

Lara Fabian**"Black Ice"**

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

Shit

And we come to win
We gon' hit all the hemispheres
Bottom Dirty South, yeah

Costly, trey slippery
The gangsta hippie, damn skimpy
We in your face
Lightning told ?
Suckers, getting hit for losses
Not even makin' it back, to the line of scrimmage
Seizin' those scrubs out, starters in
Midnight madness, somethin' to us
From A to Z
Bustas get blocked
For sinning papers, word is bogus
Freeloaders get dropped out
Pay docked
Rollers, wanna be callin' shots
Non-believers hot, under the collar
Goodie to be more dope boys, and Mister C
Generatin' dolllars
We don't leave to be followed
I holler

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

Um, yeah, uh
I'm in the clouds, the dark
My planes racin' cross the sky
No hatin' on players, although they passin' us by
Flyin' like a bird, with no destination, makin' a
manifestation through
music
Bro use this as a way of expressing you in a cold world
Chasin' herb, clockin' a G
Use them G's to invest
Sub-Zero degrees, makin' invincible slip
Trippin' nigga the wounds

It was a hard fall to your doom

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

Whenever we, and ever we capture compassion
collage
Cleverly they'll never be
Bindin' for findin' that forever free
Naturally, actually, I master me crastically
The raspy raps, jump through trees and traps
You don't beleive me, shout his snaps
When his lungs collapse
My aunt is scratchin' for the scraps
Wanan love you but I can't, cause you eatin' and I ain't
The sin of the same

sky high (x 10)

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 about somethin' 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 priveliges now their whole village is been
shot to pieces
coz niggas been biting some stupid shit I mean at
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
search boy, talking about your dough you punk like
lurch boy
every time I heard your rhyiming like a fucking jerk boy,
simp, yeah!

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 jamesCoz
old man winter's arrived
the temperature divesNovember just diedDecember'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, its even lower levels you can go
take sun people put them 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

Yeah
If it don't bump up in the club it ain't hit
If you can't get down with D Wayne, we got crip
Live a life short, causin' my light, but your shit, stink
Gon' for 3 years, but we back like crimp
For them boys with the deep dish dicks, white walls
thick, didn't have to
change much
Didn't have to fix shit, so
Man, make the mothafucka speak a blow, shake the
fuckin' flow
Here to let your ass know
One more time on the grind, didn't have to think twice
When I'm in the streets
Always lookin' out for the black ice
Always lookin' out for the black ice

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