

Raekwon, Ice Water

Intro: Ghostface Killer

Tommy Hil' rockin ice niggaz

Tommy Hil' ice rockin niggaz who fuck...

Mira, afrente

Take a one on one to this shit y'all (yeah)

Get your nostrils clear (yeah)

Come on, sniff your brains out

All my Al Capone, Al Pacino niggaz (yeah)

Who's down with drug smuggling

Cappadonna, Golden Arms

Verse One: Ghostface Killer

Yo, yo

Take out the rap kingpin, the black Jesus

I know a few niggaz sniff coke, it cause seizures

Peace to half-moon Caesars

and all the bitches in the bleachers

Hot weather, sex on the beaches

Jury shopping out of the country

Deluxe luxury, people saying dem not change

Look, truckle me

But what about the Wonder Woman bracelet

Two-oh point three diamond cut engraved rubies

Kid I laced it

My sweet tooth gotta nigga throbbin, ready for robbin

But first hit Maria's, for a butter almond

The bionic microphone is stacked mechanic

Move like a bunch of Mexicans with bandanas

Son, it's on so we can just Maximillion

I got the spot sewn, so we can make a billion

The God's tropical

Ladies call me black fruit punch

Rainbow, flavored niggas murder niggas for lunch

Peace to the Paris crew in the avenue, and my nigga Jay Love

Who carries switch blades on the red roof

Verse Two: Cappadonna

Yo, the first branch, the third leaf, whoever want it got beef

I politic, show love, crush those who dare creep

Into my realm of sunshine I praise divine

Fine line between dawn of dumb, deaf and blind

He ain't mine, he shook like the faggots on daytime

Crossed over grain while we was bubblin moonshine

Sippin on the Moet, laid up, Rae-Gambino

Mastermind the plan, Tony Starks, Cappachino

Develop while your head be swellin up all for the nation

Blinded by the ice while I release the confrontation

Donna holy fat bads of weed, ravioli

Pasta, Bodyguard the killa bee songs like Kevin Costner

Infrared all inside your bumba rasta

Cappadonna pimped the derby like the mobster

Interlude: Ghostface

Yeah, yeah

Eight spaghetti lame brain ass niggaz

Quarters, nickels, and dimes bitch

Except for overtime nigga

Any ass money should be fine

Cause I'm coming strong, reaking niggas backs

Keepin shit real

If you haven't noticed this crazy ass rusty, ass nigga

Let me tell you this four times

Tony Starks, Raekwon the chef

Cappachino and Golden Arms

Is comin through mad strong

From the isles of Shaolin

For all them faggot ass

Rusty ticket-head bitches too
Shump shump baby
Verse Three: Raekwon the Chef
Yo back in the days, baggin crack, scrapin plates
Flippin cakes to them heavy head niggaz hatin Jakes
It be us, all the war's soldiers, hangin in halls gettin over
City niggaz who for blood money rockin Rovers
Stay dipped, don't have no money in your pocket
In the streets while these people mark money in their Jeep
Crack bums watch your back for jumps
Caught before a fake twenty dollar bill
Get em son, we ain't the one
Politickin, purse vickin, sick of these Dominicans
Eatin good, had to shoot my way up out of Bennigans
That's life, to top it all off, beef for white
pullin bleach out tryin to throw it in my eyesight
Yo what the fuck was on yo mind?