

Icewater

"Animal"

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[Intro: sample]

Beast Music...

"Animal"

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[Stumik]

I dump at your grill again, they said I'm wilding
Plus I'm from the Island, something like Gilligan
Get slugs from the pump, just from grilling men
And spun like a ceiling fan, and slumped in the trunk,
cause we militant
Niggas better duck, when we killing shit
Cuz Stumik get crunk, and I don't give a fuck, if you
feeling it
Ain't trying to be caught in the mix, my watch looking
like
Niggas hit me with a snowball on my wrist
I'm getting neck with the lights on, Hulk Hogan shit
I'm sitting on twenty-two inch pythons
And I keep something new in that right palm
So what I got to prove, it ain't shit you could do when
your life's gone

[Chorus: Polite]

Aiyo, if you ain't from round here, don't come around
here
I don't know what you heard, they carry guns round
here
I know you heard they kill them boys round here
Listen (Watch what you say, it's on around here)
Yo, really though, it's all good, grew up around here
I watch fiends get high, and throw up round here
So be careful, when you roam round here
When you leave home, make sure you keep the chrome
round there

[D.C.]

You don't wanna clash with Cash, and end up
With your body bent up, in that plastic bag

I leave you bloody as a maxipad, you know me
D.C., I'm in the streets like a taxi cab
You niggas sweeter than a Laffy Taf, and as far as that
lead
I let it spread like a nasty rash
They only thing you ever clapped was glass, on the
ballcourt
I bet that sawed-off'll turn that ass to grass
You all talk, you won't actually last
You probably think it's game, until them thang-thangs
actually blast
Yo, when it blows, you can catch these drafts, the cold
chills
From cold steel, it's ill, like a nasty gash

[Chorus]

[P.C.]

Paulie, I'm an "Animal", trying to find something to eat
You don't want it with me, I be hunting for beef
It'll be another dead body under a sheet
For trying to fuck with my bread, I stomp 'em under the
street
Niggas think they hear thunder when I'm thumping the
heat
I make it rain like Lil' Wayne, you can't fuck with the
beast
I punch niggas in they face, bear knuckle the cheek
A whole mouth full of fists, you lose a couple of teeth
Sorry I don't spit commercial rap, Paulie murk the track
And it can get a lot of worse than that
If I showed you how I work the mack, I leave a couple
doves
And hearses at the church, lineback the pack

[Chorus]

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