

Ice Berg "I'm The Shit"

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Yeah run that nigga
Yeaaah
I go by the name of iceberg but you can call me billion
you know
And I'm on my way like I always say
This my new favorite song and I'm a tell you why
Hey

I'm the shit believe that whoa
Fuck that bitch I don't need that hoe
I only smoke crypt yeah I need that dro
If you think I'm a lick I'm a squeeze that fo'
Then you gon' fall, yo soul gon' float
Up to the sky with them other people
And this ain't a game so there no cheat codes
No pause buttons and no reloads
And I lay dick act she know
And when I'm up in her you can bet she cold
I got a lot of bitches but man I need more
Cause there's no such thing as enough c notes
I run the 3-0-5 iceberg (live)
I'm bout a rap boy I'm gon' (sly)
The feds want me then I'm gon' (pie)
They can be trick and I can be (fly)
I don't give a damn it's dunk ryde or die
I rap part time drugs nine to five
16 murders I bust out the nine
Cho got 32 bloods gon' sly
I don't need friends just give me my 5
The city up with me a nigga gon' die
The city up in me and it's my time
I ride with blocks so expect my mind
I clear the whole block when the stick pow pow
I drink up the dump when they hear our sound
Hold up let me catch my breath
I'm a go till their ain't nothin left
Ol nigga nah I ain't done yet
Trick told me when I sleep I ain't get no check
It's been 2 days I ain't been home yet
Takin naps in the jet in the same biggie set
I'm under surviellence my phone on deck
But I don't be on there cause the crackers is on it

Greezy my home, grizz his too
And we is the shit tryin feel our shoes

We want yo bitch we like how she move
I'm takin pictures of her and sendin em to SOUP
I sick of one and I'm headed to two
Call me billion it's what I do
I get money I sell o
Make niggas hate cause I snatch they hoes
Fix up the dunk, to show em I ain't broke
And keep a big strap incase they want more
Niggas make the songs that a brother never hear
I'm not bought to diss you to start your career
You outta yo league you need to do pot
You claim to be everything that you not
Seem me I'm a star and I fill myself
If I lived yo life I'd kill myself
The club like hoes I'm never in them bed
Don't talk about yo trunk cause my shit right here
And we ride dunks and the fast like leers
We drive drunk but we don't drink beers
When the chop is pregnant it always spit
He speakin a different language but he's callin you a
bitch!
And ain't nothing change it's the same ol shit
I still toss ya pimp and I'm high off kimp
Yo ol momma old news and and I got a blood bitch
And when I'm finished with the dunk I'm a grab her
whip
There's still a couple niggas that die bouta bitch
Thatll make disc track and cry bouta bitch
A couple dj's that don't play my shit
But a lot of real niggas thatll bring my hits
I'm a hood nigga let's get that clear
A young rich nigga sayin fuck a outfit
I'm runnin out here so I do it for my crew
And I rock that shirt that says FREE SOUP

I get money I sell o
Make niggas hate cause I snatch they hoes
Fix up the dunk, to show em I ain't broke
And keep a big strap incase they want more

I'm the shittt

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