

**S.A.F.E.**  
**"Black Ice"**

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Shit

And we come to win  
We gon' hit all the hemispheres  
Bottom Dirty South, yeah

Costly, trey slippery  
The gangsta hippie, damn skimpy  
We in your face  
Lightning told ?  
Suckers, getting hit for losses  
Not even makin' it back, to the line of scrimmage  
Seizin' those scrubs out, starters in  
Midnight madness, somethin' to us  
From A to Z  
Bustas get blocked  
For sinning papers, word is bogus  
Freeloaders get dropped out  
Pay docked  
Rollers, wanna be callin' shots  
Non-believers hot, under the collar  
Goodie to be more dope boys, and Mister C  
Generatin' dollars  
We don't leave to be followed  
I holler

Touched what I never touched before, seen what I  
never seen before  
woke up and seen the sun sky high, sky high

Um, yeah, uh  
I'm in the clouds, the dark  
My planes racin' cross the sky  
No hatin' on players, although they passin' us by  
Flyin' like a bird, with no destination, makin' a  
manifestation through  
music  
Bro use this as a way of expressing you in a cold world  
Chasin' herb, clockin' a G  
Use them G's to invest  
Sub-Zero degrees, makin' invincible slip  
Trippin' nigga the wounds

It was a hard fall to your doom

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Whenever we, and ever we capture compassion  
collage  
Cleverly they'll never be  
Bindin' for findin' that forever free  
Naturally, actually, I master me crastically  
The raspy raps, jump through trees and traps  
You don't beleive me, shout his snaps  
When his lungs collapse  
My aunt is scratchin' for the scraps  
Wanan love you but I can't, cause you eatin' and I ain't  
The sin of the same

sky high (x 10)

now who done stepped in? the nigga the b-i-g the  
secret weapon boy  
slicker that black ice throwing them flows like rice at  
weddings  
so quick flexing, you speaking about somethin' that's  
refreshing to the  
earlobes  
pay for the room and still be in pimp mode  
like icebergs, chryslers and buicks  
some niggas ain't on their jobs so them suckers tend to  
lose it  
abuse their priveliges now their whole village is been  
shot to pieces  
coz niggas been biting some stupid shit I mean at  
feces  
boy don't beat me if you ain't got no work  
I'm strictly about these verses like the ones you hear at  
church boy  
search boy, talking about your dough you punk like  
lurch boy  
every time I heard your rhyming like a fucking jerk boy,  
simp, yeah!

Friends, Romans, countrymen lend me you eardrum  
it was a beautiful day off in the neighborhood  
Yellows and greens and blues and browns  
and greys and hues that ooze beneath dilapidated  
wood

Ain't a thing could explain but what pertains to cocaine  
it a thing that  
rain  
See summer roll around niggas all about change  
then they steady move them keys like bob jamesCoz  
old man winter's arrived  
the temperature divesNovember just diedDecember's  
alive  
thus it ain't no typical ride  
just individual way to bring home the bacon when  
bacon was all gone  
making it our own taking me all wrong  
We've all indulged in the bulge of these no-nos  
no you ain't solo, its even lower levels you can go  
take sun people put them in the land of snow

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Yeah  
If it don't bump up in the club it ain't hit  
If you can't get down with D Wayne, we got crip  
Live a life short, causin' my light, but your shit, stink  
Gon' for 3 years, but we back like crimp  
For them boys with the deep dish dicks, white walls  
thick, didn't have to  
change much  
Didn't have to fix shit, so  
Man, make the mothafucka speak a blow, shake the  
fuckin' flow  
Here to let your ass know  
One more time on the grind, didn't have to think twice  
When I'm in the streets  
Always lookin' out for the black ice  
Always lookin' out for the black ice

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