

Dre Dog & Equipto

"These Clowns"

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"It breathes, it eats and it hates
The only way to beat it, is to think like it"

(*Talking*)
At it again
Hmm

[Equipto]
I surprise with the amazing, the fires a blazing
Or suckas gon hate when I rise to the occasion
You ran off with Tigga go hide in the Bassment
Cause study your whole life just tryin to taste it
We rap packed take over the stats and trophy
Talk trash and really got a choice like Sophie
So O.G. never caught livin the movie
Wards real life, just "Being Myself", like Juve
I'm full proof, chip tooth, slick like oil
Can't chase me on the daily blow KC Royal
From the Bay like G.P., like Floyd, "I'm sleepy"
On your weak ass raps so leave me

[Andre Nickatina]
Breathe easy, my Tony Braxton the passion
My lucky ass mind got me in the newest fashion
Rap blastin, silver surfer on the glide
My horse kick just like a Colt 45
Man all up in ya mind like a Cartier design
And I'll be standin right behind when your credit card
decline
Get outta line, I spin a web like a spider
Man hit the ice house in the middle yell, "Fire!"
Man do it how you wanna man and take it how you
gonna
Cause all you gonna hear is, "No contest your honor"
I live the life style of the wild crocidile
Man pull you under water then I giggle when you drown
Man it's nothin that the lawlal, take it with a frown
My mugshot befor they took the picture had the smile
Man holla at me now, four or five rounds
Cuttin through the make up just to shake up these
clowns

[Equipto]

Yeah, Queezy Matsui, blunts and fat doobies
I'm itchy bon lowlout, spittin it like a loogie
Straight gangsta boogie, from here to Tokyo
No oke-doke, they comin up shorter than Little Romeo
I keep it moving, Air Force from Italy
If you know me from back I kept it crackin since little
leauge
I swing the bat and I love to sing and rap
On the track and I be the one you point your finger at
I'ma do it like a master, upgrade the stature
See I'm the type to smirk, while you fully elapped her
And you the type to snitch cause you fell that you have
to
Drop a dime like you was the illest fool in Nebraska
Won't put it past ya, baby I'm on the level
I get around and put it down like hot metal
The West Coast hello bitch, I'm a rebel
My brand new Jordans'll smash the gas pedal

[Andre Nickatina]

Gas pedal, blowin till the crack of dawn
Man roll it up and look it did the baby then it's gone
Have you ever seen a soul that was so priceless
Man hangin out with ladies that be cold as ices
The ammunition rippin through cats up in the cipher
Man like seven day though milk man I make 'em all
expire
Hands up in the flame man and lust for the game
And even if I'm cripple and I'm walkin with a cane
Or sittin in a chair, it's like Fred Estere
Man eatin on steak bake at the lions layer
Think I'm about to fall man I can hear the call
Man what's the spread if you talkin bout that football
Like Nino did the cartah and yeah I said the cartah
I came up in the game as a San Francisco starter
Man this is for the father, I spit it like a round
Cuttin through the make-up just to shake up these
clowns

"Yeah, that's it alright

Bam you can dick it out but you couldn't show you can't
take it no more

Your through, well"

"By the wet poisoning there was six bullets"

(*gunshots*)

"Oh thanks boys for the artillery"

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