

## **Dorrough f/ Jim Jones, Nipsey Hu\$\$le, Snoop Dogg, Soulja Boy "Ice Cream Paint Job"**

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(G-MIIIIIIIIIIIIIXXXX!!!!) [Intro: Dorrough] {Snoop}  
Hah! {West Coast, baby..} Yeah, remix! This time I say  
Yeah, buddy - live good, eat good Old school Chevy to  
a Cadillac Fleetwood Got the inside - (black!), and the  
outside (black!) Thinkin 'bout a Maserati, but I rather  
ride ('Lac) A.C. blow (whaaat?!), like wind chill (chill!)  
Paint drippin like the rain on a windshield [Chorus]  
Cream on the inside, clean on the outside (REMIX!  
Hey!) Cream on the inside, clean on the outside  
(REMIX! Hey!) Cream on the inside, clean on the  
outside Ice-ice cream, i-i-i-ice cream paint job Cream  
on the inside, clean on the outside (That girl...al-rite)  
Cream on the inside, clean on the outside (That girl...al-  
rite) Cream on the inside, clean on the outside Ice-ice  
cream, i-i-i-ice cream paint job [Dorrough - Verse 1ne]  
M-m-m-mama black, daddy black Uncle black, granny  
black, catch me in a Cadillac (Cadillac) Say, ridin on a  
foreign ti' wit some ice cream paint, got the shoes and I  
had to match My car, yo we stunt like that (like that)  
Down in Dallas, Texas, yeah it's crunk like that All I  
gotta do is this, drop the top and show the wrist And I  
can pull a bad chick off eye contact Yeaaaaaaa - it's ya,  
it's ya, it's ya boy Dorrough I got a wood grain wheel  
and a wood grain flo' Paint job, fresh sprayed, pop  
trunk, might wave Yeah, buddy, I'm paid, umm,  
everybody know that gettin money is the mission, it's  
the auto clone magician 0-9, but I drive a 0-12  
Expedition wit a auto-start ignition, fo' fifteens hit it Wit  
a sign on the back say "Let's go fishin" [Chorus 1/2]  
[Snoop Dogg - Verse 2wo] Yeah, West Coast nigga...  
Cream on the inside, clean on the outside Twenty-fo'  
on the ol' schools sittin up high (high) Push - I hit the  
gas, fuck a red light All chrome Chevy signs on my  
tailpipe I smash out Doggy Dogg live the +Boss' Life+  
Show these niggaz what it cost and how to floss it right  
They hear the song and they Jerk to it all night Euro  
grill, candy paint drippin off white (drip, drip, drip..)  
Yeah, we got the streets turned up Purp in my blunt,  
brown in my cup Boat motor in my engine, 15s' in my  
trunk Ice Creams' on my feet, I'ma fuck the streets up  
(Fuck it up!) Wet paint job, shift kit, no clutch Pocket

fulla money wit some Hustle Boy Chucks Sugar coat  
seats, soft white crust They say they ridin clean, but  
they ain't got it like us! [Chorus 1/2] [Nipsey Hu\$\$le -  
Verse 3hree] Look, look... It's 15s' in the trunk, let my  
beat bang (yep!) Half of chicken on my neck, let my  
chain hang (yep!) Fo fifty yellow rock'll make the ass  
swang Chevy tuned up, bangin Hu\$\$le is my last name  
For the rap game, still us in the fast lane Pulled up at  
the spot, parked the Regal on the grass mayne Swisher  
Sweets same color as the wood grain They say, "Why  
you leave it runnin?" I say "Cuz I'm in the hooood,  
mayne~!" Clean on the ouside, cream on the inside  
Ask around, bet they tell you that I been fly Way befo'  
Xzibit show, I had a +Pimp Ride+ And "All Money In" is  
the motto that we live by Look, shit kept gettin betta fo'  
me You hatin on me? It's whatever, I get cheddar,  
homie I'm well-paid so the people know me Ridin wood  
grain and leather only... Hu\$\$le [Chorus 1/2] [Jim Jones  
- Verse 4our] Splash - (candy bought) I'm drippy Car so  
clean that the paint looks slippy (Hold on!) Caught the  
swag flu so I got these niggaz sick-y Coney ice cream  
teh way the girl started lickin (Baskin Robbins) Give her  
the shovel the way she diggin me (Dig that!) +Victory+  
- (Ow!) Just the +B.I.G.+ in me Yeah, my game fly, I  
make the nasty girls get wit me (Nasty!) And after the  
telly, it's all history (Gone!) Chickens - rotisserie We  
can make it snow muthafucka, betta getcha skis (We  
got it!) Told her turn it up as I hit the speed Push the  
head down, word is bond as I hit the weed (Uh-  
ohhhhhh) [Soulja Boy - Verse 5ive] Yeah shawty, Soulja  
Boy big dawg Black-on-black Lamborghini, ice cream  
paint job WOOOSH! Black card bank card So much  
money, look like I had the bank robbed Flow cajin, spicy  
punchline Disrespect me, get jumped like the lunch line  
Titanic swag like I'm standin on a boat Man ya boy's got  
money, but ya flow still broke No pad, no pen I'm goin  
in Flyin down the highway, blowin on a Kush-ington I'm  
gettin money like I never would believe So many tattoos  
that my skin cain't breathe I'm gettin old money but I'm  
a youngsta My swag presidential make Obama wanna  
sponsor me [Chorus 1/2] [Outro: Dorrough] Ha,  
yeaaaaah! REMIX! Say, we ain't doin it big We doin it  
major, ya feel me? Mr. D-O-Double R - "Dorrough Music"  
Album in sto's August 4th A-yeah buddy, a-yeah buddy  
A-yeah buddy, Heeeey, heey, heey, heeey, heeey,  
heey Yessir

