

Kokane "Nickel Slick Nigga"

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The city is a cool breeze day
Word takes place in the city of L.A.
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 also 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 through a nearby alley
Escaped through 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 said, "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" tall, 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 [unverified] 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 [unverified]
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' paid for my mega record sales
So there it is, a player comin' up quick
I guess I drawn a whole organization 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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