

# Logic, Icy (ft. Gucci Mane)

I'm icy,  
i am clean  
I'm icy,  
i am clean  
I'm icy  
i am clean  
I'm icy  
i am bad motherfu\*ker  
I'm icy,  
i am clean  
I'm icy,  
i am clean  
I'm icy  
i am clean  
I'm icy

(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