

Vanilla Fudge

"Living"

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Here it is, a dope hit Jealous cause I went multi-platinum Iceman comin with a dope hit Cause a few suckers need their throats slit Lyrics might be simplistic, but I'm no gimp On the strip, cause I know how to pimp it Now I'm gonna blast em in the head till they're dead with my magnum Now I got grip and suckers keep sinking in my quicksand Vanilla Ice, vocal hitman bop bop bop Got the number three in my crosses, sittin on the rooftop And you fools drop, (scratching over "pop goes the weasel" was a big fl-fl-flop flop but this ain't a dis 'cause you sold gold brother's didn't like your record 'cause it wasn't hip hop hop given my rhyming spice while my DJs on the slice Still, I made a killin and it ain't even a 10 - 11 million Vanilla Ice is back on the map, with the wrath of the Ice King No one will stop me No one will stop me No one will stop me No one will stop me No one will stop me No one will stop me Why is that I disperse

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