

Icy (feat. Young Jeezy) [Radio Mix]

Gucci Mane

I'm icy, I'm icy, I'm icy, I'm icy
I'm icy, I'm icy, I'm icy, I'm icy All these girls excited
Ooh, ya know they like it
I'm so icy, so icy
Girl, don't try to fight it
All yo friends invited
I'm so icy, so icy Got a house around my neck and my wrist on chill
Any given time, 250 in ya grill
(A quarter million?)
All I do is talk shit
You can even add a couple grand for my outfit You betta act like ya know man
In my hood they call me Jeezy, the Snowman
Ya get it? Get it? Jeezy, the Snowman
I'm iced out, plus I got snow, man
Let it marinate, y'all niggaz is slow man
(Slow man)
(Mane, what the fuck y'all, yo dumb ass)
I used to get nineteen for a beat
Call me Ginuwine, the same 'ol G
('Ol G) I'm the shit biatch, I need toilet paper
(Damn)
And some air freshener nigga, fuck a hata
These niggaz don't like me
I'm wit the Gucci Mane and I'm so icy All these girls excited
Ooh, ya know they like it
I'm so icy, so icy
Girl, don't try to fight it
All yo friends invited
I'm so icy, so icy
She diggin' my fit, she think I'm the shit
Is this a chain on my neck or the watch in my wrist?
Maybe the ice in my ear or my bracelet
But she look like the type that could take a dick Young Gucci Mane, don't kiss me, baby
You can kiss my chain, ya gotta be a dime piece
Just to look at the rocks in my time piece
I come through in a drop top Jag
Or old school Chevy wit the antique tags My pocket's so heavy that I can't walk steady
Niggaz coppin' ice, we done done it already
Got a gold grill but it's not from Eddie
I ride big Chevys 'cause a nigga ain't petty I'm icy, so motherfuckin' snowed up
Lil' kids wanna be like Gucci when they grow up
Me, Jeezy and Boo, we ain't hatin'

Pussy nigga 'gon and do what you do
'Cause we icy, so icy, we icy, so icyAll these girls excited
Ooh, ya know they like it
I'm so icy, so icy
Girl, don't try to fight it
All yo friends invited
I'm so icy, so icyI'm hoppin' out the Range wit the seats piped out
You can still see my chain even when the lights out
'Cause that's how monsters do it
Spit a lil' game give 'em that flosser musicI'm the man from the C H I
These lames runnin' 'round thinkin' they so fly
Got a lil' buzz but Boo been too high
I'm pullin' hoes in the club and I don't even tryI guess when she glance at my wrist, she wanna
get my dick
I tell her holla at Jeezy if ya wanna pop Cris
Get at Gucci Mane 'cause he on some lil' shit
And you know I'm in the cut, grippin' my 4/5Like let a nigga trip, naw, we ain't runnin'
We just takin' all ya chicks, buyin' drinks, gettin' blunted
Groupies, show you how to do this, son
We throwin' out hundreds while you savin' them onesI got so many rocks on my chain and
watch
I know I'm the shit, my chain hang down to my dick
I know I'm the bomb, just look at my charms
I know I'm the shit, my chain hang down to my dickAll these girls excited
Ooh, ya know they like it
I'm so icy, so icy
Girl, don't try to fight it
All yo friends invited
I'm so icy, so icyI'm so icy
Look at my charms
My chain hang down to my dick

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

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