

Andre Nickatina "U Got Talent"

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U Got Talent

-Andre Nickatina

My shirley temples bang like a banger
i like it when my new suits hang off the hanger
its like its clear as crystal
and referee official
the homie said he like the sound of hearin bullets
whistle
i drive a automatic
i spit it like a addict
im tell baby girl with the curls she got talent
im somethin like a candle dealin with the wax
just me and you baby girl rollin in the lac
would ya holla backk

-Equipto

with g stacks baby bubble of 50
this dedicated to those who hustlin with me
shit i came clean to get back to the basics
from frisco the fastest track in the nation
you can hate on the store im taken it for
this aint hustle and flow i dont wait in the car (hell no)
im no chaufferr yes mam no sir
so sure i could put her down right on your turf

-Andre Nickatina

the g's come in threes like piano keys
if your honeycomb is buzzin wit those honey bees
and banana trees and fly canapees
and ladys that be lookin like theyre vandati
man the cotton candy flow through my soul
man baby said she liked my style she'll never let it go
im Jack Clark candle sticks parked in a skylark
tennis shoes bad news student of the rap rule rhyme
does

-Equipto

shit we no joke got them walkin the plank
and barfs juss like tony when hes talkin to frank
we be hopin out the van bags all in the back
and playin it to perfection we call it the game

blow rhyme a lit
on the field smile like donovan
you stay a while let me work up on your confidence
you know they gon hate fake hoes interagate
put her down on the same plate
man its fair play

-Andre Nickatina

my eyes are on the target i picture panasonic
i move through the crowd and try to hit her wit the
knowledge
man let a baker bake
shes a vanilla shake
i like the strawberry sauce on my cheesecake
i dip around the lake when its quite like a wake
and when it comes again i try to crack it like a safe
the sun goes down and disappear in the shadows
or you reappear on the streets of seattle
i like the styles of the ginoco's
i come around thurbin runnin like im pete rose
and when i concatrate i do its like free throws
i tell noah youll sink ridin these flows
man double up you better buckle buckle and roll wit me
i put a lil twist and i mix it wit poetry
man two dymes could be the rope the fine fines
never have to listin never standin in line
the widewalk baby girl wins you can ride
and from the looks of it girl its cold outside
time after time ill be workin wit the prime
seventh in line im a zodiac sign
and ricochet game off your frame in your mind
i know you think its fun 'cause it aint no crime
wut you talkin bout

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