

## Timex Ticker

Andre Nickatina

Man I spit my game at a mile a minute  
I got a dope ass watch with no diamonds in it  
I like to sway back and fourth like a jesus piece  
And I'm Harlem Nights ready like Della Reese  
What you tell that freak? It's a quarter to 8  
I'm at Tad's takin down this t-bone steak  
I'm from the B-A-Y A-R-E-A  
Fillmoe, God-Khan, Nicky, Andre  
I probably said it before/ Yo, squares beware  
That debonair, savoir faire in the air  
I got Air Forces 1s god, I keep em untied  
I'm married to the game, never see the bride  
You look into my eyes it got the color of a sticker  
They get a little bloodshot when I hit liquor  
My timex ticker is tickin'  
It keep me up nights I can't help but listen  
I bust with destruction, at any little function  
You can say something, I don't wanna hear nothing  
Keep it all coming, guns keep gunnin'  
The crack game changed but dope fiends hit the oven

My life line's in the picture frame  
A lost soul tryna find home again  
Yo my Billy Holliday characteristics  
Pushes me towards the dope that I have to get with  
My Timex is the ticker  
It's like a track meet, girl you gotta get quicker  
Gotta get quicker, gotta get quicker  
Gotta get quicker