

Raekwon

"Ice Cream - Raekwon With Ghost Face Killer, Cappachino"

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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 Spuds 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

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 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

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 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
Watch these rap niggaz get all up in your guts
French-vanilla, butter-pecan, chocolate-deluxe
Even caramel sundaes is gettin touched
scooped in the ice cream truck, Wu tears it up
Ice cold bitches melt down when my clutch
and what they titties sucked, ice cream

Yeah, your guts

French-vanilla, butter-pecan, chocolate-deluxe
Even caramel sundaes is gettin touched
scooped in the ice cream truck, Wu tears it up
Ice cold bitches melt down when my clutch
and what 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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