

T Ice

"Make the Loot Loop"

Visit "[Make the Loot Loop](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah

This is goin out to all those muthafuckas

That like to use the word 'gangster'

Although I am the O.G.

I'm representin that hustlin game

To the end, nigga

I'm tryin to make the loot loop

[VERSE 1]

I ain't no muthafuckin gangsta, wish you'd quit callin
me that

Although I still pack straps I roll in Benzes and Lacs

Best believe the gats in my promo shots ain't props

I hang out sunroof tops and pop glocks at cops

(Yo, how ya livin?) On the mellow, coolin with my fellow

Hustlers, players, super bitch-layers

Mackaronies on the true d-l - hell, most

Fuckin with my niggas you could end up ghost

I made a million, got my shit out pawned

Bailed out the homies, now the shit's back on

Moved out the ghetto, cause I hate it

But I roll through your fuckin hood and regulate it

Cause I wasn't born to be broke, I let the .45th smoke
Before I let my baby boy go under, no wonder
I'm addicted to the cash flow, stacks of green
Flashback, I'm nudgin weights down a triple beam
I'ma make the loot loop

[CHORUS]

As fast as I spend it
I'm tryin to get back in it
I make the loot loop
It's cop and blow
Nigga, that's all I know

I make the loot loop
As fast as I spend it
I'm tryin to get back in it
I make my loot loop
Nigga

I'm tryin to make my bank roll bigger

[VERSE 2]

I must admit, I got a lust for loot, quick to shoot
Ostrich, fruits and Austin Martin coupes
Fill my dreams with cream, I got wet sheets
I'm bustin nuts over currency, kid, fuck freaks
We be the niggas in the back of the club with the Mo'Ä«t
Bitches, shrimps, mackin like pimps
Wearin fly shit you never seen before (raw)
I turn a angel to a whore, now need I say more?

My perm got bounce, fuck a 40 ounce
I'm sippin Cristal, pal, and represent I shall

To the end of the game

(That nigga Ice got fame)

And just not over these beats

But on the 4-wheel streets

I make the loot loop

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

Say what you will, I'm the fool on the hill

With the pool, jacuzzi, laser-beam Uzi

Niggas in LA know the Ice don't play

I'm just a savage for the cabbage and a pimp parlay

I rock a million with the jewels on the paw (don't start)

Cause my niggas ain't the big ones, just big guns

Pushin the limits of this game till I gets my piece

I put my true queen Darlene in a white Corniece

So stay broke if you wanna, hang out on your corner

Step back from the curb when we roll up on ya

20 black cars all tinted, we meant it

'Syndicate forever - posse of the clever'

Rubberbands strap the fat green knots

We're strictly hustlers not gangsters, but we still lick
shots

For the goal

Peace, I'm out like Nicole

(Get down

Get down)

Nigga

The bank's getting bigger

Yeah

I'm makin the loot loop

Straight player for life

Yeah

Hustler's side

Visit [T.Ice](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.