

## Andre Nickatina "Tina Terry"

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Andre Nickatina  
Tina Terry  
Horns and Halos

(Nikky)

I use to slither like a snake  
Forget the chit chatter it really didn't matter if the other  
bitch was badder  
I climb it like a ladder she's feenin like a clucka  
The homies in the motion make it hard for a sucka  
Cause I blow blueberry that's something I can carry till I  
met this fine bitch her name was Tina Terry  
She hit me like a rave like she hit the stage  
She looked me in my eyes and said I can get you paid  
Im the Motorola I told the dime on the rise  
I'll give you half the chance; if you could see it in my  
eyes  
But don't be a buster gotta kill the structure we get a  
little chedda man from  
Any cat that touch her  
She said she was game and knew I had game  
But even with game girl you gotta use your brain  
Man this is necessary on the contrary my 5'9 fine dime  
yeah Tina Terry  
These Cats be lookin hard These Hoes Be lookin hard  
because they know  
She got a stylin body made from God  
I put her in the Lac im tryin to make a stack  
Man cats be sayin Andre Nikky how you bust that  
I pull down my hat it aint no surprise I cover up my eyes  
but im not tryin to hide Man you'll realize you can test it  
by the bitch  
Especially when the chicken sayin "Baby  
take this f..."  
In a real way

(Dubee)

Now listen,  
The homies told me you was open season on a  
renegade night toleratin so keep game she workin that  
blade up and cursin this game up she aint claimin your  
name I aint servin you papers

I old school Cuddie gotsa know I just rocked the show  
knocked it like a door  
From day you was curtains you callin my number.  
(Hello) 6 foota down south baby all  
through the summer me and you gotta show me that  
she really was down we hit the map all tracks every city  
and town  
And to that pay you know the games way out give me  
the loot and ima swoop you from grey hound face  
down  
Gotta know that a hoe gonna get it Let her know every  
thang copasetic  
Blazed up a black put her down a sac my homie asked  
me EQ where you knock that I pulled out a row and you  
know she lost control of everything a half a thizz, back  
wood and the Hennessey  
Now I got her outta body and mind but this real thang I  
aint talkin Bonny and Clyde

(Shag Nasty)

Don't chall know you fuckin wit a real mac that aint goin  
for nothin but bringing all the scratch back outta cash  
man your boy will snatch a peezay since she comin  
delinquent wit bringin all the scratch back Im known to  
comin and go im on the hunt for another hoe my  
Lincoln Navigator is a Navi-Hoe I'll mac a hoe so hard  
they call me knock-a-meechie tell them broads to have  
they money right before they come and see me  
Like my home girl Tina she was more than a  
misdemeanor when it comes to Tina she's a pipe  
cleaner people ask me where I meet the hoe when me  
and Queezy was chillin at a hicky show she whispered  
in my ear shag you ready to go pointed toward the  
Bentley and flashed some doe I looked at that as said  
Girl foe sho told my home boys gotta hoe gotta  
go

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