

# Bakin' Soda In Minnesota

Andre Nickatina

52 carat blue diamond  
Rhyming, interior designin', grindin'  
You can shake cheddar like me on the mic  
Hit your point, hold your money when you're rollin' the dice, baby  
Uhh.. either you go crash-and-burn  
Or wake up in the morning with cash to earn, tiga  
Check it homie get good with me  
If just i can find your hood again  
Who is that in the car? yo couldn't be  
All the way out here, yeah Nicki t  
Russian, get the weed sparked  
Get the party started  
And watch yo back fo the shark  
Nigga cold-hearted

We got bakin soda  
All the way down in minnesota  
We got bakin soda  
Down in minnesota

I got a fetish for Adidas, boss  
But I betcha don't know what my Fila's cost, do ya  
On chew, like dem baby pit bulls  
And ain't no way you can touch my....cool  
The 12th floor at the Marriot  
You know, me and my tigaz chill there a lot  
Fetti  
I sit alone when the mic's on  
With Tyson every time that the fight's on, kill 'em  
I remember rhymes used to ride with nets  
Flight at the midnight high with jets  
You know Al Capone stretched tryi' to save the sets  
And I'm teflon down, t shirts and gats  
Rhymes you can taste, Rhymes, Rhymes galore  
Rhymes you can buy at the candy store  
You know who I am, I'm like credit card scam  
Hot like soulfood, greens and yams  
Extra-curricula, netting that riddicula  
Hit the cloud like the bear or the fiddila  
Shouldn've lied, I coulda been a good friend to ya  
Now i got to get rid of ya

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I told my mom somethin' that made her cry  
Looked her in the eye and said rappers don't die  
We not gonna have an' tour, but we gon get by  
So most of us gonna be in hell high, kickin'  
Now put the rhyme on a triple beam  
Now rock it up, and chop it up,  
And try to grind into triple cream  
Don't get caught with the same scheme  
Meaning don't get caught with the same thing, King  
It's like you got to be bald

'cause hoes and niggaz wanna see you go far  
I think they mad when I ticks them off  
But I'm a hyena so i got to laugh and break some off

The hot wax that's real fatal  
Sup'd up to perfection like a weapon on a turntable  
They say Gretta's got a new baretta  
And he'll be aiming his gat like a crooked letter, foreva  
I hit the night like stormy weather  
And if you brag about your freak, i'mma say mine's way better  
I rotate like the hands of a clock  
And find ways to make my rap beat all on your block  
You better knock on the door tiga  
And lay them all on the floor tiga  
'cause i think they want more tiga  
I blow em out like a flat tire  
And hit the weed for Richard Pryor  
Then call em all straight liars  
The corks in me like the tail of a fox  
So get the grease hot, nigga  
Or your tigaz'll be caught