

# Pitbull Terrier

## Andre Nickatina

im from the era or rhyme, reagan  
and from my dress code and my style tige ya you know what im slangin'  
valentine heart shooter  
pinky nail for real and cant ya tell aint nobody cutera pit bull terrier carries in the area  
and he really aint sharin yaadd a two door straight pirrhana  
i keep it sparked like a rear end six-four of an impalla  
skinny baby done dollar  
and when i rip theese raps to gat ya back it aint no prada  
nicky is a matter doer  
yo whatcha get it for  
its like rain when the money pourhey a pitbull terrier carries in the area  
and he really aint sharin yai keep it dark as darth vader  
i keep it cold as cream to make ya gleam with thirty one flavors  
three bullets just grazed ya  
and i cant believe we smokin weed the streets done raised ya  
it was the ultimate caper  
and as the year pass i fear we talk about paperpitbull terrier carries in the area  
and he really aint sharin yaya see i step through whats up to all my nephews  
im leavin the suckers to super heros to rescue  
and every attitude in the grill like respect do we crept through  
its been a long time we shouldnt have left you  
ima locate the spot ima go steak the block  
its nation wide knowin ima rotate the clock  
around timing rebudle and make it seem so drastic  
visual havin feel its no longer lasting  
start the rhyme shootin computin with many brains  
no time for tootn' make a comback like eddy caine  
never cross game or piont with steady aim  
i put it so simple in the crookedest way  
ima brain wave, over-take, maintain, no mistake  
dont give a fuck i aint gonna wait  
knowin its more than me  
its weaker when you know that its right  
i hold the mic with confidence like rollin the dicesometimes im lucky as luciano  
and i collect little things like ships thats made in the bottle  
block monster ass steak  
butterflys surround my waiste i shake but still beat the case  
laid out like a bear rug  
because the way i squeeze to make this cheese is somthin like a bear hug

man i aint never met a fair thug  
baby you with me or not cause you know i dont share love  
i kick back in the twilight  
man thats the wicked little brother of the thing we call the limelite  
i switch lanes in the fast life  
and this psychic said i was king tut in my past life  
i looked at her like "thats right" yeah  
respect the law the star born to break the law  
machine gun alibi, its like a lullaby  
we smoke weed and we dont cryhey a pitbull terrier carries in the area  
and he really aint sharin ya...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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