

# 2 B U

## Andre Nickatina

Most times I drive with a samurai eye  
'cause my lady says my style was set the fly  
and held tight like a pistol grip  
with a new meanin to the word pistol whip  
she says she loves how I look in the rain  
but since i never cry, yo, it shows my pain  
so I threw on the hat and killed all that  
man imma rap cat I dont feel all that  
Man God KhanPrimetime on the candy grime  
baby lookin at me tryin ta read my mind  
she can see that my mouth be spittin lines  
but she ain never been in love with a peices sign  
shit man now im like a parlays bet  
im in the cd player of your coke connect  
fucker flame on fucker flame off  
you can see my aditude if the game lostAdjust the base on the Nakamichi  
roll the blunts optimos is peachey  
I dress smooth like Cappadonna  
hang with sharks and mean piranhas  
keep my style all in your mental  
drive and shake my shirley temple  
I just might fly on continental  
and beat this dime piece in the rental  
she love ICats come in there armani suits  
lookin way too cute  
tell the freak ta spread the loot  
man imma tell you one thig two times  
the homie down the street yo hes got 3 nines  
see where im from yo that aint to crime  
see certain numbers hafta keep your ass in lineeven if it shines and gets dark  
throw a new engine in a old skylark  
the silver Fox with the Goldylocks  
here to shake the block  
like you bake the rocks  
and to make the cream  
but dont taste the cream  
'cause when you make the cream its the shceme  
na' mean?  
man its something like a vegas roll

you get to chopin up and i can get with major hoes  
you get to runnin like a tiger when the dangers go  
youre lucky if you even get the change of clothes

Word

swicth up to a diamond light  
its like cuttin butter baby with a sharper knife  
blunted up one day off glue  
shes lookin at me takin off my shoe  
she asked me somethin that I neva eva knew  
she said "Nicky, I wonder what it's like to be you." I keep it goin on, flowin on

baby till the break of dawn  
Andre Nicky baby dont make me none  
im tryin ta get everything under the sun  
I like when you put my hair up in a bun  
then I go like an arsonist  
I put the dope together baby like pharmacist  
and whats wrong with this  
and whos bomb is this  
man the blunt is rolled tighter than a boxer's fist

God

I come down like candle wax  
I catch you off guard see if you can handle that  
Man im the motorolla coka-cola  
do it like the Ayatollah  
service so slow because it sticks like jail  
why is the judge raisin up this bail?  
thats your sister baby I couldnt tell  
I roll around like DJ Run  
my thug homies want me to see they guns  
i get between you like a boxin ref  
man whats up with that freak,  
have you knocked her yet?  
I treat popeyes like gourmet  
Zap cold bumps rocks and chantea  
Keep my nails cut with precision  
add and multiply division  
money makins how im livin  
smokin weed up in the kitchen  
you feel 'aight  
im at the bird like a steam ray southern like a ghost  
turn around and dissappear or somthin like a ghost  
lookin like a cat that just got chose  
smellin like a rolls closin all four doors

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