

Prowhoa

Nikka Costa

Really my name is Nikka
Really my sign Gemini really
Hey, hey, really
Really my name is Nikka
Music my life come hit it wit' me
Hey, hey, hit me
Come and get some
Been here, been there, rocked the people everywhere
It's not a competition friend, did it all 'fore I was 10
Here I come, I'm a ride, got the people tryin' to fly
Move aside all you posers, get out your homework folders
'Cause I done already told ya
I'm the real, I'm the truth
I'm a pro, P-R-O whoa
I'm fly way, fly out the corner of my eye
See you bitches on my dick try, try, try, tryin'
To imitate the real, try to cop to my feel
But I already told ya, I was singin' in my diapers
Now get out your windshield wipers 'cause
The tears are gonna blind ya
You just have to witness, you think you can lick this
From hi notes to mic tricks
The baddest of bitches from rock to funk seamless
Ain't seen nothing like this since Jimi, since Janis
And if you don't know who that is
Go home to your mama and ask her to school ya
Let your history rule ya
Then go back and practice
I'm a pro, P-R-O whoa
I'm a 100lb fighter with a heavyweight past
Grew up sittin' on the laps of the real brat pack
It ain't been easy but it's better than when I smoked crack
When the sweats pourin' outta my soul this fast
Kickin' joints, kickin' jams ,getting louder and louder
Your stereos fire and I'm the gun powder
Fight for tickets to my show then tweet the people ya know
You'll say you can't believe you never seen me live before
And how long it's been since you've been moved like that
And on top of it beats that go rat-a-tat-tat

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