

# Royce Da 59, Chips On Pistons - Blade Icewood

[intro skit for first 43 seconds]

[Royce Da 59" + (Blade)]

Yeah, yeah

When the rubber band pops from the top of them stacks  
Mami drop them tops 'fore them dollars go back  
in my pocket or the trunk of the black Impala  
where the pump just sit for them punks who trip  
But besides that, life's good - yeah  
This my nigga Blade right here (you could call me Icewood)

[Ingrid Smalls + (Royce)]

Icewood? (Icewood) I could  
go home witchu baby if the pipe good

[Royce Da 59"]

We get a whole lot of scrilla, fo'-fives is wit us  
Whole flight can fill us, Globetrotter nigga  
When you see a plus sign in front of like twelve numbers  
on your cell that's me callin to tell you  
that I ain't at home (yeah)  
I'm witnessin the midnight sun in Finland with the big row bone  
With six different funds  
Coronas, pesos, zeros, the list goes on  
We send henchmen to wet ya  
In between trips to the Philippines with strippers wit us  
Bet chips on Pistons, gassed off she (yeah)  
yellin pass the bar to rip in buildings, mami

[Chorus: Jay Black]

If you got love for me, then do your little dance for me  
Turn that ass around, (turn around) and keep doin what you dooooo  
If you got a thang for me, then do your thang for me  
Turn that ass around, (turn around) cause you've got it comin

[Blade Icewood + (Ingrid)]

Turn that ass 'round, ma you know I'm a clown  
Throw a little money 'round, do my dance to the sounds  
Worth a whole lotta cash, so you know I got the pound on me  
Yeah dance for my homie (damn what's the nigga name?)  
Five-Nine (Five-Nine)

[Royce Da 59"]

Pimp game got it goin from the first line

Chain plenty hang time, yeah

[Blade Icewood]

G-4 plane flyin, '05 Range drivin  
If the deal ain't least ten mil' I ain't signin  
Heard she can make it do the "Nolia Clap"  
It's Mr. Blade Icewood the new king of rap  
I got these shots for you haters (c'mon)  
Tell the waiters bring the shots, use the liquor to motivate her  
to hop up in the whip, before she leave the lot  
Got my dick between her lips; hand between her hips  
On some freaky shit, yeah ain't know I did it like that  
She thought it was all rap 'til she screamin on her back  
Playa, we send henchmen to wet ya  
In between trips to the Philippines with strippers wit us  
Bet chips on Pistons, gassed off she  
sayin pass the bar to rip in buildings, mami

[Chorus]

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Yeah, we hit makers with acres  
We hit Vegas with chips major, we can't just  
ball like the usual team, we stay whylin  
Up the challenge, f\*\*k it, tear up the palace  
F\*\*k with, nothin but them trucks with, halogen lights  
Did bad in his life, them cuts and calluses  
In the G-4, in a suit, eatin souffl  
In the seat big get your coupe, nigga go play

[Blade Icewood]

Hey come over here!  
Well you can have it your way, blow cabbage all day  
Ice, everywhere, bought it from all yay  
This ain't no spaceship, gave the Rover a facelift  
Lift the fifth to my lips while she movin her hips  
Yeahhh - side to side, I decide  
when the time is right for us to slide  
We ain't movin at the mansion yet, the panty's wet  
That's how you feel off a pill, why you panickin?  
Go away!

[Chorus]