

# Nikki

## Crooked I

You out grown Nikki up  
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Bet she can say she was sex fiend  
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Strictly models and bottles  
Bitches gargle and swallow  
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Bitches gargle and swallow  
Hit the throttles get over that pothole  
In auto and I know  
Haters followin' squagle  
When I go mano y mano  
Fuck my models, I kill you  
My guns I fill autos with hollows  
Tuck it in my way  
In case you thinking I'm a  
Punch 'em in his face  
Swinging I'm a squeeze the llama  
We pull on us, leave you on a street  
You wanna see manana  
Primadona season 1 of CSI  
I bring the drama  
Hard, body and I  
Hit a nigga with a couple of bullets like a  
John got in disguise,  
That's a rapper, click clack your  
Somebody gon' die  
Physical with your physical deflict won't mess with me  
And I'm a gonna get it on Nikki  
We Bonnie and Clyde  
We Lil Kim and Biggie, we Hannah C and Sticky  
Made for eachother, you haters come and get me  
You haters coming with me, she gon' give you a hickie  
That red bean on your neck, a kiss of death from Nikki

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(I love my baby Nikki)  
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Bet she can say she was sex fiend  
(Meet my baby Nikki)  
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Fuck around I surround you  
Couple rounds when that howl  
Surveilled crawl the shit out you  
Down on the ground where they found you

We devour you cowards now  
'Cause our power allow us  
We don't bounce with you slouchers  
Life's outstanding without you  
And I don't even care  
What's you busters planning  
My pistol's in the air  
Call out the upper hand and  
Bust my cannon gun gigantic  
Suckers running, mothers panic  
Brother franning, come God damn it  
Hump the granny, fuck this planet

Nikki take the control  
She becoming when I play with her click click  
Strip you naked for show  
Then she blow you, black hole you  
Biggest ganster I know  
Soon as you choose for me to shoot you  
In the future  
I introduce you to my baby Nicole  
She likes ménage à trois, mardi gras, hardy das  
All day she dreamin' 'bout sex  
She even body broads  
You think you can handle us  
Say under your breath  
'Cause you gon' fall for her  
When she love you to death

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Two love birds riding in the streets  
K I L L I N G  
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