

Jelly Bean Colored Suits

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I wear clothes that'll circle the globe
And write raps that make them out of your nose
I'm like a beara tone.
I take the Vegas trip man that's my favorite
I hit the strip like a sailor coming off a ship
I'm in the back of the car like a mafia don blowing weed wearing Louis vaton
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I'm like the diamond out of Africa
In the cheesecake factory talking loud like a pastor be.
I got wings that birds don't have and I fly like the birds don't fly
In the midnight kill an hour
I give my life to the holy kirran but it's way behind the god of khan in the
sun of Milan.
Step back as I roll the bomb.
You might text but I wont respond
It's the blueberry
Going 90 down seminary Bumping the scarriac?
Because I'm so damn fresh yeah.
I wear rings like the young slick Rick and if I pawn them I can buy a brick
Feel me on that. I crack a smile like a cracked bottle I talk shit to all th
e poor damn strip models
I smoke weed like I won't get caught
I drive my car like I'm sellin' a yot
I'm always ask baby what you got
I'm always ask baby what you got
I'm always askin' baby what you got
Give it to me
I shoot thru like a free throw
I'm not high but people try to find me like Nemo
I wear the Sean john. The new white one
I'm from Frisco
Balcor, Barry bonds
Man let me roll the around it
Going up something like hydraulics
I be shopping on market
Yo anything fly in my sight is my target.
I like cars with the fresh leather I like them real tough
So I gotta call my Foid Mayweather
I eat the gummy bears buy shoes in double pairs.
Wife beaters under my shirt is what I gotta wear.
I chew now an laters and wear alligators be at the parties where you see all
the ball players
Philmore days. Tahoe nights.
Man I be rapping just raise up the coke price

My closet looks like jelly beans from all the colorful suits that I got from
the Philippines
I keep my nails clean
A little visene
I'm at the mesanino root boy yanah I mean?
I take it back like brown royal
Or for the stop homie
Turned it into a gym and win the pot foil
She like baby oil and a sweet sense
I like something automatic on the flight trip
And when it's automatic man you can see the cabbage
You can see it in my face

Man I'm extra manage
More new cars more fresh clothes
My deek is the code for the pesh mode
I like to laugh like the hyena

Cause every time I think I'm gonna lose I'm a straight cheater
I wear wife beaters at your pool parties
But i ain't Not getting my hair wet for nobody
I take off like a redeye
And I could shoot to la in atleast 45
Til the sunrise then we cut pies
And the girls only talk to the trick guys
I hit my lawyer with a quick bundle
Just to let her know sometimes a guard might be in trouble
I roll blunts in the backseat
And then I sit on that ass and I watch the whole track meet