

# Jellybean Colored Suits

## Andre Nickatina

I wear clothes that'll circle the globe  
And write raps that make them out of your nose  
I'm like a beara tone.  
I take the Vegas trip man that's my favorite  
I hit the strip like a sailor coming off a ship  
I'm in the back of the car like a mafia don blowing weed wearing Louis vaton.  
I'm like the diamond out of Africa  
In the cheesecake factory talking loud like a pastor be.  
I got wings that birds don't have and I fly like the birds don't fly  
In the midnight kill an hour  
I give my life to the holy kirran but it's way behind the god of khan in the sun of Milan.  
Step back as I roll the bomb.  
You might text but I wont respond  
It's the blueberry  
Going 90 down seminary Bumping the scarriac?  
Because I'm so damn fresh yeah.  
I wear rings like the young slick Rick and if I pawn them I can buy a brick  
Feel me on that. I crack a smile like a cracked bottle I talk shit to all the poor damn strip models  
I smoke weed like I won't get caught  
I drive my car like I'm sellin' a yot  
I'm always ask baby what you got  
I'm always ask baby what you got  
I'm always askin' baby what you got  
Give it to me  
I shoot thru like a free throw  
I'm not high but people try to find me like Nemo  
I wear the Sean john. The new white one  
I'm from Frisco  
Balcor, Barry bonds  
Man let me roll the around it  
Going up something like hydraulics  
I be shopping on market  
Yo anything fly in my sight is my target.  
I like cars with the fresh leather I like them real tough  
So I gotta call my Foid Mayweather  
I eat the gummy bears buy shoes in double pairs.  
Wife beaters under my shirt is what I gotta wear.  
I chew now an laters and wear alligators be at the parties where you see all the ball players  
Philmore days. Tahoe nights.

Man I be rapping just raise up the coke price  
My closet looks like jelly beans from all the colorful suits that I got from the Philippines  
I keep my nails clean  
A little visene  
I'm at the mesanino root boy yanah I mean?  
I take it back like brown royal  
Or for the stop homie  
Turned it into a gym and win the pot foil  
She like baby oil and a sweet sense  
I like something automatic on the flight trip  
And when it's automatic man you can see the cabbage  
You can see it in my face  
Man I'm extra manage  
More new cars more fresh clothes  
My deek is the code for the pesh mode I like to laugh like the hyena  
Cause every time I think I'm gonna lose I'm a straight cheater  
I wear wife beaters at your pool parties  
But i ain't Not getting my hair wet for nobody  
I take off like a redevye  
And I could shoot to la in atleast 45  
Til the sunrise then we cut pies  
And the girls only talk to the trick guys  
I hit my lawyer with a quick bundle  
Just to let her know sometimes a guard might be in trouble  
I roll blunts in the backseat  
And then I sit on that ass and I watch the whole track meet  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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