

Andre Nickatina

"My Homeboys Chevy"

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I'm on a block sacked up,
got twomps of kill,
Gurpin' in my 74 Bonneville,
no time to chill,
I'm a grind for real.
What you want?
What you need?
Tryin to find some pills,
well come holla at yo neighborhood thug supply,
got everythang a nigga love to buy,
It's me, MD
skirtin from the killer whales,
Black and White is always on a nigga's trail.
but I'm hypo, nitro, keep the Chevy Vogue'n , floatin,
from sac to oakland and the sack you smokin
nobody does it better, get my money, kill a nigga and
the bitch I sweat her,
I gets my cheddar),
ching ching and all that.
put it in a backwood
nigga roll that,
It's nothing playa,
let a game and muscle,
it's all it takes to get a gang of hustlers,

I sit low in my homeboys Chevy, my Makaveli hat pulled
down by my eyes,
yo baby picture tryin to sell somethin that's an actual
fact yo,
if you can't mix love with rap,
you better step back,
my K Swiss, like the step on the gas,
and if you knew how fast, you'd think I just might crash,
I think I saw the dub roll up in my purple bag, and still I
have to roll phat,
Can you believe that?

Can I believe that?
Did you retrieve that?
the money in the bag,
homie i'm a need that,
my blackberry cellphone confuses me,

I got women talking about Nicky you using me,
I got coogi rap yo, in my speakers in the back,
my car shine like a new gat, I'm with the genie of the
lamp,
comin off the exit ramp,
I grab cash like a calf cramp,
I like garlic butter with aleodo crab,
my son had a fight,
I told him work the jab,
sometimes i'm very stingy,
but yo i'm mostly greedy,
man eatin onion rings.
on Poke street, that be very greasy,
man it's cracking like a flower seed,
blowing off a Gang weed,
not to be authority,
picture for a more of me,
racing through this shit like the olympics,
running red lights,
never caring about a witness.

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