

# Birdman, Ice Cold

(Baby)

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 selmon, the little selmon, 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  
(Turn up J. Fizzle's microphone)

(Jazze Pha - in background)

Tell me why, why, is it soo  
That I'm soo-oh, ice cold (ice cold)  
Tell me why, why, is it soo  
That I'm soo-oh, ice cold

(Verse 1)

(Baby)

Stunner and T Kizzie, thats so icy  
Mommy gave me rans on the back of my bikey  
I got the mink coat for wifey, wifey  
Icicy icy, my wifey wifey

(TQ)

They should have named me Dr. Freeze  
Cause I'm the coldest nigga y'all done seen  
The day that rap met r&b  
Got the birdman, Jazze, and me

(Baby)

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

(TQ)

Ice in the mail from Jacob boo  
I got a million dollar prala seat behind ya too  
It's million dollar mob thats behind me boo  
Now watch what the f\*\*k I do  
(Wipe em down, wipe em down, biatch)

(Chorus - Jazze Pha)

Tell me why, why, (whyyy) is it soo (is it soo)  
That I'm soo-oh, ice cold (so ice cold)  
Tell me why, why, is it soo, (tell me whyyy) soo  
That I'm soo-oh, ice cold

(Verse 2)

(Baby)

Ay, ay, T Kizzie, r&b round  
I put ice on my mom, and my sister too  
It's mister icy icy, in the burgandy coupe

(TQ)

I'd ice my grand-daddy, if he still was here  
On the white-wall tires, with them white-wall rims

(Baby)

The million dollar ice, ice pumped up boots

I got ice all over, with the million dollar shoes

(TQ)

Look at iced up dro back, iced up me  
Watch #18 as he kill the cit-ty

(Baby)

Put ice on my benz, on the 20 inch rims  
And I ice my lens with the burberry tims  
I got ice on my wrist, too cold to melt  
Pinky ring, icey icey, in a bird nest

(TQ)

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, thats a whole lot of shit

(Chrous - Jazze Pha)

(Verse 3)

(Baby)

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 15 karats, icey ice my boo

(TQ)

Went to the corner, you can see me  
I'm in the ice cold six four, smokin dro  
Ballin nice and e-z, ss that I bought from fresh  
With the Cali license plate that read L.A. is best

(Baby)

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

(TQ)

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

(Chorus - Jazze pha)

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, your 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  
Say Elton, you still one of the hottest niggas out there nigga  
You aint front at all nigga, keep ya head up, biatch

My brothers in this shit ya heard me, biatch, biatch

Brrrrrrrrrrrr, brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr, brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr  
Birdcall motherf\*\*ker, birdcall motherf\*\*ker