

San Francisco Bay

Andre Nickatina

I bathed in the water of the wrath
I like to count the money
Bitch I like to do the math
Youâ€™re sneaky like a left jab
Over hand right
Iâ€™m Friday night fights in the Memphis bright lights
I got a suit passion
I like to dress in the high fashion
Broke hos with good jokes keep me laughinâ€™
I talk shit behind the tint of my Benz
As my driver goes 90 over da Bay Bridge
Itâ€™s like smokinâ€™ weed all up in heaven
My God is a 7
And yo Iâ€™m a 3 11
Thatâ€™s 14
I sport Jordanâ€™s when I wear jeans
Iâ€™m in the hills of Tahoe throwing on my high beams
I like to wear rings
A couple pretty things
I sport leather on a bitch
If the city rains
We do drugs on a polar bear rug
If your man is a pimp
Donâ€™t expect no love
Itâ€™s all upgrade
My new shades block the sun rays
Tupac on every Sunday
Itâ€™s all upgrade
My new shades block the sun rays
Tupac on every Sunday

I unwrap the plastic off the swisher
Grab your telephone bitch
You can take a picture
Pour it like its liquor
But move a little quicka
We live by the gun
so we die by the trigger
Thatâ€™s word of life

Man have you ever seen a fiendâ€™s pipe?
Itâ€™s dark as 12 a.m.
even in the sun light
I lose my train of thought until you say the cost
I gotta bookie that love when I take a loss
I gotta prohibition mind state
about the crime rate
No love bitch on a blind date
You get a repo reaction from the people
Down here we bump C-Bo
We sport Filas
And Adidas
And Perry Ellis
Them bitches maybe fine but them hos be getting jealous
Itâ€™s high fashion
Car crashin
Suit matchin
Talkin shit on the freeway laughin
I gotta sweet tooth
I like candy paint
I talk shit to a bitch
Tell the ho â€œthinkâ€™•?????
I gotta sweet tooth
I like candy paint
I talk shit to a bitch
Tell the ho â€œthinkâ€™•????

Get the New Testament
You get the tour and the estimate
Rhyme crime up in your residence
The camera lens is not a friend
it just offends
so I talk alotta shit behind the tint of my Benz
on I-80 880 980 580
280 Aw Baby
All aboard like a train
My young homie said heâ€™s like an old man
Cuz heâ€™s gotta push cane
Like a dime
To design
it never rhyme
My soul it never dies just like the Holy Qurâ€™an
And on the scale
Itâ€™s like bail
And killer whales

Get at me early baby
Something like a clearance sale
I open up
I let you know
about the cost
I eat a pork chop with a deep money thought
I open up
I let you know
about the cost
I eat a pork chop with a deep money thought
Like a dead poet
And you know
Cuz you show it
Iâ€™m driving down to San Jose and ya I like to floor it???
Like a dead poet
And you know
Cuz you show it
Iâ€™m driving down to San Jose and ???

Lyrics submitted by Melissa.

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