# Popeye's Certified

## Andre Nickatina

I'm Pina Colada dropped Impala
Rubber band the big dollas
Runnin things they will remain
Rollin up the weed mayne
Jumpin outta a Lexus Coupe
M R G a kinda suit
Excellently tailored up
And don't forget the flavor,
What?
I'm super salty
Pretty Tony at the barber shop
Braggin how I'm blowin cop
Listenin to Royal Rock
Paper chasin
Paper runnin
Paper gunnin
Paper getting
Paper havin
Paper catchin
Don't forget that paper grab it
I got it goin on
Tell all them suckas go on home
Back up in the Lexus Coupe
Color man is two tone
Bangin out the Nakamichi
Get the yayo it's on to chi-chi
Now we gotta deal with Frank a pig that don't fly straight
I'm hot boilin water
Cookin crack up at the Carter
Man you think your freak is bad
Man my freak is way harder
I'm Popeye's certified a two piece meal and some small fries
Man my hair is super laced I don't know about them bald guys
They call me Ayatollah all up in your Motorola
Whether it's a ring tone or a picture in your phone-a
A lime in your Corona
A glock on your corna
I fire up in every club because I know the owner
Dive just like a Navy Seal

My homie got a burgundy Coup De Ville
Girls be love takin Skittles
But we know that's poppin pills
I like to put it down like?
Man boxin bettin on every round
Man at the fight we be talkin loud
I've been at this since Jaws was a goldfish
I'm a go like everywhere
Except maybe the electric chair
Man you can smell my hair
I'm fresh up out the shop
I'm back in the Lex Coupe bumpin Royal Rock

I'm like a new glock
Man or a hoop shot
So you can tell from the beginning that I'm trying to get you popped
I like fo tres I do it four ways
You might see me straight cursin out a meter maid
Lookin like the Lion King
Specially when I'm buying things
Eatin on some onion rings
Talkin shit in Burger King
I like to side talk all up on the sidewalk
All up in the shoe store and everything is getting bought
I roll in greenery overlookin scenery
She ask me what I'm thinking about
And, yo, I said "My jewelry"
She said "that's cool to me"
I read her like a eulogy
She said my party's hella crackin
I said "that's how it's supposed to be"
I'm a Jaguar in a foreign car
Knockin on the Pearly gates
Hittin on the marijuana
Money all Americana
I do it Das Boot watching tapes of Ronnie Moot?
Back up in the Lexus Coupe
Floatin like a parachute
It's my philosophy man of the entity
It's like I'm Kenny Parker runnin round with B. D. P.
Yo homie it's after eight
We goin down to the Lions Gate
That's the restaurant with the free Henn when you buy a steak
I'm like an earthquake
Shakin up the foundation

Figured out the combination
To your iphone application
I got the recipe the menu is the rest of me
My car does match my Jordan's and some say that was fresh of me
I'm like The Loch Ness sittin up in a dropped 'Vette
Hangin like a chain that you might see up on 'Pacs neck
I'm like the last poem
Tell them suckas go on home
How much yo is that cologne
I got it goin on
I'm like a new glock holdin down an old block
And even though it's crack rock they protect it like it's Fort Knox
We eattin pork chops with a real Muslim aura
We hit Hawaii like it's Pearl Harbor
Tora! Tora!
I might say neyamora
Or homie what's the score-a
And you can ask for what you want but I got nothing for ya

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