

Tina Terry (feat. Equipto)

Andre Nickatina

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Tina Terry

Horns and Halos(Nikky)

I use to slither like a snake

Forget the chit chatter it really didn't matter if the other bitch was badder

I climb it like a ladder she's feenin like a clucka

The homies in the motion make it hard for a sucka

Cause I blow blueberry that's something I can carry till I met this fine bitch her name was Tina Terry

She hit me like a rave like she hit the stage

She looked me in my eyes and said I can get you paid

Im the Motorola I told the dime on the rise

I'll give you half the chance; if you could see it in my eyes

But don't be a buster gotta kill the structure we get a little chedda man from

Any cat that touch her

She said she was game and knew I had game

But even with game girl you gotta use your brain

Man this is necessary on the contrary my 5'9 fine dime yeah Tina Terry

These Cats be lookin hard These Hoes Be lookin hard because they know

She got a stylin body made from God

I put her in the Lac im tryin to make a stack

Man cats be sayin Andre Nikky how you bust that

I pull down my hat it aint no surprise I cover up my eyes but im not tryin to hide Man you'll realize you can test
it by the bitch

Especially when the chicken sayin "Baby take this"

In a real way(Dubee)

Now listen,

The homies told me you was open season on a renegade night toleratin so keep game she workin that blade up
and cursin this game up she aint claimin your name I aint servin you papers

I old school Cuddie gotsa know I just rocked the show knocked it like a door

From day you was curtains you callin my number. (Hello)...6 foota down south baby all through the summer me
and you gotta show me that she really was down we hit the map all tracks every city and town

And to that pay you know the games way out give me the loot and ima swoop you from grey hound face down

Gotta know that a hoe gonna get it Let her know every thang copasetic

Blazed up a black put her down a sac my homie asked me EQ where you knock that I pulled out a row and you
know she lost control of everything a half a thizz, back wood and the Hennessey

Now I got her outta body and mind but this real thang I aint talkin Bonny and Clyde(Shag Nasty)

Don't chall know you fuckin wit a real mac that aint goin for nothin but bringing all the scratch back outta cash
man your boy will snatch a peezay since she comin delinquent wit bringin all the scratch back Im known to
comin and go im on the hunt for another hoe my Lincoln Navigator is a Navi-Hoe I'll mac a hoe so hard they

call me knock-a-meechie tell them broads to have they money right before they come and see me
Like my home girl Tina she was more than a misdemeanor when it comes to Tina she's a pipe cleaner people
ask me where I meet the hoe when me and Queezy was chillin at a hicky show she whispered in my ear shag
you ready to go pointed toward the Bentley and flashed some doe I looked at that as said Girl foe sho told my
home boys gotta hoe gotta go.....

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