

Fat Joe

"Ice Cream"

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[Intro: Fat Joe]

Yeah, Krillz on to check it

Whattup Big March? K-O-J

Yeah...

This is the ice cream, yeah the ice cream man

Ha, the ice cream, I'm the ice cream man

Uhh, T.A. all day

You don't need that watch, yo, yo

[Fat Joe]

I went from Jackie to Janice, Trina to Tameka

She had the fattest ass if my niggaz woulda seen her

See a nigga on, before you know it I'm gone

Front of the coliseum watchin girls eyes roam

Just a throwback nigga, with the Motorola phone

Hopped in the spaceship, whole 'nother zone

We outta here; back to the Bronx where the real say

Every last Sunday of the month call it Krillz day

Every other week I hear somebody tryin to kill me

But I be out of town, gettin money where the bills lay

Ice cream, ice cream, she wants ice cream

Says she's on a diet so I hit her with the light cream

I got the sweetest love, you know that rock thick

Shorty you can lick lick, suck on this big dick (AOW!)

Hold up, shit, you better get your wet wipes

You know Joey G'd up, I got every stripe

I got houses on the side of mountains

I'm more fearless than every one of my killers

If your girl leaves with me, she gon' keep comin

She gon' keep cummin, keep cummin, she gon' love

me (ow)

[Chorus]

Ice cream, ice cream, who wants ice cream?

Hey - everybody screamin for that ice cream

When she screams, I scream, I scream, she screams

Hey - everybody screamin for that ice cream

Ice cream, I'm the ice cream man

Yes the ice cream, I'm the cream man [3X]

[T.A.]

I'm feelin like the Bronx most wanted, how they all want

it

When it come to pretty women fuck them womens by
the hundreds

I'm a stunner, a sunner, you can call me what you
wanna

I'll, take yo' bitch she'll be "Gone 'Til November"

I, got so many hoes some names I can't remember

It was Tonya, Wanda, movies, made 'em

Two time Johnny, two freaks when I slay 'em

Always get new ones, old ones might play 'em

Bumpin "Maybach Music" and I'm in the Maybach

Come and get your ice cream, lil' mama lay back

(Where at?) On the lap of Crack

Cause we be trizzin, hit you from the front and the back

My time is money, better have my money ASAP

I done came up, I can bet them niggaz hate that

If your girl leave with me, she gon' keep comin

Comin keep cummin, keep cummin, she gon' love me

[Chorus]

[Raekwon]

Yo, aiiyyo

Who smelled the fragrance? It was Chanel mixed with
YSL

Flagged in burgun', serpent know well

We at a large brunch, discussin the God's punch

Kayla with Bartles & Jaymes, shorty kept starin at my
shell son

And my velour was rugged, my whip was 400

Gangsters I was with flashed all hundreds

Gucci couture to store shit

Let me get the number love the worker exhausted, I
forced it

(That's right) Paragon style, I'm fly with it, might be
what'chu want

With good taste, put you in a good space

Sat back, check her shape, good shape

plus she vegan, I'm fiendin for you like Swiss cake

My medicine is you and me in love, the plug was a
match

Gats on the center, Irish pub

She kept laughin, lickin her lips, listen to flicks

Clean Aston, now I got my hand on her tits, but uhh

[Chorus]

[Outro: Fat Joe]

Yeah! Hustle super fly shit, y'knahmean?

On that A.C.G. shit, that fly Pelle

Jumpin out that brand new whip on my own tip
Little Dominican mami you feel me?
It's Coca, Krillz! J.O.S.E. 2
Get at me nigga

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