

# Color Of The Benz

## Andre Nickatina & Mac Dre

[Chorus: x2]

I wear my air jordan's with my anchor blue jeans  
I like to spread my wings when I'm out on the scene  
You can break me down on a triple scale beam  
The color of the benz same color whip cream Fly away, cologne fills up your hallway  
And I'm a strike it on the I-180 south like all day  
I dress sharp like the nation of Islam so I shop like somebody that personally knows God.  
Your boyfriend, freak is boo boo to rabbit  
He really need to kick that dope habit, it's lookin' tragic.  
I get my hair done, I let the curls whip  
And then I make a call to see what the girls get.  
[Chorus x2] You want that, man do you like how I flaunt that  
Because I knew I'd go to jail or hell if I bought that  
Man like a court case caught that  
And like a boxer in vegas to box yo I fought that I like steak and potatoes, ice cream gators  
I neva say nothin' yo to none of my neighbors  
I do it like parliament, don't get wet  
I do it like a gambler, make that bet  
I cash that check 'cause the money looks betta  
Some like cheese, but I like chedda  
Phat farm sweatas, DMC leather and shootin' my mouth off like a beretta [Chorus x2]  
Pretty bartender, can I get another shot of that Heem  
She was tall enough to make a ball team  
She said she neva met me it was like a pipe dream  
I moved through the crowd yo and neva got seen  
Then I sat down on a white couch, made it all official  
It's poppin like a pistol and a missile  
A picnic basket, man call me Yogi Berra  
Man Andre Nickatina from the Ronald Reagan era. [Chorus x2]  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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