

# Pro\*Whoa!

Nikka Costa

Really my name is Nikka  
Really my sign Gemini really  
Hey, hey, really Really my name is Nikka  
Music my life come hit it wit' me  
Hey, hey, hit me  
Come and get some Been here, been there, rocked the people everywhere  
It's not a competition friend, did it all 'fore I was 10  
Here I come, I'm a ride, got the people tryin' to fly  
Move aside all you posers, get out your homework folders 'Cause I done already told ya  
I'm the real, I'm the truth  
I'm a pro, P-R-O whoa I'm fly way, fly out the corner of my eye  
See you bitches on my dick try, try, try, tryin'  
To imitate the real, try to cop to my feel  
But I already told ya, I was singin' in my diapers Now get out your windshield wipers 'cause  
The tears are gonna blind ya  
You just have to witness, you think you can lick this  
From hi notes to mic tricks The baddest of bitches from rock to funk seamless  
Ain't seen nothing like this since Jimi, since Janis  
And if you don't know who that is  
Go home to your mama and ask her to school ya Let your history rule ya  
Then go back and practice  
I'm a pro, P-R-O whoa I'm a 100lb fighter with a heavyweight past  
Grew up sittin' on the laps of the real brat pack  
It ain't been easy but it's better than when I smoked crack  
When the sweats pourin' outta my soul this fast Kickin' joints, kickin' jams ,getting louder and louder  
Your stereos fire and I'm the gun powder  
Fight for tickets to my show then tweet the people ya know  
You'll say you can't believe you never seen me live before  
And how long it's been since you've been moved like that  
And on top of it beats that go rat-a-tat-tat

Lyrics provided by

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