

## **Fredrik Thordendal's Special Defects**

### **"Electric Ice - Featuring X1 And Mieva"**

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[Chorus 2X: X-1 & Mieva]

We put lights in the chains, baby, that's what's up  
Strobe lights in the range, baby, that's what's up  
High beams in the bracelets, that's what's up  
Electric diamonds, baby, that's what's up

[Fredro Starr]

Aiyo I pull up in some big shit, poppin B.I.G. shit  
No stearin wheel, Benz toyin wit the joystick  
Park the spaceship, special effects  
On the bracelets, ice jumpin out like The Matrix  
Who light up for than Vegas  
Nigga lookin like Times Square on New Years, when the  
ball drop  
My neck is like a light show on Fourth of July  
Both wrists like fireworks lightin the sky  
Private airports, Air Force, one's untied  
Blunt in my mouth, stretch now, you waitin outside  
Shit, even when I tuck it in, it blink through the shirt  
How does it work? bitches askin how much it's worth  
Killin eighth street, Ferrari drop, niggas'll clock  
Bitches'll stop and waive, high blondin, bitches to  
watch  
"Is that lights on ya stage, that ice on ya chain?"  
Yo I'm C.O., Other People Money type thing  
Now haters in the game wanna take my place  
Live my life, wish they could take my face  
Fuck my wife, wish me death to rock my lights  
But that's the price of fame, Electric Ice

[Chorus 2X]

[Mieva]

Floss out, strawberry lights, lavender life  
More money than Blake character's wife  
Lady ice criminal, rock minerals  
Bitches can't stand it, Electric Ice, lookin transparent  
You ain't gettin no brighter, a hundred watts in the  
bezel  
The face of an angel wit the body of a devil  
Diamonds rock like glaciers

At the tennis courts wit high beams and tennis  
bracelets  
Blindin Venus, hahahaha

[X-1]

Ten days out the summer, put them blazers up  
Ninja bike night ridin wit my helmet up  
Sock on my Nikes, look at bitches clockin the lights  
Go ahead and touch that and get the shock of ya life  
Who that nigga over there wit the glow in his chest  
It gotta be X, niggas stay flirtin wit death  
Lookin like I got a Christmas tree around my neck  
You try to cop that, by Jacob ain't got those yet  
Wires inside to shine, kid the hottest design  
Try to define a nigga that's inspired to grind  
Yesterday my lights was green, today they red  
I turn the bracelet off, before I goes to bed,  
Electric Ice

[Chorus 2X]

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