

# Pineapple Juice

Andre Nickatina

Man that Hennessey and pineapple juice  
made that little bad bitch get loose  
And oh yeah  
It's a Fillmore drink  
Bitch whatcha think?  
I'm about sheer Khan and big bank

(2x)

Ya best holla back  
The playboy with the cognac  
You're right here  
So who cares where your man is at?  
If I was a singer  
I'd prolly be El DeBarge  
And just for you to hear my voice  
Bitch I gotsta charge (yeah)  
Mixed tape style  
All in your face now  
You're with me so you don't have to wait now  
I triple beam scale priced my thoughts  
I might buy something bitch  
And don't check the cost (yeah)  
In a plane flight  
Ten after midnight  
You gotta go to work bitch  
then Goodnight  
Cuz there's playboys here  
That don't play around here  
And this is what we say around here

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I'm a loaded gun  
I might bust if you try to run

Cuz y'all run right back to the ism  
Prism  
I turn around in my Makevelli hat  
I'm something like a cat  
I do it for the scratch  
Ain't no games like  
The Price Is Right  
Bob Barker won't be seen tonight  
Unless he does like the rest of em  
By appointment you can undress the bum  
You gotta 24 Karat chain around your waist  
Don't get out of pocket  
Cuz it's not your place  
You make a dope fiend go from rock to base  
And when you come back home  
This is what you'll taste

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(2x)

Bitch by the way  
You like to walk like a runway  
And I bring out the Benz  
All day on Sunday  
Man its something like gun play  
Glock Tawk  
And you try to walk your ass up a one way  
And my mouthpiece tell you all about me  
I like it when a broke bitch try to doubt me  
My manicured nails  
They like to touch mail  
My clientele like to rent out hotels  
No decoys here  
Just playboys  
And we ride around in cars that we call toys  
Supa bad dime  
Get a lemon lime  
Get my drink and don't stand in line

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Lyrics submitted by Melissa.

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