Tell Dat Ta Dummies

Andre Nickatina & Equipto

"Always admired your ability to communicate precisely"
[Equipto Talking]
Yeah, shit, you know I mean
We in slow motion with it mayne
All my homeboys give a little bit of stuff to?
You know I'm sayin, little club, for medical use only
Some of that official shit, you know?
It's yo' boy 'Quipto
[Equipto]
-Hmm, yeah
I'm the new Jack Nino, on my own like Cee-Lo
Got carried away married to this game when I eloped
Gone, I'ma take it further I learn her soon as I turn her
Out, and there'd be no doubt that she'll be flippin' like a burger
Now, I'm just a two steppin', Hugh Heffen
Gotta watch for these groupies puflukes just to get you naked
But I'ma spit it, rap it, 'til a young cat livin' lavish
Yo' homeboy it's a scratch it, I tell 'em get established
Lean back, jump off how they react
Picky for strictly just for the sticky like a tree sap
Trixie got them knee pads
I let the beat blast, time is money
'Til then just miss me spit them lies to dummies
I'm genuine, Bettison, practice on my etiquen
Represent the president Edison, feel to the elements
Huh, you feelin' trapped like a rat in a race
But slappin' five 'cause a true rap cat in the place
Blow the purple, if not baby walk like Herschel
She could walk, run, long jump, hurdle
Just leave the circle, back on the blade after mackin on stage
Don't hate 'cause I'm just jack of all trades
Tradin' places with me, you livin' days like a week
Every single toes on you feet
Gone put she work in them streets
The co-co-concrete, I got a plan is get in and get out
And all my homeys know what I'm talkin' about, t-t-t-thizz out
[Andre Nickatina]
Man I'm classified a spitter in the game
I get the issue and the tissue and don't cry about the fame

I spit a dart right through your heart and see my life 'll come apart
I like to party in the dark, so baby how you gonna start
The music's loud, I kick it live, and it's a federal surprise
Time after time you open wide and my reflection's in your eyes
It's like the liquor on the counter, making money by the hour
Gettin cleaner than the shower, standing up just like a flower
Get the flavor for the fantasy you know it's me I'm greedy
No more hidin in the clubs because the bitches say they see me
I be chewin' on a Doublemint sometimes a Spearamint
I say I got a bottom, but the hoes ain't hearin' it
I talk a lot of shit man spit the mix man flavor in this rhyme
I seen you hella times but Nicky T. your hard to find
Freak I'm never in a hurry, rollin' gettin' money
I can see it in your eyes you like to spit these lies to dummies
Man even when I'm quiet you can see a boss talker
My new turn out she got some kinnie in her walker
She's rare as a flying saucer, so it's gonna cost ya
And if I never had ya, then I certainly never lost ya
You killin' me, freak who you wanna be?
Holla at the G-O-D, ay Nicky T., Khanthology
[Equipto]
Spit these lies to dummies
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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