

Gerald Levert

"Nickel Slick Nigga *"

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* originally appeared on the Deep Cover soundtrack

The city is a cool breeze day
Word takes place in the city of LA
I'm nine years old to be exact
Check the bell bottoms, brown shirt with the dusty ol'
cap
Goin to the inn to see my dad
and to get some new business, two dollars what a
bargain
I'm sittin up the street while I'm humpin a tune
The first time but witness somebody's tryin ta jack fool
The bump director was a alco tryin ta jack a '6-4
Brothers tryin ta tip-toe and yo
Pointin at gauges tryin ta take a brother's yea
He saw what was up, got out the beat and go and bail
He just had to run in my direction
But they smoked the players now he's next to the
sports section
But the player dropped the yea on the ground
so then I picked it up, run down and around
the corner, yo but thru a nearby alley
Escaped thru a tiny gate cos I was nickel slick
Cos I was nickel slick
Cos I was nickel slick
Cos I was nickel slick

Huffin and puffin but I finally got to the pad
My mother axe me where I was I siad "Yo,
I was over Snowy's house playin some marks"
She believed what I said so I went to my cars
You see I ship bones with my cousin, now he's mentally
slow
but he was a big ole kid, 6"5', 300 pounds or more
Nicknamed 'Big Truck'
Took the shit out my pants around the product
Told my cousin we gotta hustle and bustle to make
money back
I make connections, you watch my back
Set up a program, go and live instate
But I wasn't sellin drinks, I was sellin big bags

o' hundreds and quarters of doves, yeah
At this time I was gettin more pud, yo
From this car and that car and everybody wanna
caught glockin
But me and Truck we was in luck
But the spot got hot, police raid, they took Truck to jail
but me I got away, I was nickel slick
Cos I was nickel slick
I was nickel slick
Cos I was nickel slick

Four years past, now I'm thirteen
All-meat duster to go undercover
My cousin's jail sentence was almost finished
Now we packin the streets in a mix, in it to win it
Calling cards, checkin fools, checkin names down
Now I'm steady ???? ???? sent to the ground
Other hustlers knew I was doin my best
cos I was a bawla young fly player from the West
All the pimped up cribs and comeona
I'm up on the city so that way I can hit corners
Now who would expect this little juvenile delinquent's
straight bawlin y'all
as they kept on bawlin for it
It was a smooth operation you see
cos I had to your whole entire family lumpy
Five years swoop now I'm eighteen
I was steadily pimpin Uncle Sam and foldin the pimp
game
At this time I was bust smokin 5's
Hook us up with an eighty cell ????
Lei Long was in effect and he said "Let's do this"
Gave it up to eat then I sighed all poopless
But Truck was left on the spot, he knew what I'd do
Hooked my cousin up with the crib and effect, not!
The Truck was livin high, livin schwell
Me, I'm gettin piad for my mega record sales
So there it is, a player comin up quick
I guess I drawn a whole organisation of players that are
nickel slick
I guess I was nickel slick
Cos I was nickel slick
I was nickel slick

Yo Stan, won't cha price some nickel slick from me,
right here
Yeah, aha
Why don't cha swing it up right here?
Aah yeah, wooh
Nigga sanctified, aah
Right here

Yo, I was a player that was nickel slick

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