

Goodie Mob F Sleepy Brown "Black Ice"

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

Verse 1:

Now you know and i know i done bumped every hole in
the wall
Did catch that phone call most of y'all did admit
Thought it was tall, gipp flipped like a dip
Slipped fell on some black ice
Did you think twice, homeslice come in he went
Satisfied got bars can't shit
Meetin' coast to coast yeah (?) man do-si-dos
Too many coming close coz

Chorus:

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

Verse 2:

Circulate like a sunday paper
Capers caught tony tone with cheap flicks
Good pick pay hard watch the hard turn sideways
Pick the tale for real sale for the who lose cash
Flesh keep your life for now
Feeling good and warm with the rug tight
Thirty five degrees nippy tonight, don't forget the
chapstick
Lips dry quick when the jack out make you wanna cut
out
Take the slack out some people black out
Hibernating to a cave blackout

Chorus x2

Verse 3:

I been in it for the past few days

Tighter than fades i know my plays now can i rap? can i
adapt?
Now really sure yeah who's that looking over the
shoulders
Of those writing dreams
Feening for the taste of menthol missed class stayed in
the hall
Looking for a squeeze play better yet a holiday
Stayed away from the pyramid board game
Broke it down to a neighborhood slang, cash before
fame

Sky high (x 10)

Verse 4: big boi

Now who done stepped in? the nigga the b-i-g the
secret weapon boy
Slicker that black ice throwing them flows like rice at
weddings
So quick flexing, you speaking sum' that's refreshing
to the earlobes
Pay for the room and still be in pimp mode
Like icebergs, chryslers and buicks
Some niggas ain't on their jobs so them suckers tend to
lose it
Abuse their priveleges now their whole village is shot to
pieces
Coz niggas be biting that same stupid shit i mean that
feces
Boy don't beat me if you ain't got no work
I'm strictly about these verses like the ones you hear at
church boy
Seach boy, talking about your dough and punk like
lurch boy
Every time i heard your rhyiming like a fucking jerk boy,
simp, yeah!

Verse 5: dre

Friends, romans, countrymen lend me you eardrum
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
Ain't a thing could explain but what pertains
To cocaine it a thing that rain
See summer roll around niggas all about change
Then they steady move them keys like bob james
Coz old man winter's arrived
The temperature dives

November just died
December's alive
Thus it ain't no typical ride
Just individual way to bring home the bacon when
bacon was all gone
Making it our own taking me all wrong
We've all indulged in the bulge of these no-nos
No you ain't solo, it's cause lower levels you can go
Take sun people put them in the snow

Chorus

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