

## Popeye's Certified

Andre Nickatina

I'm Pina Colada dropped Impala  
Rubber band the big dollas  
Runnin things they will remain  
Rollin up the weed mayne  
Jumpin outta a Lexus coupe  
M R G a kinda suit  
Excellently tailored up  
And don't forget the flavor,  
What?  
I'm super salty  
Pretty Tony at the barber shop  
Braggin how I blow and cop  
Listenin to Royal Rock  
Paper chasin  
Paper runnin  
Paper gunnin  
Paper getting  
Paper havin  
Paper catchin  
Don't forget that paper grab it  
I got it goin on  
Tell them suckas go on home  
Back up in the Lexus Coupe  
Color man is two tone  
Bangin out the Nakamichi  
Get the yayo it's on to chi-chi  
Now we gotta deal with Frank a pig that don't fly straight  
I'm hot boilin water  
Cookin crack up at the Carter  
Man you think your freak is bad  
Man my freak is way harder  
I'm Popeye's certified a two piece and some small fries  
Man my hair is super laced I don't know about them bald guys  
They call me Ayatollah all up in your Motorola  
Whether it's a ring tone or a picture in your phone-a  
A lime in your Corona  
A glock on your corna  
I fire up in every club because I know the owner  
Dive just like a Navy Seal  
My homie got a burgundy Coup De Ville  
Girls be love takin Skittles  
But we know that's poppin pills  
I like to put it down like A.I. at Georgetown  
Man boxin bettin on every round  
Man at the fight we be talkin loud  
I've been at this since Jaws was a goldfish  
I'm a a go like everywhere  
Except maybe the electric chair  
Man you can smell my hair  
I'm fresh up out the shop  
I'm back up in the Lex Coupe bumpin Royal Rock  
I'm like a new glock  
Man or a hoop shot  
So you can tell from the beginning that I'm trynna get you popped  
I like fo tres I do it four ways  
You might see me straight cursin out a meter maid  
Lookin like the Lion King

Specially when I'm buying things  
Eatin on some onion rings  
Talkin shit in Burger King  
I like to side talk all up on the sidewalk  
All up in the shoe store and everything is getting bought  
I'm rolling greenery, overlookin scenery  
She ask me what I'm thinking about  
And, yo, I said "My jewelry"  
She said "that's cool to me"  
I read her like a eulogy  
She said my party's hella crackin  
I said "that's how it's supposed to be"

I'm a jaguar in a foreign car  
Knockin on the Pearly gates  
Hittin on the marijuana  
Money all Americana  
I do it Das Boot watching tapes of Ronnie Moot  
Back up in the Lexus Coupe  
Floatin like a parachute  
It's my philosophy man of the entity  
It's like I'm Kenny Parker runnin round with B.D.P.  
Yo homie it's after eight  
We goin down to the Lions Gate  
That's the restaurant with the free Henn when you buy a steak  
I'm like an earthquake  
Shakin up the foundation  
Figured out the combination  
To your iphone application  
I got the recipe the menu is the rest of me  
My cars they match my Jordans and some say that that was fresh of me  
I'm like The Loch Ness sittin up in a dropped 'Vette  
Hangin like a chain that you might see up on 'Pacs neck  
I'm like the last poem  
Tell them suckas go on home  
How much yo is that cologne  
I got it goin on  
I'm like a new glock holdin down an old block  
And even though it's crack rock they protect it like it's Fort Knox  
We eatin pork chops with a real Muslim aura  
We hit Hawaii like it's Pearl Harbor  
Tora! Tora!  
I might say ni Amura  
Or homie what's the score-a  
And you can ask for what you want but I got nothing for ya