2 B U

Andre Nickatina & Equipto

Most times I drive with a samurai eye
'cause my lady says my style was set the fly
and held tight like a pistol grip
with a new meanin to the word pistol whip
she says she loves how I look in the rain
but since i never cry, yo, it shows my pain
so I threw on the hat and killed all that
man imma rap cat I dont feel all that
Man God KhanPrimetime on the candy grime
baby lookin at me tryin ta read my mind
she can see that my mouth be spittin lines
but she ain never been in love with a peices sign
shit man now im like a parlays bet
im in the cd player of your coke connect
f**ker flame on f**ker flame off
you can see my aditude if the game lost
Adjust the base on the Nakamichi
roll the blunts optimos is peachey
I dress smooth like Cappadonna
hang with sharks and mean piranhas
keep my style all in your mental
drive and shake my shirley temple
I just might fly on continental
and beat this dime piece in the rental
she love ICats come in there armani suits
lookin way too cute
tell the freak ta speread the loot
man imma tell you one thig two times
the homie down the street yo hes got 3 nines
see where im from yo that aint to crime
see certain numbers hafta keep your ass in line
even if it shines and gets dark
throw a new engine in a old skylark
the silver Fox with the Goldylocks
here to shake the block
like you bake the rocks
and to make the cream
but dont taste the cream
'cause when you make the cream its the shceme

na' mean?
man its something like a vegas roll
you get to chopin up and i can get with major hoes
you get to runnin like a tiger when the dangers go
youre lucky if you even get the change of clothes
Word
swicth up to a diamond light
its like cuttin butter baby with a sharper knife
blunted up one day off glue
shes lookin at me takin off my shoe
she asked me somethin that I neva eva knew
she said "Nicky, I wonder what it's like to be you."I keep it goin on, flowin on
baby till the break of dawn
Andre Nicky baby dont make me none
im tryin ta get everything under the sun
I like when you put my hair up in a bun
then I go like an arsonist
I put the dope together baby like pharmacist
and whats wrong with this
and whos bomb is this
man the blunt is rolled tighter than a boxer's fist
God
I come down like candle wax
I catch you off guard see if you can handle that
Man im the motorolla coka-cola
do it like the Ayatollah
service so slow because it sticks like jail
why is the judge raisin up this bail?
thats your sister baby I couldnt tell
I roll around like DJ Run
my thug homies want me to see they guns
i get between you like a boxin ref
man whats up with that freak,
have you knocked her yet?
I treat popeyes like gourmet
Zap cold bumps rocks and chantea
Keep my nails cut with precision
add and multiply division
money makins how im livin
smokin weed up in the kitchen
you feel 'aight
im at the bird like a steam ray southern like a ghost
turn around and dissappear or somthin like a ghost
lookin like a cat that just got chose
smellin like a rolls closin all four doors

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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