

**Yeah!**

**Andre Nickatina**

Man, I'ma run my mouth and get your corporate account  
Bring my benz out in the middle of a drought  
I blow lye like its "God Bless Buddha"  
It's sort of like the feelin' runnin' with a known shooter  
Baby I'ma spit it to the limit, run into the abyss  
You know its god number 7 on your top ten list  
Its kamikaze, look into the eyes of a pisces  
and Las Vegas talkin' shit is where you might find me  
Fillmo' down from the nose to the toes  
Get your cell phone you can picture every pose  
Picture all the clothes, picture all the hoes  
Picture the perfection when your money pile grows  
You gotta crocodile style, I sport gators  
They still might bite, so fresh with the flavor  
Got Khan? Fillmore's number one sign  
Steak, potatoes, garlic bread and some prawns!

(YEEEAH) San Francisco baby  
Fillmo' niggas try'na bring back the 80's, YEEEAH  
(Yeah money is the motto  
and run around town like its Grand Theft Auto, Chicka-kahnn)  
Wally on my hip, good weed in my mouth  
Gangsta niggas in the whip, YEEEAH  
(Your not dealin with clowns  
When you try to kick hop, watch your body shut down)

Yeah, nigga I'ma mothafuckin' fool  
Trees for breakfast, eat brunch by noon  
24 Davins, only showin the lip  
The rest of the women, same color as the whip  
Jump out and crack a nigga shit wide open  
Jump back in the nickle with the barrel still smokin  
Fillmore nigga, yeah bitch break bread  
I don't want no pussy, I don't want no head  
But you can get a sack of that purple stuff  
Some gin and a bag of that Hillary Duff  
I'ma pimp, trapped in a gangsta's body  
I'm on dope and gonna fuck around and hurt somebody  
On tuesday and thursday the ghost pull up  
Then everybody runs, they'll fuck you up  
I'ma shady ass nigga, man I ain't gon' lie  
I just wanna sell dope, smoke weed and get high, you BITCH

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You might mistake me for Doug E. Fresh, the way I sport ballies  
With my Slick Rick talk and my Slick Rick walk  
I wear rings like the planet called Saturn  
The money's movin' baby then your body is the pattern  
You know I hide out like it's witness protection

Some people start to stare like a model car collection  
You know it's like: twenty G's in a Jordan briefcase  
My hood came up off the word "freebase"  
Man the soul of a grammy runs through my body structure  
My bottom ho cries, 'cause I never say I love her  
It's a cold word, thats why I p-p-p-party  
My lawyer is a sneaky motherfucker, very naughty  
With hot lies, I hit Popeye's for hot fries  
A real rap cat, talkin' 'til the sun rise  
What's your astrology, and your biography  
I talk a little bit to get you to follow me  
I'm like the quality, you like the quantity  
Fillmore born and ain't no apology

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