

# ICU

## Riff Raff

[Hook: Gorilla Zoe]

I see you, now you see me  
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[Verse 1: Riff Raff]

Hopped out the whip, ice got my lips frostbit  
Boy I don't want your damn girl she got too many kids  
My shoes, Sauconey, hook like James Toney  
I got infrared dots, the same size as pepperoni  
Chilling in the post, Riff Raff known from coast to coast  
I ain't talking bout that breakfast when I hit you with that toast  
I'm gonna fly continental, shoes presidential  
Acres Homes credentials, but my house is residential  
I done swung river oats, the palace up in Dallas  
Eating Coogi salad, grape stains on the baggage  
I done flipped cross the atlas, across the seven seas  
Me and Licia' Keys push keys down TC  
Jester, and I'm a wood wheel molester  
Drop top compressor with my kin, Uncle Fester  
I done swung with the best of, swung through the breeze  
I see you, nah you see me

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Fat Pimp]

Yes I'm high and I been smoking  
On two pills so you know I'm rolling  
Out my mind like Kurt Cobain  
Bout to start slapping bitches like my name Rick James  
Bitches all on my dick cause I make a lot of money  
I fuck real good that's why they love my dougie  
Obese type of money, keep my pockets looking chubby  
Fat, cute little nigga, I ain't never been ugly  
Heart of a hustler, mind of a G  
Player hating niggas can't fuck with me  
Gucci on my body while they all jock me  
And the chain on my neck land me a hundred G's  
Dope boy money led me straight to the bank

Let's play a game, big bank take little bank  
Get like you? Nah, get like me  
Tell ? you need to let me Bobby B, hey

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Riff Raff]

Canary, Mercedes, crawling like a baby  
Drank got me lazy, iced out feeling crazy  
I feel cool, I feel straight, paper license plate  
Like that boy Wayne Gretzky, Riff Raff bout' to skate  
Down your street, down the feeder, tangerine Beemer  
Clothes out the cleaner, I ain't thinking misdemeanor  
I'm thinking kind of groovy, might move packs  
I done popped trunk on your grandma's cul de sac  
Riff Raff don't play, I'm a pro grade  
Imma' sit sideways at a Chinese buffet  
She done drove down from Dallas, can't be mad at us  
I took her to my room, you know, the pool palace  
You see I know how to propaganda, your boys at Ruckers park with improper handles  
The paint is egg nog, the seats is butterscotch  
The flow irregular, freestyle un-orthodox

[Hook]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>