

Goodie Mob "Black Ice"

Visit "[Black Ice](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Do you ever see that stuff that be
When it get cold, that ice that you can't see?
Shit happens sometimes
Yep, black ice

Now you know and I know, I done bumped every hole in
the wall ya'll
Did you catch that phone call? Most of y'all did admit
Thought it was tall, Gipp flipped like a dip
Slipped fell on the black ice
Did you think twice? Homeslice came in
He went satisfied, got bent bars ain't shit
Mean coast to coast, yell at the boat
Man do-si-dos, too many come and goes 'coz

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

Circulate like a Sunday paper
Capers caught long time with cheap flicks
Good picks pay hard, watch the heart turn sideways
Couldn't tell, Burrell cells to those who lose cares
Players give you light for now
Feelin' good and warm, windows rolled tight
35 degrees, nippy tonight
Don't forget the Chapstick, lips dry quick
When the jack out, make you wanna act out
Take the slack out, some people black out
I done went into, came back out

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

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

I been in it for the past few days, tighter the phase
I know I'ma praise, now can I rap, can I dap
Not really sure yet, who that lookin' over the shoulders

Of those bright dreams? Feenin' for the taste of
menthol
Missed class, stayed in the hall, lookin' for a squeeze
play
Better yet a holiday, stayed away from the pyramid boy
game
Broke it down to a neighborhood slang, cash before
fame

Sky high, sky high, sky high, sky high
Sky high, sky high, sky high, sky high, sky high

Now who done stepped in, the nigga B-I-G the secret
weapon boi
Slicka than black ice throwin' these flows
Like rice at weddings, so quit flexin'
You speakin' about same things as oppression to the
ear lobes
Pay for the room and still be in pimp mode
Like Iceberg, Chryslers and Buicks

Them niggas ain't on they job, so them suckers here to
lose it
Abuse they privileges and not the whole villages been
shot to pieces
'Cause niggas are bitin' that same stupid shit
I mean that leaches, boy don't beep me
If you ain't got no work, strictly 'bout these verses
Like the ones you hear at Church, boi
Search, boi, talkin' about yo dope is hump like Lurch,
boi
Every time I heard you rhymin' like a fuckin' jerk, boi,
simp, yea

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your eardrums
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
Anything could explain but pertains to cocaine and
sustain in rain
See summer rolls around niggas holla 'bout change
Then they steady move them keys like Bob James

'Cause old man winter's arrived, the temperature dived
November just died, December's alive
Thus it ain't no typical rise, just individual's way to
bring home
The bacon when bakin' was all wrong
Makin' it our own, takin' me all wrong
We've all indulged in the bulge of those no no no's, you
ain't solo

It's even lower levels you can go
Take sun people put 'em in the land of snow

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

Visit [Goodie Mob](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.