

5th Gear (f. Equipto)

Andre Nickatina

Fast lane baby, ain't nothin like it, some play it cool,
Some get excited, hit 5th gear and you might get indited,
Spend all your cash try to fight it and how ya like it, the nickatina roll dice - shoot craps, a brand new rap means a
Brand new gat, some rather sit around and snitch like rats,
Ain't no tellin' where I'm at on the map, my chuck taylors days
Stay lays devine, look in the eyes of a rap gad laced with
Rhyme, and its a felony, and its in druthers what they tellin' me, and in my mind yo that's a penalty, man baby
so mean, she wear those apple bottom jeans, 90
Percent cream, bumpin' the 15, night time got parlay, plucka
Plucka, in the mix now ya cocksucka, I never leave it alone home, I love a big baked roll, in your
Face freak with plain clothes, yea fly like a kite no cops in
Sight, racin' through the city runnin' every red light, drivin'
Like I hate my life, got a cairn in my vein and my brain ain't
No wife, night time got parlay, plucka plucka, in the mix now
Ya cocksucka, you get flavour like a skittle when I rip a rhyme riddle, your
Face is in da pillow den I shoot it in da middle, ya 26 words
In the alphabet, and I use all 26 to get there grips, cause
You can see me on the highway, the plane, the plane mein,
Nickatina lake for a slate again, with hot weatha, hot leatha
And hot chedda, you bring the beats with the hot borettas, my souls controlled by the late billy holiday, me and
eric
Strung got all the way, rainy alarm with the charm of a nickel
As barm, then I sell you somethin that shoot straight in your
Arm, and get a plate from duct tape to wear the bait, some man
Made jars didn't give a little shake, I hope ya got somethin, 4
Pound on your waist, because I drive like I don't have breaks, cause its, the fast lane baby, ain't nothin like it,
some play
It cool, some get excited hit 5th gear and you might get
Indited, spend all your cash tryin' to fight it, uh, you see I'm cold blooded, gary petters go glovin', lovin'
To play it cool but we heat it like an oven, I bowl gord in
Borgeon, with all fairness, ain't no turnin' back, I burn a
Sack so careless, sly just like stone, high all alone,
Glowin', rap crews oblivious all outta they zone, and I was
Told to treat em cold, a blow, ever keepin' flow, there's no
Reason to tell a leader, go, this is a rush, the outspoken in
The pissed discussion, like N.W.A I'm always into somethin',
And I'm a record like a athlete, out shone stampy, rollin' with
Motha fuckas just doin the damn thing, livin' life too fast to
Catch it but got it mastered, down, now get mad and lash out,

Classic, genuine rappin', watch the boy play, can't escape the
Game the range is point blank, when it come to cash yea man some might divide it, but when it
Come to me don't try it, gotta com-plaint, boys ride toys on
Chrome, baby you drunk, you need to go home, 15 quick and ill
Thug rug bone, first of the month and roll another blunt,
Tonight I got cranberry juice in my cup, you starin' at a rap,
Can't freak, what up, night time got parlay, plucka plucka, in
Tha mix now ya cocksucka, put on your seat belt, need help I'm about to go fast, no
Bitchin' motha fucka, so don't even ask, forget about the past,
You betta do the math, freaks tryin' to put their dirty hands
On the cash, more keys than a piano, you like to travel, think
All the fours that flows, reach the ammo, retreat to the
Shadows, fire in the battle, you might see me on your
Favourite news channel, 2, 7 or maybe even 5, money on my mind
, you can see it in my eyes, talkin much shit I don't eva have to
Lie, unless its to a judge, but then I gotta grudge, a game
Where there ain't no love, money, cars, strip bars and the
Hardest drugs, night time got parlay, plucka plucka, in the
Mix now ya cocksucka, night time got parlay

Songwriters

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