

Andre Nickatina "Box of Lucky Charms"

Visit "[Box of Lucky Charms](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(A. Nickatina)

My morning starts off with the chicken and the waffles
Baby say she never touched the hand of a capo
Shoot at the reflection in the mirror of life
If you hit your target then they say you live twice
In a box of lucky charms man keep a few Gs
And never talk about the tricks kept up your sleeve
Help you? please, I'm all about greed
Make the crowd freeze, get the cheese then leave

(Queezy)

Young Queez strike a pose like a statue
Brand new clothes, too close as I'm at you
Bad news bear, all you squares too late now
The Godfather said it best pay style
Not a little bit, not even fifty cent
We don't trip one dime in the city, pimp
West coast, the blade on the esco
And I leave her automatic at my next show

(A. Nickatina)

Pinky ring shinin like a baseball diamond
I was right there when that gangsta started cryin
Twisted and wired, gun-mouth 4 hire
The game that we it accept all liars
Fears and desires, no court room choirs
Forget about "I quit" "I quit" "I quit" no more
retires
It's who can maintain as they ride on the flames
With gasoline, cop a new beam
Get that super bad dime on the team
And don't lose focus of the ultimate scheme
See?

(Queez)

We a fool, throw your main beez in the pool
No rules imma have to take her back to school
Those dirty mags imma clown like Bernie Mac
Hit his hoe cause she heard me rap
I got no time for your little small talk
All ya'll know Quipto play hardball
On off all off, everything come in time

Til then just roll up and bust my rhyme

(A. Nickatina)

Hey, hey, hey

My homies like clothes from Louis Vuitton

Now let the freaks in the house know the game is on

Jamal Wilkes, man imma pop that J

He'll call me silk til my dying day

The gods got angels with guns in hands

Man bullets that'll rip through a

Man the sharks in the water for your daughter

And as you swim farther bitch the sharks getting larger

Cold money spender and not a money lender

Man let a quarter ounce break down in a blender

Man it's Quipto yo and A. Nickatina

It's like Joe and Darryl in shell toe adidas

I'm swimming in the river of the phoenix

Holla at me now hoe forget about the remix

Because I'm reloaded, and all the hoes know it

It might be candy painted man but it's never candy coated

Man it's like a semi when I gotta tell you gimme

Reputation searchin like the henny and the remmy

See that car? Imma cop that, God!

Police ain't around? Gonna spark that, God!

Take this valium and cry about the pain

Or throw them dice and roll with the game

(Queez)

Roll with the game, my homie said feel my pain

Some say that he might rise again

Put your flame to the sky, and strike ya lighters

For Mac Dre just one moment of silence

Yeah burn your backwood

Thizz dance, wipe your sweat off with a wrist band

Gon' just kick back, keep your lip latched

Me wit your broke hoe, that's the mismatch

Not even if I'm blind and I see pitch black

Please believe imma have it down on this track

One way or another I gotta get your record til they

respect my get back

Yeah get the boot like Sicily, you fools too cool's how I hit the weed

Make sure The Sco go down in history

For the Cougnuts, Hitman and Mr. Cee

Let's blow

Visit [Andre Nickatina](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.