

Gucci Mane, Icy Featuring Young Jeezy

(feat. Young Jeezy, Boo)

I'm icy, I'm icy

(Chorus:)

All these girls excited
Oooo ya know they like it
I'm so icy, so icy
Girl don't try to fight it
All yo friends invited
I'm so icy, so icy

(1st Verse: Young Jeezy)

Got a house around my neck, and my wrist on chill
Any given time, 250 in ya grill (a quarter million?)
All I do is talk shit, u can even add a couple grand for my outfit
U betta act like ya know man, in my hood they call me Jeezy da Snowman
Ya get it? Get it? Jeezy da Snowman
I'm iced out, plus I got snow, man
Let it marinate, y'all niggaz is slow man (slow man)
(Man what the fuck y'all...yo dumb ass)
I used to get nineteen for a beat
Call me Ginuwine, the same 'ol G ('ol G)
I'm da shit biiiaaattch, I need toilet paper (daaaaaayyum!)
And some air freshener nigga, fuck a hata
These niggaz don't like me
I'm wit da Gucci Mane and I'm so icy

(Chorus)

(2nd Verse: Gucci Mane)

She diggin my fit, she think I'm da shit
Is this a chain on my neck, or the watch in my wrist
Maybe the ice in my ear, or my bracelet
But she look like the type that could take a dick
Young Gucci Mane, don't kiss me baby u can kiss my chain
Ya gotta be a dime piece,
just to look at the rocks in my time piece
I come through in a drop top Jag, or Old-School Chevy
wit da antique tags
My pockets so heavy that I can't walk steady
Niggaz coppin ice we done done it already
Got a gold grill but it's not from Eddie
I ride big Chevys cuza nigga ain't petty
I'm icy, so muthafuckin snowed up, lil kids wanna
be like Gucci when they grow up
Me, jeezy and Boo
We ain't hatin pussy nigga 'gon and do what u do
Cuz we icy, so icy, we icy, so icy

(Chorus)

(3rd Verse: Boo)

I'm hoppin out the range wit da seats piped out
You can still see my chain even when da lights out
Cuz dat's how monsters do it
Spit a lil game give 'em that flosser music
I'm da man from da C.H.I.
These lames runnin 'round thinkin they so fly
Got a lil buzz but Boo been too high
I'm pullin hoes in da club and I don't even try
I guess when she glance at my wrist, she wanna get my dick
I tell her holla at Jeezy if ya wanna pop Cris
Get at Gucci Mane cuz he on some lil shit

And you know I'm in da cut, grippin my 4/5
Like let a nigga trip, naw we ain't runnin
We just takin all ya chicks, buyin drinks gettin blunted
Groupies, show you how to do this son
We throwin out hundreds while you savin them ones

(Hook:)

I got so many rocks, on my chain and watch
I know I'm da shit, my chain hang down to my dick
I know I'm da bomb, just look at my charms
I know I'm da shit, my chain hang down to my dick

(Chorus)

I'm so icy
Look at my charms
My...chain...hang...down...to my dick