

# Ice Ice Baby - Vanilla Ice

---

Yo VIP, let's kick it

Ice, ice, baby

Ice, ice, baby

Alright stop, collaborate and listen

Ice is back with the brand new invention

Something grabs a hold of me tightly

Flow like a harpoon daily and nightly

"Will it ever stop?" Yo, I don't know

Turn off the lights, huh, and I'll glow

To the extreme, I rock a mic like a vandal

Light up a stage and wax a chump like a candle

Dance, rush the speaker that booms

I'm killing your brain like a poisonous mushroom

Deadly when I play a dope melody

Anything less than the best is a felony

Love it or leave it, you better gangway

You better hit the bullseye, the kid don't play

And if there was a problem, yo, I'll solve it

Check out the hook while my DJ revolves it

Ice, ice, baby

Vanilla Ice, ice, baby

Vanilla Ice, ice, baby

Vanilla Ice, ice, baby

Now that the party is jumpin'

With the bass kicked in and the Vegas are pumpin'

Quick to the point, to the point, no fakin'

Cookin' MCs like a pound of bacon

Burnin' 'em if you're not quick and nimble

I go crazy when I hear a cymbal

And a hi-hat with a souped up tempo

I'm on a roll, it's time to go solo

Rollin' in my 5.0

With the ragtop down so my hair can blow

The girlies on standby, wavin' just to say hi

"Did you stop?" No, I just drove by

Kept on, pursuin' to the next stop

I busted a left and I'm headin' to the next stop

The block was dead, yo, so I continued to

A1A Beachfront Avenue

Girls were hot wearing less than bikinis

Rockman lovers driving Lamborghinis  
Jealous, 'cause I'm out getting mine  
Shay with a gauge and Vanilla with a 9  
Ready for the chumps on the wall  
The chumps acting ill because they're full of eight ball  
Gunshots raged out like a bell  
I grabbed my 9, all I heard were shells  
Falling on the concrete real fast  
Jumped in my car, slammed on the gas  
Bumper to bumper, the avenue's packed  
I'm trying to get away before the jackers jack  
Police on the scene, you know what I mean?  
They passed me up, confronted all the dope fiends  
If there was a problem, yo, I'll solve it  
Check out the hook while my DJ revolves it

Ice, ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice, ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice, ice, baby  
Ice, ice, baby

Take heed 'cause I'm a lyrical poet  
Miami's on the scene just in case you didn't know it  
My town that created all the bass sound  
Enough to shake and kick holes in the ground  
'Cause my style's like a chemical spill  
Feasible rhymes that you can vision and feel  
Conducted and formed, this is a hell of a concept  
We make it hype and you want to step  
With this. Shay plays on the fade  
Slice like a ninja, cut like a razor blade  
So fast, other DJs say, "Damn!"  
If rhyme was a drug I'd sell it by the gram  
Keep my composure when it's time to get loose  
Magnetized by the mic while I kick my juice  
If there was a problem yo I'll solve it  
Check out the hook while my DJ revolves it

Ice ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice, ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice, ice, baby  
Ice ice, baby  
Vanilla Ice

Yo man, let's get out of here  
Word to your mother  
Ice, ice, baby (Too cold)  
Ice, ice, baby (Too cold)

Ice, ice, baby (Too cold)

Ice, ice, baby (Too cold, too cold)

Ice, ice, baby (Too cold, too cold)

Ice, ice, baby (Too cold, too cold)

Ice