Ice Cube F/ Dr. Dre, MC Ren "You've Got Mail"

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You've Got Mail

[Chamillionaire]

A walkin' holiday, my nickname is Ballaween *whistles* plop, watch out for the fallin' screens Got more green then a seattle supersonic sweater letter

Ice is nothin' but light like the weight of a feather My ring is a prostitute, my princess cut slut Stick ya finger in her butt and it'll cost 10 bucks Ice crushed like a slush but it ain't nothin' to we If a nigga walk into a store and spend less then a G Like shaggy, it wasn't me, that's somethin' you'll never see

See I see more ice then crushed ice in a icee
Matter-fact if my rap were wack, I'd still make stacks
Could go platinum if I dissed every city on every track
If I was born with a mean midget attached to my arm
I'd still be the one that hoes wanna take to the prom
Mad 'cause you get as many girls as a gang full of gay
boys

My trunk got more bump then a ass full of himroids I'ma, trade in a benz for a pinto with no rims And ask the hoes again "You still wanna be friends?" It seems like all them haters been hatin' us lately Because we get more icing then donuts and pastries 100 G's or 8 G's, don't matter I'll make G's We make more dough then Keebler elves in bakery's Don't hate me, hate the game Don't hate that we make change Chamillionaire came through and I'll correct your brain

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