

Niccokick

"No Bones Remix"

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[Greg Nice]

Bang, bang, bang (aww yeah)

One of these days Alice (uh-huh) to the moon, straight
to the moon

Bang (word up, uhh) bang, bang, bang

I got ninety-three flavors, got ninety-three flavors
(what?)

Flavor for days, I got ninety-three flavors

Ninety-three flavors (what?) got ninety-three flavors

Got flavor for days, I got ninety-three flavors

I got ninety-three flavors (what?) got ninety-three
flavors

Flavor for days, I got ninety-three flavors

Got ninety-three flavors, I got ninety-three flavors

Flavor for days, I got ninety-three flavors

[Nice & Smooth]

No matter how many times (no matter how many times)

No matter how many times (no matter how many times)

No matter how many times the ball bounces

There's still no bones in ice cream, nope

No matter how many times (no matter how many times)

No no, no matter how many times (no matter how many
times)

No matter how many times the ball bounces (what?)

Ah there's still no bones in ice cream

[Greg Nice]

Now, na-now, Nipsey Russell, do the hustle

You're cock diesel, flex your muscle

Sometimes you might just wanna take a bite

Out a sexy young sight, like a thief in the night

If the party's dead wreck it bring highlight

C'mon dance, and get down just a little

Sway baby take shit mo' to the middle (uh-huh)

Sleep-talkin and sleep-walkin

Fellas jealous, the girly's hawkin

Be (uhh) what you wanna be

Cause if it's alright with you it's alright with me

(What's your name?) The capital G, R-E-G

N-I-C-E (uhh) my right hand man Smooth Bee (uh-huh)

We're fully equipped and we do bad whips
I clean out my ears with a, q-tip

[Nice & Smooth]

No matter how many times (no matter how many times)
We got ninety-three flavors (I got ninety-three flavors)
We got flavor for days (I got ninety-three flavors)
No matter how many times (no matter how many times)
No matter how many times (no matter how many times)
No matter how many times the ball bounces
Ah there's still no bones in ice cream
Now, na-now

[Smooth Bee]

Yo, I rock a rhyme to the best of my ability
And stay real strong and hang on with agility
Also may I add that my rhymes flow rapidly
I'm not the Sundance Kid or Butch Cassidy
Now I'ma start things out with divinity
The quality of God which leads to infinity
Cause as we know, our rhymes are impeccable
Fresh and flexible, highly respectable
And through the years we've struggled through forfeits
And after the tour quits, I come back with more hits
Smooth Bee, my rhyme style lethal
And you can't see through, but Smooth Bee peeped
you, yeah
I spot a sucker for miles, call me the watcher
And if the vibe ain't right I go gotcha
You become like a hangnail or a loose hair
On my flat top fade, you catch a sharp blade
Cut off, you stand drifted and lonely
But that's the price you pay when you're phony..
{*echoes*

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