

Wx I'll Tell

Andre Nickatina

Rap cat on a tug boat
It's not a love boat
Have you ever seen Gators?
They swim
They float
And all flavors
That they got in the Now-N-Laters
My hat tipped like Walt Frazier
It's money and weed on mines
Hotel Flight
Eight "G"s on mines
I really don't have to see the time
All I really have to do
Yo is read the signs
Then I might
Rise like a mercury
Bitch give all your money to the worker bee
Because they call me
N-I-C-K-Y W-X I'll tell U-Y
Because I like that
High Fashion
Jane's Addiction
I do what I want
And nigga I don't listen
I shoot through the city like it's Camelot
Ya know I gotta get it crackin'
At the after spot
My heart is Polo
Just like the south
I run my mouth
I'm like a little kid
Runnin' through your house
Hot without a doubt (doubt)
That's why I ran when he pulled the gun out (out)
Man it's just like a rhyme
Chips stay so crisp
I eat alotta rice with my pearl chopsticks
It's all so clear
Like a vision
Baby can you add multiply with division?
And do it with precision
Like the hands of a surgeon
Bitch don't worry about the monet I'm splurgin'
I like George Gervin
Cold in the spur of the moment
Bitch gave her number but I didn't want it
I'm N-I-C-K-Y
W-X- I'll tell U-Y
Put it in drive
Let the engine run like a faucet
If it don't run fast
Baby I'll toss it
I put it down like Lou Gossett
Rappin so heavy
Sometimes I drop it
Gotta Re-cop it
Blo

Re-Cop it
Gotta re-Cop it
Blo Blo Blo
Like C-Bo with his 4-4-4
Fill'Moe Fill'Moe
Co-Co-Co

I price my thoughts on a scale
Picture me baby
You can picture more mail
Things that sell
Cash for bail
And baby say she like shoes made by Chanel
And I
Focus like a telescope
Fire up the better dope
Like to wear a Pea Coat to hide a couple "C" notes
N-I-C-K-Y
W-X- I'll tell U-Y
I treat November like I treat July
31 days with 32 lies
Bitch step up
And you can claim your prize
You see dollar signs when you look in my eyes
Khan Allah
Is seen by a chosen few
I let the weed be the reason for the rendezvous
And you can tell from my Gators I'm fresh
Hip Hip Cop
That's Elloit Ness
I like Vogues
Cadillac doors
Nosy ass bitches try to hear me talk to hos
But you get so close
Ya know I gotta plead the fifth
It's almost like your birthday when I spit the gift
And I'm N-I-C-K-Y
W-X-I'll tell U-Y
Bye
I'm back
Bitch did you miss me?
My money ain't stale
It's just a little crispy
I like Jack Dempsey
And Thomas Hearn
Brand new car with a brand new perm
Once again
N-I-C-K-Y
W-X I'll tell U-Y
Bye