

T-shirts An Ah Adidas Suit

Andre Nickatina

Make way for the nitty, gritty, bitty titty filler
City after city time and crime rap dealer
I don't play football, I'm not a playmaker
My only way deep is to throw a haymaker
School rule breaker
Makin' teachers have a fit
From the Goz show that's how I learn to spit
Man, some All Star Chuck's and some coke to sack
It don't matter what color as long it blue or black
'cause I'm reckless
Cuban necklace
Never in the game that become wet fish
Two t-shirts an ah adidas suit
Man, I ain't peepin' what what ya speakin'
Homie gimme the loot
Man, you filled wit' truth
And I'm filled with lies
When we rap all these muthfuckas' die despise
Like the sparrow that narrow
Nigga shootin' through an arrow
You can see the klugg's if you look through the barrel
Fools use chess like a VCR
Worth as much as a CD-R
Gotta put my hands in the cookie jar
You got beef?
Let my rap den rip ya car
Disappear like a motherfuckin' desert mirage
Smellin' so good like a red crosage
That's the way I fuck em' down
Climbs around by sound
Like how them whistles whip through the ground
Get the camera, the ramela, the scramela
Two points the fuck with the camela, SIN
Who cares what mood ya in?
It'll sound like thunda if I lose again

Yeah nickatina I dun told ya the virgin of fame
Im like napoleon you beat like he come in the game
Check's is ready to name
Then I pop the brain
Ain't a law in the world that can stop the case
I wear Adidas
Sometimes Fillas
They're the two leadas'
The boy king
Hit yo bowl, sack, low jeans
At 3am
Yeah the freeway mine
And you can tell by the ticket's I've left behind
You wanna get reckless?
Don't get checklist
Cops motherfucker they respect this
What's on the wishlist?
Man, I can get this
I freak with big lips
And she love the tongue kiss
And cold as a tundra

Seven's the numba
Split up the pie
Or chop it like lumba
Don't forget the thunda that I said
And all praises to Bob Marley's mighty dreads
We need to find someone to hunt down
Think of the turn around
The murder is murder round
Tryin to burn em' down
Reckless
I all blessed it
I hit the stage freak with such freshness
Two t-shirts and ah adidas suit
Im lookin' way too cute
You bitches raise the roof
You got bacardi in ya' body
180 proof
And I'm addicted to ya ass
Like ya' name was truth
I jump in the coop
With a couple of bloods
And bitch fuck ya party if the shit don't bump
Because I'm major fast
I need major cash
And damn your sister got major ass
Homie reckless
They won't respect this
I say the bitch is kinda like a necklace
Two t-shirts and ah adidas suit
I'm lookin' way too cute
You bitches raise the roof