

Dre Dog & Equipto

"Purrfect Storm"

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[Andre Nickatina]

Man you can picture my perfection from the purple in
the paper

Get it poppin cause it's poppin put the pimpin in the
player

Paint the paragraph, the photograph, the platinum
pearl pistol placka

Wake you up the mornin after, you know just what I'm
after

I eat spaghetti with the tiger prawns

And like to buy, anything that my eye is on

I politic before I leave man with the God of Khan

The ladies know me real well at the Autobaun

But my Mercedes, I whip it past, it's super bad

The color man'll hit you like a jab, that's where I'm at

I give a gun to the hands of time

So I can shoot, out a endless rhyme

I said you picture the perfection, it's an election, of
your connection

It's somethin like a model car collection, you hit 'em
Qweez

[Equipto]

Fuck the world they against me

For spittin my raps it's like a real deal MC

Nothin attached, I be married to the game

I'm life long with it, til they carry me away

Everything I say true, so you wonder where the time
went

Situate studio time from all the grindin

See my life flash, I roll the dice fast

I can't even find time just to sit and write raps

You livin like that, through the scratch I reversed the
norm

Got sucked in by the Purrfect Storm

I can take it like a man, break bread with the fam

These suckas is hatin, cause situation at hands

[Andre Nickatina]

Playboy I'm from the Fillmoe, man a.k.a. Bay-yola

We let our hair grow to our shoulders, picture polorola

Man hit the freeway from the rollers
Man laughin with a mouth full of doja by the quota
I thought I told ya, it through The Wire like HBO
My vogue tires say they rest to go
Man can you picture the perfection, it's like a weapon, a
Smith-N-Wesson
You askin me do rappers go the Heaven, is that the
question?
I keep it cozy like Movato
They split it down the middle like a fiddle ma and Sato
I like to walk with Falco cause she walk just like a model
My life is like a love letter find it in a bottle
Yo baby bubba, I hit the streets just like it's rubber
The way I bounce around up in my car'll make you
stutter (can you picture the perfection)

(*Talking*)

Huh, you now, come on

[Equipto]

Yeah, top notch caliber, underdog challenger
Manage to get, by everyday of the calednder
Worldwide traveler, pray when I'm landin
Rollin up tough blunts taste like candy
I'm the Weddin Crasher, dry like the answer
Bet over a G I'ma tell ya put cash up
Spittin like the last one, I'm a Sama-rider
Ever since the four, the one, the five

[Andre Nickatina]

Man the four, one, and the five-a, man I'm a fast driver
Banana Cream pie-a, baby you'se a liar
I suck up in the choir, man picture the perfection
Man third row Fillmoe chair number seven
I was throwin like I'm wavy, the rap God's forgave me
And after thst day G, rock-a-by baby (man can you
picture the perfection)

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