

# Wetter Than Tsunami

## Riff Raff

Q Rich

Ice on my wrists and I ball like Q Rich  
Ice on my wrists and I ball like Q Rich  
Smoking in the club, have a nicotine fit  
Ice on my hand and I shoulda won a Grammy  
Step inside the club and I'm smelling like Miami  
In the kitchen cooking cookies, but I'm not yo damn granny  
Now they wanna copy because I'm wetter than tsunami  
Now they wanna copy because I'm wetter than tsunami  
Kitchen cooking cookies, but I'm not yo damn granny  
Step inside the club and I'm smelling like Miami  
Ice on my hands, should have won a damn Grammy  
I made a lane, lane made of gold  
I can shoot a BB through a frosted Cheerio  
From fifty yards away, I can ride blades  
I can make it rain even on a sunny day  
At the Days Inn, still play to win  
I can buy a Benz even if I ride a Schwinn  
Twenty inch rims, man that shit's too small  
Met this bitch at the mall, ass like two volleyballs  
Supersize the chain, like it was McDonald's  
Ice a whole frame, snowman, abominable  
Laughing at the bank, man that shit is comical  
50 inch Byzantine, damn near froze my abdominal  
Who me? You know who I are  
Might crash my car then buy the whole bar  
Yea we can talk, don't be a stranger  
Step inside the club and I smell like Power Ranger  
Oriental wrists, with the rocks on my finger  
Ice in my ear, looks like a baby penguin  
Circle make a square fool, on August 5th  
Banana bird fists looks like panda piss  
Should I rock the braids, permed out fur  
Walking 'round town, rock twenty K below  
Hyper color chain with the similac flow  
Rocking all this snow, might freeze a rainbow

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>