

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