

Andre Nickatina "San Francisco Bay"

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I bathed in the water of the wrath
I like to count the money
Bitch I like to do the math
You're sneaky like a left jab
Over hand right
I'm Friday night fights in the Memphis bright lights
I got a suit passion
I like to dress in the high fashion
Broke hos with good jokes keep me laughin'
I talk shit behind the tint of my Benz
As my driver goes 90 over da Bay Bridge
It's like smokin' weed all up in heaven
My God is a 7
And yo I'm a 3 11
That's 14
I sport Jordan's when I wear jeans
I'm in the hills of Tahoe throwing on my high beams
I like to wear rings
A couple pretty things
I sport leather on a bitch
If the city rains
We do drugs on a polar bear rug
If your man is a pimp
Don't expect no love
It's all upgrade
My new shades block the sun rays
Tupac on every Sunday
It's all upgrade
My new shades block the sun rays
Tupac on every Sunday

I unwrap the plastic off the swisher
Grab your telephone bitch
You can take a picture
Pour it like it's liquor
But move a little quicka
We live by the gun
So we die by the trigger
That's word of life
Man have you ever seen a fiend's pipe?
It's dark as 12 a.m.
Even in the sun light

I lose my train of thought until you say the cost
I gotta bookie that love when I take a loss
I gotta prohibition mind state
About the crime rate
No love bitch on a blind date
You get a repo reaction from the people
Down here we bump C-Bo
We sport Filas
And Adidas
And Perry Ellis
Them bitches maybe fine but them hos be getting
jealous
It's high fashion
Car crashin
Suit matchin
Talkin shit on the freeway laughin
I gotta sweet tooth
I like candy paint
I talk shit to a bitch
Tell the ho "think"?
I gotta sweet tooth
I like candy paint
I talk shit to a bitch
Tell the ho "think"?

Get the New Testament
You get the tour and the estimate
Rhyme crime up in your residence
The camera lens is not a friend
It just offends
So I talk alotta shit behind the tint of my Benz
On I-80 880 980 580
280 Aw Baby
All aboard like a train
My young homie said he's like an old man
Cuz he's gotta push caine
Like a dime
To design
It never rhyme
My soul it never dies just like the Holy Qur'an
And on the scale
It's like bail
And killer whales
Get at me early baby
Something like a clearance sale
I open up
I let you know
About the cost
I eat a pork chop with a deep money thought
I open up
I let you know

About the cost
I eat a pork chop with a deep money thought
Like a dead poet
And you know
Cuz you show it
I'm driving down to San Jose and ya I like to floor it
Like a dead poet
And you know
Cuz you show it
I'm driving down to San Jose and ya I like to floor it

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