

Wetter Than Tsunami

Riff Raff

Q Rich

Ice on my wrists and I ball like Q Rich
Ice on my wrists and I ball like Q Rich
Smoking in the club, have a nicotine fit
Ice on my hand and I shoulda won a Grammy
Step inside the club and I'm smelling like Miami
In the kitchen cooking cookies, but I'm not yo damn granny
Now they wanna copy because I'm wetter than tsunami
Now they wanna copy because I'm wetter than tsunami
Kitchen cooking cookies, but I'm not yo damn granny
Step inside the club and I'm smelling like Miami
Ice on my hands, should have won a damn Grammy
I made a lane, lane made of gold
I can shoot a BB through a frosted Cheerio
From fifty yards away, I can ride blades
I can make it rain even on a sunny day
At the Days Inn, still play to win
I can buy a Benz even if I ride a Schwinn
Twenty inch rims, man that shit's too small
Met this bitch at the mall, ass like two volleyballs
Supersize the chain, like it was McDonald's
Ice a whole frame, snowman, abominable
Laughing at the bank, man that shit is comical
50 inch Byzantine, damn near froze my abdominal
Who me? You know who I are
Might crash my car then buy the whole bar
Yea we can talk, don't be a stranger
Step inside the club and I smell like Power Ranger
Oriental wrists, with the rocks on my finger
Ice in my ear, looks like a baby penguin
Circle make a square fool, on August 5th
Banana bird fists looks like panda piss
Should I rock the braids, permed out fur
Walking 'round town, rock twenty K below
Hyper color chain with the similac flow
Rocking all this snow, might freeze a rainbow

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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