

Royce Da 59, Chips On Pistons - Blade Icewood

[intro skit for first 43 seconds]

[Royce Da 5'9" + (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 5'9"]

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 5'9"]

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]