

Carlos Roberto

"Falcon and the Snowman"

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[Verse 1 - Equipto]

I infect the whole set and collect the cash
And I'm gon' run game but respect the past
Got long range ...(?) into small change
Then kick and parlay
Exchangin' back to back rhymin'
Word play for (?) for the studio timin'
And can't wait for the hate and feedback
I (?) when I break down the weed in my rap

[Verse 2 - Andre Nickatina]

I was born about eight miles in the city of dope
Meanin' my city is the city of dope
Weigh the coke, Caddy spokes, you couldn't be saved
by John the Pope
Money is the bible, couldn't care about a idol
If you're goin' for the title than it's kinda suicidal
Cause you're gonna have a rival that's bustin' at your
door
Tryin' to put bullet holes up in your clothes!

[Verse 3 - Equipto]

Oh hoe, fa sho we can blow some mo'
While labels fall short to the ocean flo' (suckas)
I get pesky (?) like Joe Pesci's
I drop hefty rhymes on all MC's
Suckas that wanna play too cute, execute the play(?)
off loose I execute
On site you're too hype, you might get snatched
Just like your gold chain and no name raps

[Verse 4 - Andre Nickatina]

Homie don't ask me about that chick
Because about any chick I plead the fifth
Call me Saint Nick when I spit the gift, real rap cat on a
pirate ship
Lock and chain like Sid Vicious, I done used my three
wishes
When it come to swishers, cut the heart
Listenin' to Al Green in the dark
Jumped in the ride with the leather coat

Looked in the rear view, who pops the (?)
Just when I thought that I saw a ghost, I realized it was
the indo smoke

[Verse 5 - Equipto]

...(?)

Your last hope is shootin' at me like the Pope
I campaign the (?) to vote is unanimous
Smokin' cannabis, put 'em in a camel clutch(?)
Like this, can't trip when I get across
Set it off, lay 'em down with no second thoughts
Impulsin, indo indulgin, keep blowin, Falcon and the
Snowman

[Verse 6 - Andre Nickatina]

Tiga my raps, are just like a diamond heist
Cause the way I shine you might lose your sight
In my brand new Phat Farm vest, new kango Polo, no
less
Grab the cream, get your team who ...(?)
In ya face, cocksucka, it's a new regime
You're out again but it really don't matter
Had it with the new improved police scanner
Hang the banners, yo cock the hammers
Or forever in life you'll wear a Pamper

[Verse 7 - Equipto]

It was pivotal when you (?) pitiful answers
Rhymes are avalanchin' the average rapper
You're sweatin, then goin' all out representin'
You're in and out steppin' like 3-5-7
I kept it honest, promise, no threatin'
You're probably (?), if not forgettin'
I stepped in the house, throwback with the (?)
Excused the fool, but hold back with the hatin'

[Verse 8 - Andre Nickatina]

Check it crack the bottle, then crack the whip
Yo here go a slug that'll crack ya hip
I'm like an angel, but at an angle
And then I start to talk like Marlon Brando, like that
Blow back in my crocka sack
To the Benz dealer that the Cadillac is back
I had to turn (?) Moonshine into yak
And then the ATF wanna come raise the track

[Verse 9 - Equipto]

I connive with more drive then multiply chedda
I can see the fortune without the teller
Cut back the raw rap and release the classic
Suckas that jaw jap but I look past 'em

I get detailed just (?) and graphic
Practice the graph 'till I'm knowin' it backwards
Spit it with a passion, ...(?)
The I release the masters, study the game

[Verse 10 - Andre Nickatina]

Okay, I hit the night skies with the ruby red eyes
The streets are hurtin, I can hear her cries
Freaks wear shoes that's not their size
And here come Nicky with the felony rhyme
And the melody crime, can you crack the case?
Like a bat outta hell as I start to race
Scars on my face, dictate the hate
Get a scale for the rhyme when I push the weight

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