

## Lil Wayne

### "Ice Cream"

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Young Money, syrup and a big shot  
Time to do the thing, that's word to ya wristwatch  
Shoot the glock til it burn, til my wrist lock  
Rims hella big, tires skinny like Chris Rock  
Hold the gun sideways like O-Dawg  
Shoot a nigga in his face, knock his nose off  
Make the girls say my name like roll call  
Pain killers gotta nigga bout to doze off  
Big shit nigga talk big shit nigga  
Big bread, bread like a picnic nigga  
Shake the whole game like the hit-stick nigga  
Money spread like germs get sick nigga  
Yeahhhh! And fuck them other niggas  
1-900-Who-Want-It, I deliver  
Concrete shoes won't help in the river  
I don't care if you's Michael Phelps my nigga  
I'm higher than the mutha fuckin Alps my nigga  
I'm flyer than a mutha fuckin stealth my nigga  
Ya-Young Money shit, top-shelf my nigga  
We the muthafuckas like M.I.L.F my nigga  
Uh-um! flow like syringes  
Yeah I'm in my mode gotta code like Da Vinci's  
I was in the trenches, now I'm in the trump  
And everybody watch ya back when you're in the front  
You ain't never safe, stop playin with a gangsta  
Bring it to his face and he ran like a flanker  
Bend a girl over put her hands on her ankles  
I'm all over this ice cream beat like sprinkles  
Why thank you! If you's a hater  
I'm eatin, you's a waiter  
Pistol on my hip, Tomb-Raider  
Holla atcha Guala, sue em later  
Young Tune nigga, typhoon nigga  
And if you think it's sweet, buy a room nigga  
Die mood nigga, I'm on my gang shit  
She give me good brain like she studied at Cambridge  
Lightin up a mutha fuckin blunt  
Stupid fruity swag like a mutha fuckin runt  
And I be with my dawg like a mutha fucka hunt  
And every day of the week is the first of the month  
Thought I worked at Kay's, with the diamonds in her

face  
Can't tell the time, cause the diamond's in the face  
We can get it poppin like a semi-automatic  
And if ya got beef, I'll put the biscuit on the patty  
Rockstar tatted, big money addict  
Runnin this shit now I'm feelin athletic  
I-I'm on a boat bitch, getting seasick  
Stop playin I'm fresher than a Degree stick  
Street shit, well of course  
I smoke mad weed, I'm on my high horse  
Please don't shoot me down, I land feet flat  
Then walk a million miles with New Orleans on my back  
Ha.. I need a massage  
And when it come to hoes man I got a collage  
Finger on the button, nigga just stuntin  
If ya ain't the bank teller don't tell me nothin  
Kush so strong you can smell me comin  
Bitch I go hard like the boy from 300  
You think ya'll kick it, well boy we puntin  
Young Money baby we the shit, big stomachs  
No Ceilings..

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