

Trick Daddy Feat. Baby "Tuck Ya Ice"

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Cane is in the buildin', nigga
Tuck, tuck that, tuck, tuck that
Tuck, tuck that, tuck, tuck that

Tuck, tuck that ice in, you ain't, you ain't iced out
Tuck, tuck that ice in, I shine like a lighthouse
Tuck, tuck that ice in, you ain't, you ain't iced out
Lights on, lights off, I shine like a lighthouse

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My shit is platinum, these assholes wearin' white gold
See I'm too smart in these cars, nigga, all my shit paid
for
And why should I rent a house, when I can buy it and
write it off?
Make it my Florida home for the summer
'Round winter time, just rent it out

See I ain't none of them, who ride around on rented
rims
I change on the weekend, and floss in his mama's Benz
See when I hit the scene, I be so fresh, so clean
White fitted, white tee, ain't 'Nann Nigga' like me

What kinda shit you on, wearin' fuckin' rhinestones?
Them cubic zirconia, son, them ain't fuckin' diamonds
So you gonna fuck around and get gangrene at the
arm
I rob and kill one, over some muh'fuckin' slum

Your chain is crazy but that shit for gazey
And it ain't real, unless it's copper or stainless steel
So whoever made it, you shouldn't have paid
Twenty grand for a diamond chain that's fuckin' gold
plated

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16 out the house, 17 gold mouth
18 on the block, nigga got them thangs out
Birdman Stunna, nigga, we don't sit in jail
Real niggas do real thangs, you know we make bail

Trick hit me on the cell, know I gotta make a sale
Found myself in Dade County, nigga movin' pounds of
bail
So fresh, so bright with the ice
Nigga, you could lose your life playin' with the bright
lights, yeah

Cali got my back, I'm strapped nigga and
[Incomprehensible]
Doin' it big, poppin' bottles, nigga, the G way
Black handles, black ice, we'll get it right
For a cheap price, nigga that cutter'll get your mind
right

M O B to a bitch, made my hood rich
Click, cash, money young, money it's that uptown shit
Ballin' on them bitches, shot callin' on them bitches
Two million on some ice and some cars on them
bitches

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They asked the kid the difference between mine's and
his
See my shit blindin', his shit don't shine 'cause that shit
ain't real
His gemstones, they fruity pebbles, just like Flinstone
And he had his Roley on but I ain't even notice his arm

But his diamonds' cloudy and he ain't shiny

And I heard his shit tick tick tickin', oh man, this nigga trippin'
See we poppin' bottles, smokin' bugga, actin' cocky
Big thangs with fat pockets, wearin' seventy thousand dollar watches

My overseas friends, we breakin' them thangs in
Invest in smaller hick town, shakin', bakin' and breakin' it down
We gettin' top dollar 'cause we got that top powder
Hoes slob on our johnson 'cause johnson got that best powder

We call a grand a dollar, we gettin' money, holla
Rollin' hard with five fives, real fuckin' street ballers
Identify troubles with the first quarter
But I'm on the right path
At this rate, I'll be sellin' slabs by the halves

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