

Andre Nickatina "Purrfect Storm"

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Purrfect Storm

-Andre Nickatina

man you can picture my perfection from the purple in
the paper
get it popin 'cause its poppin
put the pimpin in the player
pick the player grab the photographer
platinum pearl pistol packa
wake you up the mornin after
you know just wut im after
i eat spaghetti wit the tiger prawns
and like to buy anything that my eyes is on
i politic before im leaving wit the god of khan
the ladies know me real well at the auto barn
my mercedez i wiffer past its supper bad
the color man will hit you like a jab
thats where im at
i give a gun to the hands of time
so i can shoot out of endless rhymes
i sent you pictures of perfection
its interlection of your connection
its something like a model car collection
you hit em queez

-Equipto

ill get em
fuck a world their against me
so spittin my raps its like a real deal mc
nothing attatched ill be married to the game
im life long wit it till they carry me away
everything i say true so you wonder where the time
went
situate the studio time from all the grindin
see my life flash i roll the dice fast
i cant even find time just to sit and write raps
you livin like that
man the scratch i reverse the north
im sucked in by the perfect storm
i can take it like a man
break down with the fan
you suckas hating the situation the hands

-Andre Nickatina
playboy im from the filmoe
man aka bay yola
we let our hair grow to our shouldas
pictur polorola
and hit the freeway from the rollas
man laughin wit a mouth full of doja
by the qouta i thought i told ya
its through the wire like HBO
my vouge tires said the rest to go
man can you picture the perfection
its like a weapon a smith and wesson
you askin me do rappers go to heaven
is that the question
i keep it cold just like mavato
you split it down the middle like a fiddle me and sato
i like to walk wit facco 'cause she walks just like a
model
my life is like a love letter find it in the bottle
your baby bubba
i hit the streets just like its rubber
dont weigh im bouts to roun up in my car and make you
studder

-Equipto
uh you know come on
yea top notch caliber underdog challenger
manage to get by everyday of the calander
world wide traveler
pray when im landed
rolling up tough blunts taste like candy
im the weddin crasher drive like the answer
been over a g ima tell you put cash up
spittin like the last one im the summer rida
ever since the 4 the 1 the 5

-Andre Nickatina
man the 4 the 1 the 5 uh
man ima fast driv-uh
banna cream pie-uh
baby yous a lie-uh
i suck up in the choi-uh
man picture the perfection
the third world filmoe chair numba 7
i was goin like im wavy
the rap god forgave me
and after that day g
rock-a-bye baby

