

**Icewater f/ Raekwon, Rick Ross****"I'm a Boss"**

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[Intro: Rick Ross]

Ricky Ross, Raekwon the Chef

Thrill 5 M-I-A, yo

Ya'll know what time it is (trilla) boss

[Rick Ross]

When I'm in the crib (crib), know what time it is (is)

I'm trying to get a mill (mill), so money I can feel (feel)

Fuck a bank account (boss) keep my money in bags  
(bags)

If you coming here funny, I'm gunning your ass

Nigga, take a look at me, Ross, tell me what's fucking  
funny (funny)

Bitch, I'm a top shotter (shotter), see all the macks,  
gunny

Now I'm the pacman, I keep the packs coming

And I got a whole lot, so when that shack coming, baby  
I can hold mine, or I can pitch back

Or I can run an option, get it popping, whip that

All my Cuban links, still rocking they Cuban Linx

And they ready to swim, give me the cuban six

I got it orchestrated, cuz I'm a communist

Running for the charms, some left on the wrist

My nigga Raekwon, yeah, he the fucking Chef

So what we cook in the kitchen, he taste the fucking  
best

[Chorus: Polite]

Nigga, I'm a boss, you can catch me with the top  
knocked off

In the trap, getting blocks knocked off

Cuz, nigga, I'm a boss, and I'mma show these niggas I  
ain't gotta talk

I got a chauffeur, nigga, I ain't got to walk

Cuz, nigga, I'm a boss, cross the line, pay the fine top  
cost

Lose your mind when the nine pop off

Cuz, nigga, I'm a boss, I'm a boss, I'm a boss

Cuz, nigga, I'm a boss, I'm a boss, I'm a boss

[Raekwon]

You know we rich, Rick, my vultures, they get dip, we  
posting  
It's in motion, when that blow come, we flip-flip  
Can't take us nowhere, pa, too many spaceships  
Lay in the open, new Nike's with glaciers  
Love robbing niggas, cracking heads open  
It's like tennis, pa, I'm like Venus with the legs smoking  
Piping hot heroes, gun deleros, new Aston  
Sky blue jammy, skating on zeros  
Shorts on, tree lance, cable on, hang to my navel  
Diamond down, smoking cheeba, Grey Goose  
Dreaming bout lasagna, the beat watery  
Half glass of Whiskey, fly light skin little shorty  
All my bitches they bang, it's obvious, we be the Gods  
Rep me and my mobster sang  
We monsters, rocket launchers, razor blades  
With wands on, shoot up the telly, go bonkers

[Chorus]

[D.C.] (P.C.) {Polite}

Yo, I'm the money collector (for that money I'll stretch  
ya)

{I flat line you with that gun that's up under my  
dresser}

I be handling pies (god damn it I'm fly

It's so high, that if I jump I'll land in the sky)

{You ain't pushing no weight} You a pussy you fake

I be cooking that base (Butter just look at they face)

{Lite keep 'em coming back} The Don, keep 'em  
coming back

(It's the boss and Rick Ross on the fucking track)

[Chorus]

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