

## Los

### "Ice Cream Paint"

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[Los]

Okay, ride it off the lot because I'm talking cash  
And watch the top fall like the stock market crash  
Rims so crazy, make them motherf\*ckers stand around  
Shoes too big like some motherf\*cking hand me downs  
Uh, f\*ck all them damn haters, ride wide grills and  
then call it Fantasia  
If you ain't getting money where I'm from, n\*gga play  
dead  
We getting rich off the white girl, K-Fed  
I don't want your b\*tch, I just like the medulla  
Wrist game shining like Sprites in a cooler  
You run through the club and you tip a few dollars  
We drop enough cake to push strippers through  
college  
Uh, big nuts, let 'em hang low and f\*ck all lame  
n\*ggas, no rainbow  
Leave haters looking like they bit a lemon  
Decorate my bedroom with a bunch of pretty women  
They don't want me in the Bentley, can't stand me in  
the Chevy  
Keep my cars pretty like they got a mani and a pedi  
Uh, hard life equal hard rap  
So talk slick and get ya motherf\*cking jaw slapped  
Yup, I got the meanest demeanor to back hand a  
n\*gga, Venus, Serena  
Batman these n\*ggas, black Medina  
Ike your whole block and sell smack to Tina  
Ice cream paint with the sundae guts  
Make your girlfriend wanna be my Monday slut  
You know I got a b\*tch that like to take three E pills  
She stay higher than a AT&T bill  
But I'm pimping so soon as she ask for my weekend or  
nighttime minutes  
I'm sprinting, uh, never diss a n\*gga hood  
We don't need three wishes, we just wish a n\*gga  
would  
And you don't want beef, you just a wild boy yelling  
Leave stars 'round ya head like a Cowboys helmet  
Sitting on Emmitts, sh\*tting on critics  
Big pimping truck like pimping on it's pivot

And you come with that bullsh\*t, hit you with that four-  
fifth  
'Cause speaking 'bout that beef'll get them deacons in  
your pulpit  
Married to this money, they can't get me to divorce it  
You better get your honey 'cause she dig me like a fork  
lift  
No bullsh\*t, she love my style  
I only pull her jeans up when she's upside down  
But why frown? You should be glad  
Sent her home with new handbags, who could be mad?  
Cocoa guts, marshmallow whip  
And I'm stirring up trouble with a hot chocolate b\*tch  
If I'm not the sh\*t you must of got me twisted  
Don't a dog leave his mark on every spot he visit?  
I'm sh\*tting on rappers, pissing on haters  
Neck on Antarctica, wrist is on Vegas  
Diamonds on Africa, swagger on massacre  
Chevy on 23's, bars on Attica  
I'm getting too successful and it's looking like it hurt  
you  
So I'm spinning squares around and now they looking  
like a circle, Zero

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