

Dre Dog & Equipto

"A Peez Paradise"

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(*Intro: Excerpts from the film "The Gift"*)

(*Talking*)

Yeah, man I see you laugh and everything
You better catch you breath or something
Youknowl'msayin, or hold it, one or the other
Youknowlmean, I'm bout turnin heads
Turnin tricks and then turn it in, youknowl'msayin
To daddy, youknowwhatlmean, you intrigue
With the big leagues but these believe it's
Somethin real, you afraid of heights bitch
Cause I'm goin to the top

[Andre Nickatina]

From all my broken dreams, came some fabulous
schemes
I get to poppin like a pistol girl to get you on the team
Here's a telegram, I like my boots to be the Timbs
And I can see you from behind through my rims
Man, Grand Wizard, man take a look at what I've done
I used to rap in ya basement now they say I'm the one
I like to have a knot, I handle business like it's rocks
And let my mop blow in a drop, chop a hardtop
It's kill pretty through the city in the 'Moe
Man, though I'm a Pisces it's the tales of a Scorpio
I wear Polo, or maybe Izocc
You picture paradise it's really bout a bankwad

[Equipto]

Your fifty toes up on the concrete
We exchange in pimp talk and pop Don P.
Roll out players in the latest draped in Coogi
Situatin all of my brides, like a blue team
Hotel to Condo, limozine dropped off
Threw on the blade, catch dates, dodge cop cars
All damn day, my mind stay awake
In Western Union for my game outta states
I'm keepin 'em happy, a peez paradise when they
laughin
When everything done just for daddy
You can live lavy, everything in tie

So baby realize life just passed you by, bye

[Andre Nickatina]

Shit, it's paper mackin so you don't end up in a station wagon
If John Lennon was here, he'd be like, "Girl imagine"
You so bad, cats like wanna take your photograph
Then wanna brag, an autograph, then made them strip
like 4-4 mag
I got it goin on with vision of that Buttet Toffee
Mix with that Caramel Coffee, sittin pretty lokkin bossy
How we gon handle this and do it on a paper status
You best believe on twenty G's girl you a paper magnet
And other playas wanna knock ya like a Nakamichi
They playin soccer kickin game ho and tryin to beat me
But that's unholy, you need to be my goalie
And do it at your mannish like your Forty, it's federal

[Equipto]

Tell 'em there's no limit, see baby just roll with it
Knowin it's so vivid, it's easily four digits
A day, when ya livin it way in too deep
You invision the game in your sleep

[Andre Nickatina]

Baby wake up, and give your all like Rocky
Your friends try to tell ya no say bitch stop me
You start gettin cocky, just a little stocky
Never in the piper guide baby lookin sloppy

(*Talking*)

Bitch talkin bout I'm throwin her off track
Or somethin mayne, I'm gonna put you on it
If anything, ain't no one track mind here
I got multiple places to sing though,
youknowwhatImean

[Andre Nickatina]

Alright, a brand new bottle of that sweet Arma Reta
Now pour a bottle of that sweet Arma Reta
Now take a sip of that sweet Arma Reta
Lucheenee fallin from the sky freak I'ma get ya
My gators is major they come in Jellybean flavors
The Banana flavors I be mixin with Vanilla Wavers
I like to go to boxing matches with the baddest batches
The way I see the cheddar from 'em give me hot
flashes
I like to tip my brim and shine my rims like Billy Sims
I like to chop game with other cats and other pimps
It's so explosive man them heffas be like Holy Moses
They wear expensive clothing, thay smell like red roses

It's how the God's chosen and everything I never broke
it

I need you hills and dollar bills to be your main focus
And I'ma check up on ya baby girl like soundscan
Or leave like Nino, D.G. Money, yo and Dunna Man
I'm not a stunna man, margarine no butter man
Played it together super wick, jamma number man
The caramel with the cream, the Alamo supreme
Grab ya tickets cause you rollin with a winnin team

[Equipto]

Yeah, and chain gang on paper we catch flights
And land to get the bidness to crackin on that night
All my bitches in line like a ritual of mine
In her mind, she gon find that miracle of mine
And she shine along Whitney, c-notes crispy
A trip cause it gets so risky
A pimp-frem-shiffy, square be snitchin
Whisperin hoes if finger P ain't listenin
Choppin over topics, all up in the tropics
Cautious with it, gotta watch who what ya talkin
Often mislead and wanna live the life
The mo' sacrafice for a peez paradise, right

(*Talking*)

To many hoes that won't come out right
Oh, I'm talkin bout the money cats

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