

## Shaggy's 15s

Andre Nickatina

Scottie, scottie  
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Put the phone on ya but it's the booty call  
And I'm comin' ta bust nuts on all ya'll  
And I'm out  
Half a blunt hangin' out my mouth  
Speedin' like a demon on 101 south  
I smoke chewy like a muthafuckin' nut  
Ya got a gram bag get the zags an' roll 'er up  
It's Andre Nickatina tiger comin' out the cuts  
Maximum speed drivin' I don't give a fuck  
Garcia blunt fully hunt down the cat  
These bitches on the street muthafucka were you at  
Dippin' on swayze with my niggas from tha set  
The blunt went out but we ain't done yet  
Get another one blaze  
Bitch get paid  
A welfare that check every 15 days  
I remember highschool lowfuel and bushy  
Cuttin' that muthafucka go gettin' pussy  
Caught up in the madness  
This freak was the baddest  
I seen her baggy jeans and her ass was the fattest  
Ooh it's jenine  
She licked my dick clean  
Come right away she got a twomp sac of weed  
Nigga I'm sippin  
My potna's got the tay' stay sippin'  
Talkin about money, hoes, hustlin' and pimpin'  
I'm over  
Doja like this fine bitch  
Shinin' like a car or my news stands smith  
Cut the fade  
Hoes get wet from the wave  
Dancin' in a cage with ass for days  
It's like this  
I didn't know you smoke chewy bitch  
Now bring the yale too so we can fire up a spliff  
About six  
My pager's talkin' to me sayin' "shit  
The battery's low in this son of a bitch"  
Yeah 15's pound like this  
15's screamin' out bitch  
15's bumpin' gangsta shit  
Mind on a muthafuckin' grip

A nigga graped his coat when I heard them 15"s  
With a new 9 in the waistline of them jeans when I them 15"s  
Heard them 15's  
Grab my weed to get keyed when I heard them 15's  
Fresh out the house about to pop my p's  
My niggas done swoop me up about twelve fifteen  
What's the first thing to do but find that weed  
In that sedan de ville cadilac with' the gangsta lean  
I gots to pop me a not  
Soon as we hit the spot

So I can hit the ho twice and see how much cash she got  
Me and 'dre will hop out  
When we hit the parking lot  
And get to flossin' on them fools like I pooled up at the postop  
Jumped out the car and we was feelin' like g's  
I was broke that day but lookin' like I slang keys  
But these hoes will neva know  
Cause them ones will have you fat  
When you off in one of them clubs and dressing all in black  
And it was cool I had juice to get in with a strap  
In case I see one of them niggas from back in the days I done jact  
In fact  
My nigga shot done served that nigga a sac  
And told me that he had 3 mo' niggas posted out back  
Bring this on  
Cause right by the back door is my cuzin tone  
And mr. blunt  
Ready to give some nike reading lessons to a chump  
We make them bleed  
Then leave the seen  
With them a.r. 15's  
A.r. 15's

Man I don't drink cappacino  
I'm a picces not a leo  
Can't even strike to reno unless I tell my fuckin' p.o.  
Drinkin pina colata brooms staring hard at the moon  
On the eightteenth floor hopin' I can find my room  
Five star  
Adictive like liquor at the bar  
I sell tapes nigga bring it on cash or master charge  
I gets lower than a den when I'm strikin" on a mission  
Lookin' for competition  
Or maybe a couple bitches  
My style is something deadly like a newport cigarette  
I'm a street chemist bitch  
A money hungry pit  
Like daffey duck I gives a fuck  
It's mines it's all mines  
Catch a flight in hienz  
Cause I'll leave that ass behind  
Come stick with me  
I'll bumble like a bee  
Cause my boo  
We was cool  
Back in nine two  
But check it  
I hit the party and these niggas holdin weed  
And I hold it in at my heart and don't wanna leave  
Yeah what I think not  
Ya know we hate cops  
Imagine if nigga bought  
Every donut shop  
In the city  
Fuck it in the muthafuckin' world  
Greesy like a curl  
Priceless like a pearl  
Strikin' like a lighter  
Bitin' like a biter  
Bitch did you recognize my whitewall tires?

Yeah man I recognize your whitewall tires, but we got to get this over with  
You understand me. I'm makein' moves I can't be standing around it might hav

e

Been a good day for you, but I'm a tell you it'll never be right.  
I stepped outside and I was tweaking  
So tipsy mentally geekin'  
I seen my nephew he had just got plug  
He gave me credit he hooked me up with a proper dubb  
Here come my girl I hope she got a pipe  
It might of been a good day for you, but for me it'll never be right  
I must have been geekin' and I stole my mama's t.v.  
Now my little brother and my nephew wanna see me  
But I ain't lookin' for them, I lookin' for a triple beam  
And I'll be back later on cause I heard you niggas got ice cream  
Something fat never that soda  
Fuckin with the mexicans ya'll be havin' that peruvian yola  
Strait butt naked a dobe fiends dream  
Nextellin' ain't no tellin' when I put it on a triple beam  
I love that bitch if ya know what I mean  
But I ain't talkin' bout that skanless, I'm talkin bout that icecream