paces  
If you think I'm cool, that's cool but face it  
You couldn't be me even if we switched places  
Shit talk sounds inaudible, the way that I lick shots  
I call my fucking pistols my popsicles  
M80, I aim to please  
They try to aim at me, but only in the land of make-believe

(Living in a chocolate ice cream land)  
(Living in a chocolate ice cream land)  
(Living in a chocolate ice cream land)  
(Down, down the road)

Love goes where Madison goes  
I'm at the shows, I don't rap, I just float and glow  
They ask how she does it, but no one knows  
Like when the wine-glass shatters and there's no one's home  
I got a crystal pistol with amber trim  
Wrap it in my fist, bullets that can cut through rims  
The velvet grip, the ruby scope  
I'm not talking 'bout drugs when I shoot the dope  
I'm not talking 'bout drugs when I drop the acid  
Rappers act hard but they melt like plastic  
They talk sheets like a bunch of fabric  
And when there's no beats, they just rock the static  
They freak at black magic  
The laugh the track and tip a line to stop the fragments  
But that was just a dream  
They try to fuck with me, but only in the land of make-believe

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