

**Gucci Mane f/ Young Jeezy****"So Icy"**

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I'm icy, I'm icy, I'm icy, I'm icy, I'm icy, I'm icy  
I'm icy, I'm icy

[Chorus]

All these girls excited  
Oooo ya know they like it  
I'm so icy, so icy  
Girl don't try to fight it  
All yo friends invited  
I'm so icy, so icy

[1st Verse: Young Jeezy]

Got a house around my neck, and my wrist on chill  
Any given time, 250 in ya grill (a quarter million?)  
All I do is talk shit  
You can even add a couple grand for my outfit  
You betta act like ya know man  
In my hood they call me Jeezy the Snowman  
Ya get it? Get it? Jeezy the Snowman  
I'm iced out, plus I got snow, man  
Let it marinate, y'all niggaz is slow man (slow man)  
(Mane what the fuck y'all...yo dumb ass)  
I used to get nineteen for a beat  
Call me Ginuwine, the same 'ol G ('ol G)  
I'm the shit biiiaaattch, I need toilet paper  
(daaaaaayyum!)  
And some air freshener nigga, fuck a hata  
These niggaz don't like me  
I'm wit the Gucci Mane and I'm so icy

[Chorus]

[2nd Verse: Gucci Mane]

She diggin my fit, she think I'm the shit  
Is this a chain on my neck, or the watch in my wrist  
Maybe the ice in my ear, or my bracelet  
But she look like the type that could take a dick  
Young Gucci Mane, don't kiss me baby you can kiss my  
chain  
Ya gotta be a dime piece  
just to look at the rocks in my time piece

I come through in a drop top Jag, or Old-School Chevy  
wit the antique tags  
My pockets so heavy that I can't walk steady  
Niggaz coppin ice we done done it already  
Got a gold grill but it's not from Eddie  
I ride big Chevys cause a nigga ain't petty  
I'm icy, so motherfuckin snowed up, lil kids wanna  
be like Gucci when they grow up  
Me, Jeezy and Boo  
We ain't hatin pussy nigga 'gon and do what you do  
Cuz we icy, so icy, we icy, so icy

[Chorus]

[3rd Verse: Boo]

I'm hoppin out the range wit the seats piped out  
You can still see my chain even when the lights out  
Cuz dat's how monsters do it  
Spit a lil game give 'em that flosser music  
I'm the man from the C.H.I  
These lames runnin 'round thinkin they so fly  
Got a lil buzz but Boo been too high  
I'm pullin hoes in the club and I don't even try  
I guess when she glance at my wrist, she wanna get my  
dick  
I tell her holla at Jeezy if ya wanna pop Cris  
Get at Gucci Mane cause he on some lil shit  
And you know I'm in the cut, grippin my 4/5  
Like let a nigga trip, naw we ain't runnin  
We just takin all ya chicks, buyin drinks gettin blunted  
Groupies, show you how to do this son  
We throwin out hundreds while you savin them ones

[Hook]

I got so many rocks, on my chain and watch  
I know I'm the shit, my chain hang down to my dick  
I know I'm the bomb, just look at my charms  
I know I'm the shit, my chain hang down to my dick

[Chorus]

I'm so icy  
Look at my charms  
My...chain...hang...down...to my dick

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