

T Ice

"Ziplock"

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Once again I'm back in the place to be

The I the C the E the T

I'll never get a Grammy so fuck the G

All I need is crowd and my M I C

Got a gangster ass DJ named Evil E

My record label's called Warner B

William Morris is my agency

I'll never go broke I got property

Got a dope pitbull named Felony

Got four gold albums

So what you tell'n me?

Power was two Iceberg was three

This one here shipped five hundred G

Now when I roll, I roll stupid deep

Benz's, Bemers, and boomin' Jeeps

I'm always strapped

Cause my money I keep

You move on the Ice

And you're goin' to sleep

But when you see me

Walkin' down the street

You say, "What's up Ice?"

And I say, "Peace!"

You give me a dap, I give you one back

Cause I ain't souped

So forget about that

We might take pictures

Sign n utograph

Kick a little flavor

Have some fun and laugh

But step to me wrong

You might get shot

And wind up lookin' out a ziplock

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