

# 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