

**Dan Hartman****"Ice Cream"**

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Intro: Method Man (Johnny Blaze)

Hey mom, can I have some money?  
The ice cream man is coming!

Chorus:

Watch these rap niggaz get all up in your guts  
French-vanilla, butter-pecan, chocolate-deluxe  
Even caramel sundaes is gettin touched  
And scooped in my ice cream truck, Wu tears it up  
(The ice cream man is coming!)

Verse One: Ghostface Killer (Tony Starks)

Yo honey-dips, summertime, fine Jheri drippin  
See you on Pickens with a bunch of chickens how you're  
clickin  
I catch shootin strong notes as we got close  
She rocked rope, honey throat smellin like Impulse  
Your whole shell baby's wicked like Nimrod  
Caught me like a fresh-water scrod, or may I not be  
God  
Attitude is very rude Boo, crabby like seafood  
It turns me on like Vassey and Lahrule  
They call me Starky Love-hun, check the strategy  
By any means, Shirley Temple cross was done by Billie  
Jean's  
Black Misses America, your name is Erica, right true  
Lazy eyeball, small piece, six shoe  
Caramel complexion, breath smellin like cinnamon  
Excuse me hon, the Don mean no harm, turn around  
again  
God damn, backyard's bangin like a Benz-y  
If I was jiggy, you'd be spotted like Spudz McKenzie  
I'm high powered put Adina Howard to sleep  
Yo pardon, that bitch been on my mind all week, but  
uhh  
Back to you Maybelline Queen let's make a team  
You can have anything in this world except CREAM  
So whatchu wanna do? Whatchu wanna do?

Let's go ahead and walk these dogs and represent Wu

Chorus

Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef (Lou Diamonds)

Shaolin's finest, whattup Boo, peace your highness  
Yo I'm loungin, big dick style, y'all niggaz is the flyest  
Moves you're making too fly jewels are shaking  
not a rape patient, you're looking good fly colored  
Asian  
Ghettoes, them is your hometown, we can go the whole  
round  
After that, I'm shootin downtown  
I'm rockin hats and you wig is all intact  
Who's that queen bee chick, eyes curly black  
Freaks be movin in fly sneaks  
Two finger rings and gold teeth, and ain't afraid to  
hold heat  
So when I step in the square dear  
You better have CREAM to share, Ricans, ven aqui yeah

Chorus

Verse Three: Cappachino

Black chocolate girl wonder, shade brown like Thunder  
Politic til your deficit step, gimme your number  
Your sexy persuasive ta-ta's and thighs  
Catch my eyes like highs I want your bodily surprise  
Double dime some time, Ice Cream you got me fallin  
out  
like a cripple, I love you like I love my dick size  
ooh baby I miss you, your sweet tender touches  
take pulls off the dutches, orgasm in my mindstate  
masterbate in your clutches, I want you for self  
like wealth, so play me closely  
Bitches paranoia for the sting, who want the most of  
me  
Only a hard dozen want to be callin me cousin  
Thirsty for my catalog, baby shoppin spree you're lovin  
Call me if you want to get dug like the pockets  
I jizm like a giant break brooms out of their sockets

Outro: Method Man

Wu-Tang in the cut, for real niggaz what?  
It's the after party and bitches want to fuck

Chorus:

Ice cold bitches melt down when my clutch  
and what they titties sucked, ice cream

Yeah, your guts

Chorus: 3/4ths

Ice cold bitches melt down when in the clutch  
They want they titties sucked, ice cream

One love to my chocolate deluxes, keep your nails  
done  
and your wigs tight, word up  
One love to my butter-pecan Ricans for calling me papi  
That's for real  
One love to caramel sundaes, with the cherries on top  
Yeah  
And big up to my french vanillas  
Parlez vous, francais, mi amor, merci, oui oui, bon  
bons  
and all that good stuff  
That good stuff

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