## 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