

Lil Wayne

"Ice Cream Paint Job Remix"

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Young Money, syrup in the big shot
Time to do the thing that's 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 o'dogg
Shoot a nigga in his face knock his nose off
Make the girls say my name like a 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 I deliver
Concrete shoes wont help in the river
I don't care if you were Michael Phelps my nigga
I'm higher than a mothafucka Alps my nigga
I'm flyer than a mothafucka stilt my nigga
Young Money shit top shelf my nigga
We the mothafuckas like Milf my nigga

UhUhm, Flow like Syringes
Yea I'm in my mode got a code like Da Vinci's
I was in the trenches, now I'm in the trunk
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
I'm all over this ice cream beat like sprinkles

Why thank you, if yous a hater
I'm eatin, yous a waiter
Pistol on my hip, Tomb Raider
Holla at your guala, zoom later
Young Tune nigga, typhoon nigga
And if you think your sweet, buy a room nigga
Die or move nigga, I'm on my gang shit,
She give me good brain like she studied at Cambridge
Lightin up a mothafucking blunt,
Stupid fruity swag like a mothafucka runt
And I be with my dog like a mothafucking huntin
Everyday of the week is the first day of the month

Audemar Piguet with the diamonds in the face
Can't 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 I'm feelin athletic
I I'm on a boat bitch, gettin sea sick
Stop playin I'm fresher then 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 comes to hoes man I got a collage
Finger on the button, nigga just stuntin
If you aint the bank teller don't 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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