

Trick Daddy, Tuck Ya Ice

(Chorus)

Tuck, tuck that,
tuck, tuck that,
tuck, tuck that,
tuck, tuck that,
tuck, tuck that, ice in
You aint, you aint, iced out
Tuck, tuck that ice in
I shine like a lighthouse

Tuck, tuck that ice in,
you ain't, you ain't iced
Lights on, lights off
I shine like a lighthouse

tuck, tuck that, ice in
You aint, you aint, iced out
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(TRICK DADDY)

My shit is platinum,
these assholes wearin' white gold
See I'm to smart for this cause,
all my shit paid for
And why should I rent a house,
when I can huy it and write it off
Make it my Florida home for the summer,
round winter time just rent it out
See I ain't none of them,
who ride around on rented rims
Change on the weekend,
and floss in him mama's Benz
See when I hit the scene,
I be so fresh so clean
White fitted, white tee,
ain't nan nigga like me
What kind of shit you on,
wearin' f**kin' rhinestones
Them cubic zirconia son,
Them ain't f**kin' diamonds,
So you gonna f**k around,
and get gangrene at the arm
Who'd rob and kill one,
over some mother-f**kin' slum
Your chain is crazy,
that shit for gazey
and it ain't real,
unless its copper or stainless steel
So whoever made it...
you shouldn't have paid it
Twenty grand for a watch
thats f**kin' gold plated!

(Chorus)

(BABY)

16 out the house,
17 gold mouth,
18 on the block,

Nigga got them thangs out,
Birdman stunna, nigga we don't sit in jail
Real n(Chorus)
Tuck, tuck that,
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(Chorus)

(BABY)
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Birdman stunna, nigga we don't sit in jail
Real nigga's do real thangs,
you know we make bail
Trick hit me on the cell,
know I gotta make a sale
Found myself in Dade County,
Nigga's movin' pounds of bail
So fresh,so bright with the ice,
Nigga you could loose your life playing with the bright lights! Yea,
Cali got my back,
I'm strapped nigga and prephase,
doin' it big, poppin' bottles, N*** the g-way
Black handles, black ice, we'll get it right
for a cheap price nigga that cutter'll get your mind right,
M.O.B. to a bitch,
made my hood rich
Quick cash, young money, it's that uptown shit,
ballin'one them bitches,
shock callin' on them bitches,
Two million on some ice and some cars on them bitches

(Chorus)

(TRICK DADDY)

They asked the kid the difference between mine and his,
See my shit blindin'
his shit don't shine,
cause that shit ain't real
His gemstones, they fruity pebbles,
just like Flinstones,
and he had his "Roley" on,
but I ain't even notice his arm,
but his diamonds cloudy,
and he ain't shiny,
and I heard his shit "Tick Tick Tickin'"
Oh man, this nigga trippin!
See we poppin' bottles and smokin bugga,
actin' cocky
Big thangs with fat pockets,
wearing seventy-thousand dollar watches
My overseas friends,
are breakin' thangs in,
Invest in a smaller hit town,
shakin', bakin'and breakin' it down
We gettin' top dollar,
cause we got that top powder
Hoes slob on our johnson,
cause johnson got that best powder
We call a grand a dollar,
we gettin' money holla
Rollin' hard with five fives,
real f**king street ballers

I did five trucks since the first quarter,
I'm on the right path at this rate,
I'll be sellin' slabs by the halves

(Chorus)

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