

God Bless The 6-Icewear Vezzo Lyrics

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“God Bless The 6”

[Intro: Icewear Vezzo & DJ Drama]

Yeah

Let's paint the city

(Cashout, what it do, fufu?)

Thank God for everything, please protect us

Ain't no place like the D

Amen

You niggas not safe there

(Iced Up Records, Gangsta Grizills)

[Chorus: Icewear Vezzo]

Left wrist icy as shit, I be poppin' my shit

Keep blicks, I be 'round the 6

Dancin', Audemars Piguet be flashin'

Clear VVS stones shine bright than a bitch

Glock 19, poured, got a pop full of lean

Big chop, we ain't fightin' for shit

Hundred right in the clip

Spend dog shit every vibe

T'd up, keep pipe in the Bent'

[Verse 1: Babyface Ray]

Two hoes stuffed in the back, keep quotin' my raps

To tell 'em let 'em fight for the dick (Yeah)

Little nigga keep sendin' shots, told him stop with the cap

Hit his ho 'cause she tight on the rent
It's a movie, look at the life that I live
Sparklers on Sprites, took a pint off in LIV
She suckin' and slobbin', she might need a bib
Penthouse for thotties, gave wifey the crib

[Verse 2: Icewear Vezzo]

Got more pape' than them niggas
Niggas fucked up, they finished, we ain't savin' no niggas
Rich nigga, everything bust
Quarter M on a Richard, hit Hutch, two-eighty on Cubans
Dog go stupid
Spend dog shit at Phipps, plain rose, go crazy on niggas
I ain't cuffin' no ho, I done hit every bad bitch walkin'
On gang, I'm just waitin' on Nicki

[Verse 3: Babyface Ray]

Walk through the line with no ticket, that's me (Yeah)
Just gave some money to baby like Pee (Yeah)
That bitch ain't mine if her purse ain't two C (Yeah)
Shoot for the mind like my name was Ooh-wee
Hold on, stop the beat, let me show some love
Band up for life like my nigga Poody
Ballin' on niggas like my number two-three (Ballin')
Forever got choices, 'Cat came with two keys, nigga

[Verse 4: Icewear Vezzo]

Go'n 'head and fuck for the gang
Turned an icy bitch out, gon' fuck for a chain
Lit nigga pull up in Rolls on Forgis
Got shooters on shooters, we was cuttin' up 'caine
Talkin' 'bout juggs you ain't hit
Lil' pussy-ass nigga, we'll pull up with Glocks and switches
Forty in the chop, blow a kiss
Made it then turned the hood up, that's why the opps so pissed

Dog Shit Records, a hundred, can't call that flexin'
Five million and all that's extras
Fifty 'bows of pressure, reckless, huh
Yeah, we the type of niggas that'll rob the steppers

[Verse 5: Babyface Ray]

I don't know Will Smith, but I am a legend
Perc' after Perc' like this shit is Excedrin
Double-R truck, boy, you livin' too reckless
Feelin' like Ye, change my name to Hugh Hefner
Changin' my number, don't want you no more
I can't love on no ho, that ain't how that shit go (Naw)
Walked in the mall, I had bags on bags
It's crazy, I thought I couldn't struggle no more
Hate that I'm lit, love when I'm broke
Fuckin' three friends, my ducks in a row (Ooh)
Playin' snake games, I'm cuttin' your throat
I make free bands as I'm cuttin' the dope

[Chorus: Icewear Vezzo & Babyface Ray]

Left wrist icy as shit, I be poppin' my shit
Keep blicks, I be 'round the 6
Dancin', Audemars Piguet be flashin'
Clear VVS stones shine bright than a bitch
Rolex, one too many
Car stay tinted
Boy, I'm a young rich nigga
I don't give a fuck, I'll spend it
Yeah, he's always timid
Rockin' Saint Mike 'cause I'm sinnin'
Coupe is on Fendi
F's, look at me winnin'
Family been treatin' me different

[Outro: DJ Drama]

Thanksgiving coming up
Time to feed the streets
(Gangsta Grizills)

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