

# Baby A.K.A. The #1 Stunna, Ice Cold (Featuring T

Ladies and Gentlemen, this young man is the author of the book  
'Pimps Are People Too'

He is also the president of 'Guns, Bitches and Automobiles'

He also controls all the seafood trade

He got, the skrimps, the lobsters, the primes

The salmon, the little salmon, the big selmen

The sardines, the cardads and all that

Ladies and gentlemen, put your hands together

And give a warm welcome

To Jay Fizzle, my nizzle, fo shizzle

Hey, turn up J. Fizzle's microphone

Stunner and T Kizzie that's so icy

Mommy gave me rangs on the back of my bikey

I got the mink coat for wifey, wifey

Icey icy, my wifey wifey

They should have named me Dr. Freeze

'Cause I'm the coldest nigga y'all done seen

Day that rap met R&B

We got the Birdman, Jazze and me

Ay, ay, see I'm so icy, my life so cool

So so icy, the boys a fool

Ice from iceman, I ice my boo

Iced all over, from my head to her shoe

Ice in the mail from Jacob, boo

I got a million dollar prala seat behind ya too

It's million dollar mob that's behind me, boo

Now watch what the fuck I do

Wipe 'em down, wipe 'em down, biatch

Tell me why, why is it so

That I'm so, oh, ice cold?

Tell me why, why is it so

That I'm so, oh, ice cold?

Ay, ay, T Kizzie, R&B around

I put ice on my mom and my sister too

It's mister icy icy in the burgundy coupe

I'd ice my grand-daddy, if he still was here

On them white-wall tires with them white-wall rims

It's the million dollar ice, ice pumped up boots

I got ice all over, with the million dollar shoe

Look at iced up dro back, iced up me

Watch number eighteen as he kill the city

Put ice on my Benz, on the twenty inch rims

And I ice my lens with the barberry tims

I got ice on my wrist, too cold to melt

Pinky ring, icy icy in a bird nest

I'm from the ice clique, we unexplainably rich

Whole lot of hits, whole lot of chips

C O, the Birdman, whole lot of bricks

Put it all together, that's a whole lot of shit

Tell me why, why is it so

That I'm so, oh, ice cold?

Tell me why, why is it so

That I'm so, oh, ice cold?

Ay, ay, T. Kizzie, big pimpin'

I got million dollar game, with as fly as freak

Princess, bigness, ice on my teeth

Round shape, we shape, my shit is a fool

I got fifteen karats, icy ice, my boo

Went to the corner, you can see me

I'm in the ice cold six four, smokin' dro

Ballin' nice and E-Z, S S that I bought from fresh

With the Cali license plate that read 'L.A. Is Best'

Big Wop is iced out and Ceedi iced out

Tiny-toe, big G, my rounds iced out

And Exey icey hot, and busy is too  
We get money, spit ice and wear Gucci suits  
Let me tell you 'bout what we are is what we are  
Ice cold money makin', see ya marra  
And we gon' keep ballin' 'til they close the bar  
And do the same damn thing tomarra, oh yeah, oh yeah  
Tell me why, why is it so  
That I'm so, oh, ice cold?  
Tell me why, why is it so  
That I'm so, oh, ice cold?  
Fo sho, nigga, y'all know who want this ice shit  
For this game, nigga, it ain't no secret  
See ya morra for life, nigga, my whole crew shinnin', nigga  
Busy, Birdman, third world magnolia, biatch  
Say T Queezie, you too hot for me pimpin'  
See you stunnin' and you talk enough shit  
To make a cripple man walk, I'm a tell you like this, dog  
See Jimmy, you holdin' down back there  
Nigga, keep your head up, I'ma say  
Elton, are you still one of the hottest niggas out there nigga?  
You ain't front at all nigga, keep ya head up, biatch  
My brother's in this shit ya heard me, biatch  
Please believe me, nigga  
[Incomprehensible]  
Birdcall, motherfucker, motherfucker