

Conversation With A Devil

Andre Nickatina

My name is Nicky, but you can call me Dre
I party through L.A., now baby what you gotta say
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My name is Nicky, but you can call me Dre
I party through L.A., now baby what you gotta say
I live and lay like Sugar Ray, I listen to Sade
You never see me workin, and yeah freak I like to play, OK?
You're thicker than a can of peanut butter, OK?
Talkin' to another brother, givin' me the eye
Man I can't believe those thighs, shit
I can see the freakin your eyes, shit
And if I get you in my coils), I'ma strike for oil
And let me tell you baby girl I'm spoiled
My favorite colour's blue, I'm like the number two
Meanin' that I like to have my cake 'n eat it too
She said, "Do you want a drink Nicky baby?" -"Yeah"
"You want me to get it for you baby?"

Shit- My name is Nicky, but you can call me Dre, what up
I'm only in town for one day, what up
Aretha Franklin tapes I like to play, what up
I can see you like the Tanqueray

Shit- My name is Nicky, but you can call me Dre, fast
I'm lookin' like MC Shan, flash
Baby is at least a six footer, ass
We can get together in the middle of the night
Hop into my ride, take flight, that's right
You're rollin' with a pisces, buckle up tight
Slick Rick talkin' like, "da da da..."
Straight chicken hawkin' like, "da da da..."
Caught up in my game like, "da da da..."

My name is Nicky, but you can call me Dre, I'm over
Baby had hips like boulders, I'm over

Feelin' kinda tipsy man but I ain't really trippin'
Talkin' bout the next expedition
Shit- My name is Nicky, but you can call me Dre (what up)

[Verse 2]

My name is Nicky, but you can call me Dre
I hit the crack
I party through L.A., this what I gotta say;
You're mines
Girl what's your zodiac sign?
You're mines
All up in my eyes, you a dime
You're mines
And I'ma keep on spittin' baby only if you're listenin'
Standin' in the gangsta position
Shit- My name is Nicky, but you can call me Dre, what up
We can keep talkin' in the cuts, what up
Damn girl ya got a big butt

Shit- My name is Nicky, but you can call me Dre, fo' real

Baby wearin' jeans 'n high heels, fo' real
They bumpin' Big Daddy Kane like, "da da da..."
And plus rhyme pays like, "da da da..."
And I really ain't ashamed like, "da da da..."

My name is Nicky, but you can call me Dre
The plan is to talk to ya girl until you understand
The plan, we can talk about your pants 'cause I really don't dance
Standin' in my playboy stance
I look you in the eye, you're rubbin' on my hands
I know you got a man, ya actin' so bold
That's why the game might be feelin' so cold
I say you got control, I put you in the hole
I tell you in your ear, "Do you wanna roll?"
I hear her say "yes"
You're rollin' with the fresh, today
My name is Nicky, but you can call me Dre, OK?
(OK?)