

Andre Nickatina

"3 So What A.M So What"

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It can get real cold if you not standin' in the lobby
Girl you Kamikaze cuz
I know you work your body yeah
You need to put me in your mind
Hit you with some baby oil
Yo everything shine
Dolce and Gabana
Ho it won't impress your mama
You roll around the city like your Lola Falana
It's 3 so what?
A.M so what?
Me and you talking conversation so tough
Really on the under girl I feen for your attention
But I gotta get paid for it
That admission
You can't be a Christian
Did I forget to mention
You gotta be a sinner
And a bread winner
No T-bone dinners
Maybe Top Ramen
Late night counting money with my bottom
It's 3 so what?
A.M. so what?
Me and you talking conversation so tough
It's sorta like ice the way we skate through the city
Even hockey players gotta say you look pretty
You gettin' every penny
You always say "gimme"
You wash the Heni down baby girl with the Remi
I hate to miss the phone when I see that you called
Cuz I know it's conversation that'll make me wanna ball
You make money fall like snow in Minnesota
12 a.m. and there ain't no rollers
It's something like music when your heels hit the street
A symphony plays when you walk the concrete
And I love yo eyes cuz yo eyes don't lie
I remember when I asked and you said that you'll try
Baby work your body like a rookie running back
My life is coping blows
Soul ain't never coming back
They all ran track like the? Olympics

I spit the gift so that made them all gifted
Now I remixed it
Put it in a capsule
Pineapple to the big red apple
Finish that Snapple
Don't leave thirsty
I still? the game first cursed me
It's 3 so what?
A.M. so what?
Me and you talking conversation so tough
Ya know I'm from the city of Joe Montana
My curls bang out like gang bandanas
Freak you bananas
Paying is a privilege
I look you in the eyes and say "the game did this"
Coconut future
Real Karma Sutra
I used to buy clothes from this fine ass booster
Now I'm with the roosters
When it comes to you
The way you hit the streets and the things that you do
Even politicians try to get you through the wire
Come back and tell me cuz you know they all liars
Turning like tires so fast no brakes
Sometimes we laugh about the money you make
Cakes I bake
T-Bone steaks
Fallas that race to your face then chase
Let me lace you up
Roll up two blunts
Some think it late
But it's 3 so what?

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