

## 2 T-Shirts n a Adidas Suit

Andre Nickatina

Make way for the nitty,  
Gritty, bitty titty filler  
City after city time and crime rap dealer  
I don't play football,  
I'm not a playmaker  
My only way deep is to throw a haymaker  
School rule breaker  
Makin' teachers have a fit  
From the Goz show that's  
How I learn to spit  
Man, some All Star Chuck's  
And some coke to sack  
It don't matter what color as  
Long it blue or black  
Cause I'm reckless  
Cuban necklace  
Never in the game that become wet fish  
Two t-shirts an ah adidas suit  
Man, I ain't peepin'  
What what ya speakin'  
Homie gimme the loot  
Man, you filled with' truth  
And I'm filled with lies  
When we rap all these  
Muthfuckas' die despise  
Like the sparrow that narrow  
Nigga shootin' through an arrow  
You can see the klugg's if you  
Look through the barrel  
Fools use chess like a VCR  
Worth as much as a CD-R  
Gotta put my hands in the cookie jar  
You got beef?  
Let my rap den rip ya car  
Disappear like a  
Motherfuckin' desert  
Mirage  
Smellin' so good like a red crosage  
That's the way I fuck em' down  
Climbs around by sound  
Like how them whistles whip  
Through the ground  
Get the camera, the ramela, the scramela  
Two points the fuck with the camela, SIN  
Who cares what mood ya in?  
It'll sound like thunda if I lose again

Yeah nickatina I dun told ya  
The virgin of fame  
I'm like napoleon you beat like  
He come in the game  
Check's is ready to name  
Then I pop the brain  
Ain't a law in the world  
That can stop the case  
I wear Adidas  
Sometimes Fillas

They're the two leadas'  
The boy king  
Hit yo bowl, sack, low jeans  
At 3am  
Yeah the freeway mine  
And you can tell by the  
Ticket's I've left behind  
You wanna get reckless?  
Don't get checklist  
Cops motherfucker they respect this  
What's on the wishlist?  
Man, I can get this  
I freak with big lips  
And she love the tongue kiss  
And cold as a tundra  
Seven's the numba  
Split up the pie  
Or chop it like lumba  
Don't forget the thunda that I said  
And all praises to Bob  
Marley's mighty dreads  
We need to find someone to hunt down  
Think of the turn around  
The murder is murder round  
Tryin to burn em' down  
Reckless  
I all blessed it  
I hit the stage freak with such freshness  
Two t-shirts and ah adidas suit  
I'm lookin' way too cute  
You bitches raise the roof  
You got bacardi in ya' body  
180 proof  
And I'm addicted to ya ass  
Like ya' name was truth  
I jump in the coop  
With a couple of bloods  
And bitch fuck ya party if  
The shit don't bump  
Because I'm major fast  
I need major cash  
And damn your sister got major ass  
Homie reckless  
They won't respect this  
I say the bitch is kinda like a necklace  
Two t-shirts and ah adidas suit  
I'm lookin' way too cute  
You bitches raise the roof