

# Ice Cream

K.Flav

This isn't math, it's a paragraph  
It's a pot of gold in a garbage can  
Should've seen the signs at Christmastime  
When the mistletoe didn't make you want to make out

Honey, here's the fuckin' truth  
You'd rather be with her, and  
I'd rather be with you  
Oh, baby, this is the end of times  
You want to call it often  
I want to call you mine

You are my ice cream  
You make my brain freeze  
You are my ice cream  
You make my brain freeze

This isn't nice, it's a bath of life  
It's an open book with no words inside  
I was so naive, I was so deceived  
When I found out that adults are very confused

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If I let you go, I know you'll go, so I'll hold tightly  
Lost my self-control one year ago, I feel like fighting  
If I let you go, I know you'll go, so I'll hold tightly  
Lost my self-control one year ago, I feel like fighting

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