

# Miami Ice

Yung Gravy

(We packin' Diamond Pistols)

Ayy, look at that boy, he lit, goddamn  
He wildin' with your mami in Miami  
Or an island sippin' Brandy, gettin' sandy and I'm smilin'  
South Miami hootenanny  
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South Miami hootenanny (Whoa)

Got the Fanny, she deserve a Grammy  
Lookin' for a mom like I'm lil' orphan Annie  
Or Bambi, I'm comin' for your family  
I don't want your bitch 'cause that ass flat, Stanley  
I guess she from the wrong part of Florida  
My whip, my cash, my bitch all flowin' us (Baby)  
I'm pourin' up, sittin' here ignorin' your bitch  
She at church and she say I don't go enough  
Snakes in the grass ain't slick, bitch, I'm owin' up  
Kill the motherfuckers and the beat, call the coroner  
Everything be goin' up, I'm winnin' just for showin' up  
Gravy Train, bitch, yeah I got the secret formula, baby

Ooh, ooh, ooh, Jesus Murphy  
Damn, why'd I have to snap?  
Why'd your momma's ass just give my face a pimp slap?  
Goodness

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Your mami always come in handy  
She said I'm a sweetheart, Yung Candy  
Tom Clancy, vag' vigilante  
Gravy get up in it, every nook and cranny (Honey)  
I ain't gotta flex, baby, you know what I'm gettin' (Whoa)  
Two new hoes, a seven and eleven  
New coupe, new shoes, thank you to my brethren  
New, get the loot, tags haven as Heaven  
Now we get the fountain blue  
Pitbull in this bitch, stackin' ends too  
Cuban dinner with your mom and her friends too  
Say that shit again, if your dad, then I can too

You know what? Fuck that dance shit, drop some

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