

## Andre Nickatina "Clipboard Full of Game"

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Go 'head Romeo, Do Your Thing

[CHORUS]

I [?] wanna wit a freaky hoe  
Tappin' my shoulder, said let's go  
She turned around and said oh no  
Ima start loadin my paniseo  
[?] wit a freaky dang  
Different broad, but it's all the same  
She said she knew how to fuck and I'm to blame  
Woulda said somethin back but forgot her name

Games don't come and getcha  
Brang the camera witcha  
The photographer with the nudey pictures  
A little old trick from my boy [?]

She said I aint no groupy hoe  
I said C.E already knows  
Girls wanna try and act straight and square  
But super freaks in their underwear

Walkin just like christopher  
Tossin to get rid of her  
Smooth is the way I act  
And like jackpot I'm a playboy mac  
Back to the first night it was Hennessy  
And on the second it was just you and me  
On the third, my vision was blurred  
I don't recall  
Understandin the word

Panties hangin from the light fixture  
She stare all day at my year book picture  
Whisper right off my shoulder  
My spit gets [?] my age gets gets older

Flousey is what you are  
Doopie smoke broke out my car  
Spit this game like a moccasin  
Get this broad  
Then floss again

[CHOURS]

Ease go smoke heavily  
Breath deep, 'til your lungs bleed  
Ooh. I don't run the game  
But gangsta when I do my thang  
Change like a dollar bill  
Strange tell ya how to feel  
Tame but it is so real  
Keep my hoes rotatin like a stearin wheel

It's like crazy when you look at me  
It's like baby who you tryin to be?  
Lazy when you hit the weed  
It's a whole nother story when you're hangin wit E.  
Keep my [?] spinnin like a ceilin fan  
Keep my donkey [?] It's supply and demand  
Gotta be the man, get to spittin  
Try another broad [?] doin, what you missin

Gotta whole notebook full of game, game  
Gotta roll of decks full of bitches, bitches  
Gotta big black book full of names, names  
If I showed it to you, you'd think it's vicious, vicious

Gotta whole clipboard full of game  
And a big black book we can write your name  
They all the same they know what I'm about  
I'm ready for whatever [?] did shout  
Some hoes think we made from mud  
But I know, It's muscle and blood  
Grab your piece like Nick and pack it quick  
Gotta [?] my bitch gotta get  
I'm the big Jimmy D. Sausage King  
Like Frank [?] so much heat to bring  
I want a bad bitch with no limitations  
I'm a big bad wolf when it comes to relations  
Mouth beat like this you know I score  
16 tons like Earnie Ford  
Like pop like a mule, hit like a bat  
Nothin like listen to that gangsta rap  
I flow so smooth called watervore  
She fuck so good, see I taught her boyy  
It only took a few lines for me to bag it  
I bet you didn't know I'm a pussy addict  
It's a good thing I got groupies to [?]  
That'll make pussy gum  
Or a pussy patch  
Don't get attached, if you're feelin lucky  
I still can't fuck without my rubber ducky

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