

Lost Hawks

Andre Nickatina & Equipto

NICKATINA I'm Serious, like Steady B
I dip a Cadillac like Freddy B
I talk to these ladies like Schooly D
Cause I can't have these ladies foolin' me I'm bumpin' Thai Shaw, Pimpin' Hoes dot com
The mo' god'Khan in a new Sean John
Lost in my lusty ways
You see my face in a magazine and can't turn the page. EQUIPTO You see, I'm 'bout to get paid and not afraid
to admit it
To fail's never part of the plan, I'm never quittin'
I always gave it all that I can, a little lazy
I (blow??? record) like Chuck up on the daily
Adrenaline pumpin' like a piston
Got me so high I'm in the sky and I kissed it
Excuse me while I Jimmy Hentwist the rhyme
Hey Joe, could you tell me if 6 was 9? NICKATINA You know I spit technique to the freshest freak
Gimme a call you will see results in just a week
With the soul of a LOST HAWK
Is there a heaven for a Rap Cat, let's talk Because it's hell for a Rap Cat, let's walk
Watch your spirit get knocked out the ballpark
Gold diggers stay after me, it's a catastrophe,
Talkin' shit in the cheesecake factory. EQUIPTO I'm feelin' high and the blunt ain't sparked yet
The truth hit the booth just like it was Clark Kent
No time for the weak games the renegade freaks play
Follow the rules, old school, fuck a cliché
I'm to the point ain't no time to waste
Same rap, came back, hey, just like mace
Imma spray in your face, any day, any place
Cross the bay bridge rollin' with Dre and we blaze A chronicle, 30 of Kush up in the optimo
We roll trees by the bush when we rock a show
The (?) push, Imma refund mine
See suckas, lay 'em down with our machine gun rhymes. NICKATINA You might see me at my shows in my
Nicky Rose clothes
Standin' there just like a picture without the pose
Yes, y'all in the symphony call
Man, them hoes'll be talkin' bout my rise and fall How I did 'em all
And was I born to ball
Yo, but not on the hoop court
But walkin' through court My gun-mouth that made it way down south
With the whole strip scene tryin' to figure it out Without a doubt. EQUIPTO I keep it movin' till my life is straight

It's all, Math, Science, Time and Space
I see the more money and these rhymes to make
I'm tryna seven figures like a license plate
Come on, I roll often, my destination unknown
The bizzle had me thinkin' "where did all the fun go"
Fast decisions made at the last minute
The cash flippin'
Fasho' we goin' past the limit.
NICKATINA
Gotta be greedy like Daffy 'cause the money's like Taffy
Sweet like a (?) that's tryna get at me
The wings of an angel just cut my face
I couldn't say nothin' man, yo I spit my case
Playboy, it's like magic
Man, in a packet
Mad like an addict in the sports (?) bracket
Spit hot nickels till they quarters, man
So put in my name with the eternal flames.
EQUIPTO
I'm so hot, the track
meltin'
Please the degrees that I kick his black belt in
Freeze MC's into a gas, I blows mixed Purp with Hash
Do the math, young Queezy workin' the map
It's called class
Like Bob Marley lightin' a spliff
Only the lord know how hyphy I'll get
Imma rip through the city and tell a sucka "try again"
You see me flowin' to this track like the violins.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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