

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 Spearmint

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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