

Dre Dog & Equipto

"Ate Miles From the City of Dope"

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[Andre Nickatina]

It's been a cold winter, that means heat for a real
sinner
Who wanna live like a bread winner
I fly low like a blind bird
They say, on the way to Heaven man you chauffeured
I think I wear the white Cashmere coat, if it's twenty
below
I only live eight miles from the city of dope
I sport that Perry Ellis, girl you should hang when the
God wear it
You get the smell like you in Paris
I see numbers like I'm playin Bingo
I like to mingle with the safety single
I turn ya mind into a straight casino
I'm not a Witness like Jehova
Get the kush or get the doja
Cut the optimo, God-jah rool it over

[Equipto]

Yeah we coppin blow its to and fro recop
With stacks of cash from sittin there in deep thoughts
Trippin off all the time wasted on restops
Nickel-n-dimin while rhymin on the beatbox
Everything happen for a reason
Shrook while it's hot, like a cook I reheat it
All day Bay Bridge it, get it how I live it
It's one mo' day closer to this next digit
Can't stop now I'ma mash for the rashion
Whether its open casket, or you burn my ashes
Knowin I'm long lastin, this life is real
And I'ma live it fast with no time to kill

[Andre Nickatina]

I give a toast to the rhyme wave
It's the religion to the crime wave
You get your hustle on in five days
It's like, Wonderbread so fresh
It got freaks lookin for the style on Mapquest
I spin a Charlotte's Web, a silk screen, an interior
design

I like to watch a nickel turn into a dime, in primetime
Rap cats see the seventh sign
Spit the game to your heart, soul, and ya mind
It was "Crackin Like Pastachios"
Like Robert Repper this and natural, in the fast lane is
faster ho
I pop up like a pop quiz
The ghetto still full of rocks kid
You'll get knocked out ya socks kid
About four to five blocks kid
The homies poppin at you knot kid
I stand still like a statue
But at the same time run with a pack too
I whip a lasso, run through a castle
Money on the dash yo, in NYC jumpin in the cab yo
I fly low like a blind bird
They say in Heaven man you chauffeured, if you
proffered

[Equipto]

It's like I'm beneath the underdog really live long
When painted such a beautiful song
A cold game, and everything's a dollar sign
And we focus straight ahead that's the bottom line
This is my statement, no verse to hatred
It's Bay love the area I was raised in
Leavin us all laced with, instincts imposed
React to nsync, inhale endo
Make it go pop everything else second
Stretch out the clock I'ma live out every second
See my momma cry everytime that she stressin
Messed with my mind can't understand the message
Time is of the essence, nothin I could fall for
Ain't too long 'til I could really say I'm all yours
I'm gon change, play it off with a giggle
Until then I still split it down the miidle, this is how we
livin

[Andre Nickatina]

Eight miles from the city of dope

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