

Master P, Ice On My Wrist

Master p :

2000 remix ya heard me?

Chorus : (master p)

The ice on my wrist shine like a light
I can brighten up your day even at night
The ice on my wrist shine like a light
I can brighten up your day even at night

I'm just a young nigga hanging with the thug figures
Rolling with the drug dealers now they wanna mug niggas
Ghetto fabulous I mean we ballin'
I represent the 3rd ward, calliope, new orleanas
And if the projects come up for sale then i'ma buy it
They talking bout they bigger than no limit don't try it
No limit don't stunt, or front, we got bank
I put that on the tank, and about 72 manks
In the closet, you want it we got it
Y'all least say we bout it, no limit soldiers raise your rolex high
My cousin hot boy just got out the pen
And check his wrist I mean he sitting on 1-10
Bling bling with a 2000 big body
Hit the club and the girls get rowdy rowdy
Young g's on spread, a ferraie and vest
And rolls in the garage that I ain't even drove yet

Chorus:

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Magic:

I ain't got as much as p
Buy my rolex cost me about 43 g's
Princess cut with a shine that will blind ya
You gone platinum but p I'm right behind ya

I love diamonds, like I love rhyming
I need sun shades just to see the timing
Aww shit I done caused a major accident
With a flick of my wrist man this wasn't meant
All this ice and I'm driving women crazy
You can keep the coochie but I'll take some scull baby
Last chance you better jump in this mercedes
When me and p blowin' trees and drinking hennessey (hoody hoo)
You know the real, who made the forbes list (we did)
I thought y'all was rich, man you boys ain't got grip
Hate us cause we ballin'
Everything that I drive is paid out (what)
My double 8 means my crib is laid out (what)
I'm walking around with a comb on
Shot they need to make a rolle alarm
Now I use my rolle for a mirror
And what I see in the reflection is a thug figure

Chorus :

The ice on my wrist shine like a light

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I can brighten up your day even at night

Master p:

Even at night ya heard me?
Where they at? where they at?
Where they at? where they at?
Where they at?
Where y'all niggas at with the real motherf**king shit?
Cause everything that glitter ain't gold
And everything you hear ain't real
Yall know what I'm sayin?
For the real players and ballers out there
Only for the real