

Lil Wayne "Ice Cream Paint Job"

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Young Money, syrup in the big shot
Time to do the thing thats word to your wrist watch
Shoot the glock till it burn till my wrist lock
Rims hella big tires skinny like Chris Rock
Ho hold the gun sideways like odogg
Shoot a nigga in his face knock his nose off
Make the girls say my name like roll call
Pain killers got a nigga bout ta 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
Yaaa, And fuck them other niggas,
1 9 hundred who want it I deliver
Concrete shoes wont help in the river
I dont care if you was Michael Phelps my nigga
Im higher than the mothafuckin Alps my nigga
Im flyer than the mothafuckin stealth my nigga
Young Money shit top shelf my nigga
We the mothafuckas like Milf my nigga

UhUhm, Flow like Syringes
Yea im in my mode got a code like Da Vinci
I was in the trenches, now im in the trump
And everybody watch your back,when your in the front
You aint never safe stop playin with a gangsta
Bring it to his face and he ran like a flanker
Bend the girl over put her hands on her ankles
Im all over this ice cream beat like sprinkles

Why thank you,if you a hater
Im eatin, yous a waiter
Pistol on my hip, Tomb Raider

Holla at your gualla, sue em' later
Young Tune nigga, typhoon nigga
And if you think your sweet, buy a room nigga
Die or move nigga, Im on my gang shit,
She give me good brain like she studied at Cambridge
Lightin up a mothafucking blunt,
stupid fruity swag like a mothafuckin runt
And I be with my dog like a mothafucka huntin

Everyday of the week is the first of the month
Audemar Piguet with the diamonds in the face
Cant tell the time cause the diamonds in the face

We can get it poppin like a semi automatic
And if you got beef I put the biscuit on the patty
Rockstar tatted, big money addict
Running this shit now Im feelin athletic
I Im on a boat bitch, gettin sea sick
Stop playin Im fresher then a degree stick
Street shit, well of course, I smoke mad weed
Im on my high horse, please dont shoot me down, i
land
feet flat
Then walk a million miles with New Orleans on my back
Haha, I need a massage,
and when it come to hoes man I got a collage
Finger on the button, nigga just stuntin
If you aint the bank teller dont tell me nuntin
Kush so strong you can smell me coming
Bitch I go hard like the boy from 300
You think ya kick it,well boy we puntin
Young Money baby we the shit weak stomachs
No Ceilings Mothafucka

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