

## Icewater

### "Actin' Fly"

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[Chorus: Polite]

Damn, shorty, all I said was hi  
(But it seems you acting fly)  
Oh, now you wanna talk to me?  
(When you see me in my ride)

[Polite]

Yo, bitch, go 'head, all a nigga said was hi  
All stuck up, shorty why you acting fly?  
I'm not your average guy, but shorty I made ya  
With major paper, could of been your savior  
Too, cute to talk, you too cute to holla back  
Too cute to dance, what the fuck is that, bitch?  
What, you should of stayed your ass in the crib  
Be gone, right along with them bad ass kids  
Damn, ma, I just wanna dance a little bit  
Grab your hips, rub up on your ass a little bit  
We can hit the bar, get our bub on  
Hennessy and Ali', get our thug on, later get our fuck  
on  
After a show, hit your ass in the bleachers  
Yo, shorty we can fuck right on top of the speakers  
Huh, so keep acting like your shit don't stink  
Keep acting like your pussy ain't pink, bitch, go 'head

[Stumik]

I don't know why you acting funny  
In the club, searching for a cat with money  
One cup, then I'm bagging honey  
I'm trying to leave this bitch with the baddest bunny  
Nigga, I got my eyes on the chick at the bar  
But she don't wanna talk unless a nigga's a star  
She suck me off like a Now & Later  
Now take off the ring that that coward gave ya, baby  
I'm in the buns bout an hour later  
And that sweet thing turned into a sour flavor, bitch  
Now go 'head with your foul behavior  
You ain't nothing but a hood bitch, that's out for my  
paper, baby

[Chorus: Polite]

Damn, shorty, all I said was hi  
(But it seems you acting fly)  
Oh, now you wanna talk to me?  
(When you see me in my ride)  
Yo, damn, shorty, all I said was hi  
(But it seems you acting fly)  
Yo, could it be the Escalade?  
(Or the chrome on the SL5)

[P.C.]

Yo, I get money, I don't gotta shoot hoops to ball  
Shorty fronting on me, like she too cute to talk  
I bet I can make her lose her drawers, if she see me  
outside  
In the ride, and the roof is off  
I can care less if you got a man, P.C.  
Never trick bitch, don't be sticking out your hand  
No trips, we ain't sitting in the sand  
I ain't spending money on the telly, let me hit it in the  
van  
P.I.M.P., you can call me that  
It ain't a chick that I hit, that ain't call me back  
You know the pipe game's off the map, might let her  
get a ride  
To the telly, but she's walking back

[Cigar]

Yo, it's too many hoes, close the world to be fronting  
and shit  
Seen the Cadillac truck now you all on my dick  
In the club seen me balling with chips, go 'head  
This ain't no hand out, bird, I ain't giving you shit  
Shorty think she all that, with ya big ass lips  
Fake Gucci sneakers on, and those tight ass hips  
Acting like you don't know who the fuck this is  
Like I won't smash a cooch and pluck ya ribs  
This is grown man talk, ma, you used to kids  
See you hanging at the bar where them groupies live  
You ain't bad enough to cruise in a hooptie six  
Take your ass, keep walking and shit, you broke bitch,  
go 'head

[Chorus]

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