

Chef Raekwon, Ice Cream

Chef Raekwon

Miscellaneous

Ice Cream

Get out some money!

The ice cream man is coming!

Chorus:

Watch these rap niggaz get all up in your guts
French-vanilla, butter-pecan, chocolate-deluxe
Even caramel sundaes is gettin touched
And scooped in my ice cream truck, who tears it up

Verse One: Ghostface Killer (Tony Starks)

Yo honey-dips, I'm a time fine jerry drippin
See you on Pickens with a bunch of chickens
how you're clickin
I catch shootin strong notes as we got close
She rocked rope, honey throat smellin like Impulse
Your whole shell baby's wicked like Nimrod
Caught me like a fresh-water scrod
And may I not be God
Attitude is very rude Boo, crabby like seafood
It turns me on like Vassey and Lahrule
They call me Starky Love-hun, check the strategy
By any means, Shirley Temple cross
Was done by Billie Jean's
Black Misses America, your name is Erica, right true
Lazy apple, small piece, six shoe
Caramel complexion, breath smellin like cinnamon
Excuse me hon, I don't mean no harm, turn around again
God damn, backyard's bangin like a Benz-y
If I was jiggy, you'd be spotted like Spudz McKenzie
I'm high powered put Adina Howard to sleep
Yo pardon, that bitch been on my mind all week, but uh
Back to you Maybelline Queen let's make a team
You can have anything in this world except CREAM
So whatchu wanna do? Whatchu wanna do?
Let's go ahead and walk these dogs and represent Wu

Chorus

Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef (Lou Diamonds)

Shaolin's finest, whattup Boo, peace your highness
Yo I'm loungin, big dick style
Y'all niggaz is the flyest
Moves you're making too fly jewels are shaking
out of rate patient
You're looking good fly colored Asian Ghetto's
Them is your hometown, we can go the whole round
After that, I'm shootin downtown
I'm rockin hats and you wiggaz all intact
Who's that queen bee chick, eyes curly black
Freaks be movin in fly sneaks
Two finger rings and gold teeth
and ain't afraid to hold heat
So when I step in the square dear
You better have CREAM to share, Ricans, then I be geared

Chorus

Verse Three: Cappachino

Black chocolate girl wonder, shade brown like Thunder
Politic til your deficit step, gimme your number
Your sexy persuasive Thai-Thai's and thighs
Catch my eyes like highs I want your bodily surprise
Double dime some time, Ice Cream you got me fallin out
like a cripple, I love you like I love my dick size
ooh baby I miss you, your sweet tender touches
take moves off the Duchess, orgasm in my mindstate
masterbate in your clutches, I want you for self
like wealth, so play me closely
Bitches paranoia for the sting, who want the most of me
Only a hard dozen want to be callin me cousin
Thirsty for my catalog, baby shoppin spree you're lovin
Call me if you want to get dug like the pockets
I jizm like a giant break brooms out of their sockets

Outro: Method Man

Wu-Tang in the cut, for real niggaz what?
It's the after party and bitches want to fuck

Chorus:

Ice cold bitches melt down when my clutch
and what they titties sucked, ice cream

Yeah, your guys

Chorus: 3/4ths

Ice cold bitches melt down when in the clutch
They want they titties sucked, ice cream

One love to my chocolate deluxes, keep your nails done
and your wigs tight, word up
One love to my butter-pecan Ricans for calling me papi
That's for real
One love to caramel sundaes, with the cherries on top
Yeah
And big up to my french vanillas
Parlei vous, francais, mi amor
Merci, oui oui, bon bons and all that good stuff
That good stuff