

Candy Paint

Andre Nickatina

Cavity from the Candy Paint
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Can I get a what what, skate thru and check it when the nuts bust
Pusha man the projects to the trust fund
Love Jones gotta call his bitch lie, can find your relationship with that ni
gga
Throw paper crazy, say you love her, tell her you ain't gotta do that baby
And the can come too, with a nigga in a Eddie Murphy Raw jump suit
You got a friend, lookin for a job, not a career? Trust she can come too
Lil' faggot ho on my lap, tryna sock it to my pot of gold
Cus she know on the side of this rainbow huh, ain't nothing but game ho

I ride, I ride, I ride

Candy Paint

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Classic, like when a nigga tell a bitch just the tip
And it ain't, never hard to find a player, just follow that drip

Cavity from the candy paint,
Yo this is top rank
I turn around like whatchu thank?
Dipped in butter, super laced
Turn up the Nakamichi
When I floss you gotta see me
Gotta throw my work around
So my work a' work around

Cavity from the candy paint, I like to blow dank
Take down the whole drank, drive at a fast pace
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Cavity from the candy paint, press the gas then hit the break
Tiger prawns and New York steak, I'm known to rattle like a snake
Cavity from the candy paint, I do it all again
Buy a quarter ounce of kush, then crack a pint of Henn
Touch it off with lemon squeeze, a double shot, you best believe
I'm bout to drive I got the keys, that's hot to death but you could freeze
Through there like Marcus Allen, soul food, Chinese and Italian
If she thick then she a stallion, man that's like countin Paypa
I'm just like Tony Draper, Benzed up on all my neighbors
My Jordan number 5's are super live, with a touch of flava
I let the weed blow and the engine run like a hot gun
And you know the one when you see the one
Cus when you see the one you wanna be the one

WHAT

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Game shootin', calculatin' and computing
Mac the most, Million dollar mouth piece I do it movin'
Do it to em, add more members to my movement
Stand campaigning and recruiting, choosin they ain't stupid
Suckas sad, marks mad, cus they bottom bitch been boosted
I'm cut throat Mac, I get the scratch before I goose it
Remix it, reloop it, now she on some new shit
New mackin, New money, new whips and all the cool shit
So corny clowns chattin' to her now is quite useless
But study my every word like creature on the pulpit, church
Don't come at cuddy wrong or you will get murked
I clap ya in the head if Nickatina don't get you first
In the Crestside turf, we hit em where it hurts
Gangsta Mac, if you had to describe me with two words
So nigga the news gets served if she missin' rest your nerves
Cus she chose up on some mackin' and no longer hang with herbs

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