

# Raekwon, Ice Cream

Intro: Method Man (Johnny Blaze)

Hey mom, can I have some money?

The ice cream man is coming!

Chorus:

Watch these rap niggaz get all up in your guts

French-vanilla, butter-pecan, chocolate-deluxe

Even caramel sundaes is gettin touched

And scooped in my ice cream truck, Wu tears it up

(The ice cream man is coming!)

Verse One: Ghostface Killer (Tony Starks)

Yo honey-dips, summertime, fine Jheri drippin

See you on Pickens with a bunch of chickens how you're clickin

I catch shootin strong notes as we got close

She rocked rope, honey throat smellin like Impulse

Your whole shell baby's wicked like Nimrod

Caught me like a fresh-water scrod, or may I not be God

Attitude is very rude Boo, crabby like seafood

It turns me on like Vassey and Lahrule

They call me Starky Love-hun, check the strategy

By any means, Shirley Temple cross was done by Billie Jean's

Black Misses America, your name is Erica, right true

Lazy eyeball, small piece, six shoe

Caramel complexion, breath smellin like cinnamon

Excuse me hon, the Don mean no harm, turn around again

God damn, backyard's bangin like a Benz-y

If I was jiggy, you'd be spotted like Spudz McKenzie

I'm high powered put Adina Howard to sleep

Yo pardon, that bitch been on my mind all week, but uhh

Back to you Maybelline Queen let's make a team

You can have anything in this world except CREAM

So whatchu wanna do? Whatchu wanna do?

Let's go ahead and walk these dogs and represent Wu

Chorus

Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef (Lou Diamonds)

Shaolin's finest, whattup Boo, peace your highness

Yo I'm loungin, big dick style, y'all niggaz is the flyest

Moves you're making too fly jewels are shaking

not a rape patient, you're looking good fly colored Asian

Ghettoes, them is your hometown, we can go the whole round

After that, I'm shootin downtown

I'm rockin hats and you wig is all intact

Who's that queen bee chick, eyes curly black

Freaks be movin in fly sneaks

Two finger rings and gold teeth, and ain't afraid to hold heat

So when I step in the square dear

You better have CREAM to share, Ricans, ven aqui yeah

Chorus

Verse Three: Cappachino

Black chocolate girl wonder, shade brown like Thunder

Politic til your deficit step, gimme your number

Your sexy persuasive ta-ta's and thighs

Catch my eyes like highs I want your bodily surprise

Double dime some time, Ice Cream you got me fallin out

like a cripple, I love you like I love my dick size

ooh baby I miss you, your sweet tender touches

take pulls off the dutches, orgasm in my mindstate

masterbate in your clutches, I want you for self

like wealth, so play me closely

Bitches paranoia for the sting, who want the most of me

Only a hard dozen want to be callin me cousin

Thirsty for my catalog, baby shoppin spree you're lovin

Call me if you want to get dug like the pockets

I jizm like a giant break brooms out of their sockets

Outro: Method Man

Wu-Tang in the cut, for real niggaz what?  
It's the after party and bitches want to fuck  
Chorus:  
Ice cold bitches melt down when my clutch  
and what they titties sucked, ice cream  
Yeah, your guts  
Chorus: 3/4ths  
Ice cold bitches melt down when in the clutch  
They want they titties sucked, ice cream  
One love to my chocolate deluxes, keep your nails done  
and your wigs tight, word up  
One love to my butter-pecan Ricans for calling me papi  
That's for real  
One love to caramel sundaes, with the cherries on top  
Yeah  
And big up to my french vanillas  
Parlez vous, francais, mi amor, merci, oui oui, bon bons  
and all that good stuff  
That good stuff