

Ice Ice Baby (feat. Aubrey Logan)

Scott Bradlee's Postmodern Jukebox

Alright stop, collaborate and listen
Ice is back with my brand new invention
Something grabs a hold of me tightly
Flow like a harpoon daily and nightly Will it ever stop? Yo, I don't know
Turn off the lights and I'll glow
To the extreme I rock a mic like a vandal
Light up a stage and wax a chump like a candle Dance! Go rush the speaker that booms
I'm killin' your brain like a poisonous mushroom
Deadly when I play a dope melody
Anything less than the best is a felony Love it or leave it, you better gain way
You better hit bullseye, the kid don't play
If there was a problem, yo, I'll solve it
Check out the hook while my DJ revolves it
Ice Ice Baby
(Vanilla) Ice Ice Baby
(Vanilla) Ice Ice Baby
(Vanilla) Ice Ice Baby
(Vanilla) Now that the party is jumping
With the bass kicked in and the Vegas are pumpin'
Quick to the point, to the point no faking
I'm cooking MCs like a pound of bacon Burning 'em if they're not quick and nimble
I go crazy when I hear a cymbal
And a hi-hat with a souped up tempo
I'm on a roll, it's time to go solo Rollin' in my 5.0
With my ragtop down so my hair can blow
The girlies on standby waving just to say, "hi,"
Did you stop? No, I just drove by
Kept on pursuing to the next stop
I busted a left and I'm heading to the next block
That block was dead, yo
So, I continued to A1A Beachfront Avenue Girls were hot, wearing less than bikinis
Rockman lovers driving Lamborghinis
Jealous, 'cause I'm out getting mine
Shay with a gauge and Vanilla with a nine Ready for the chumps on the wall
The chumps are acting ill because they full of eight ball
Gunshots ranged out like a bell
I grabbed my nine, all I heard were shells Fallin' on the concrete real fast
Jumped in my car, slammed on the gas
Bumper to bumper, the avenue's packed
I'm tryin' to get away before the jackers jack Police on the scene, you know what I mean?
They passed me up, confronted all the dope fiends
If there was a problem, yo, I'll solve it

Check out the hook while my DJ revolves itIce Ice Baby
(Vanilla) Ice Ice Baby
(Vanilla) Ice Ice Baby
(Vanilla) Ice Ice BabyTake heed, 'cause I'm a lyrical poet
Miami's on the scene, just in case you didn't know it
My town that created all the bass sound
Enough to shake and kick holes in the ground'Cause my style's like a chemical spill
Feasible rhymes that you can vision and feel
Conducted and formed, this is a hell of a concept
We make it hype and you want to step with thisShay plays on the fade, slice like a ninja
Cut like a razor blade
So fast, other DJs say, "Damn"
If my rhyme was a drug, I'd sell it by the gramKeep my composure when it's time to get loose
Magnetized by the mic while I kick my juice
If there was a problem, yo, I'll solve it
Check out the hook while D-Shay revolves itIce Ice Baby
(Vanilla) Ice Ice Baby
(Vanilla) Ice Ice Baby
(Vanilla) Ice Ice Baby
(Vanilla) IceYo man, let's get out of here
Word to your motherIce Ice Baby too cold
Ice Ice Baby too cold, too cold
Ice Ice Baby too cold, too cold
Ice Ice Baby too cold, too cold

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

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