

Master P "Sellin' Ice Cream"

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Chorus: [mo b. dick]

Just another day, sellin' ice cream in the bay
And fools trying to get him for his pay
But master p don't play, it's all about money
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And fools trying to get him for his pay
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Verse 1: [master p]

I'm in the southside with ghetto cheese, or should I say
ice cream
72 oz's, players I mean 2 ki's
For all you niggas that smokes
I got my homies with the gats posted by the liquor store
Cause we ain't takin no shorts, in the 9 scrilla
Say what you want fool I guess I'm a drug dealer
>from the southside of richmond, california
Where niggas run through with gats all up on ya
You better break north or south, before we take you out
Ain't no love in this motherfuckin' crackhouse
Lay down on the floor bitch break me off
Before you meet my little partner mr.sawed-off
I'm goin crazy, indonesia
Blowin' up the brown sticky nigga bout to please you
With this ketchup, watch I'll wet ya
Ain't no gettin up cause your in a mess bro

Chorus: [mo b. dick]

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[verse 2]

Drop the top on the regal, shot a desert eagle
Candy cane switches thats how us g's roll

Hoo-ridin' to the lizzay
Seen tina from the town layed her that's a dizzay
The side show was jumpin' (bumpin')
Oozin bikershorts and daisy dukes outside pumpin'
And niggas from richmond rollin' hella deep
My little homies from oakland got chased by the police
And these hoes wanna kick it
I met a bitch from frisco gave me her number on a
traffic ticket

And tonight i'ma page her
My niggas talkin shit bout these hoes fade ya
When your ballin they jealous they hatin'
I guess they mad cause a nigga own gold daytons
And they bitches started lookin at me
Niggas I'm trigger happy, fuck it and my ass nappy
Get more hoes than freak show
Ask your bitch, nigga she know
But y'all can't fade us
Cause no limit niggas come harder than the raiders
I'll break you off a little left and feel it chump
What you see motherfucker is what you saw
Cause ain't no stoppin' no limit
Tru and master p it's only the beginning
And we in it to win it like a roitweiler
I won't stop fool I already made a million dollars
And I'm up and outtie on a comeback
Tryin' to get a fuckin' million in big stacks

Chorus: [mo b. dick]

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[mo b. dick]

Just another day sellin' ice cream in the bay
It ain't no limit, it ain't no limit
Just another day sellin' ice cream in the bay
It ain't no limit, it ain't no limit

[master p talking]

Say wassup to all y'all players out there
Ice cream is trickin' us
In case y'all wondering what ice cream is
It's anything that you can make profit off of

I mean get paid, scrilla, scratch, paper
That's ice cream
Anything you can make some dizzolars off of
Ya heard me? , remember that players

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