

## **Dre Dog & Equipto**

### **"U Got Talent"**

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[Andre Nickatina]

My Shirley Temples bang like a bang  
I like it when my new suits hang off the hanger  
It's like it's clear as crystal, it's referee official  
The homey said he liked the sound he hear when  
bullets whistle  
I drive a automatic, I spit it like a addict  
I'm tellin' baby girl with the curl she got talent  
I'm somthin' like a candle, dealin' with the wax  
That's me and you baby girl rollin in the 'Lac  
Would you holla back

[Equipto]

With G stacks baby bubble up fifty  
This dedicated to those who hustle it with me  
I came clean took it back to the basic  
From 'Frisco the fastest track in the nation  
You could hate on a star, I'm takin' it far  
This ain't Hustle & Flow, I don't wait in the car (hell naw)  
I'm no choffuer, yes man, no sir, so sure  
I could put her down right on your turf

[Andre Nickatina]

The G'S come in three's like piano keys  
If your honey going buzzin' with those honey bees  
And banana tree's and fly can of peas  
And ladies that be lookin' like they vanity  
Man that cotton candy flow through my soul  
Man baby said she like my style and never let it go  
I'm Jack Art  
Candle stick parked in the Skylark  
Tennis shoes, bad news  
Student of the rap move, rhyme jewels

[Equipto]

We know Joe got 'em walkin' the plank  
And boss us like Tony when he talkin' to Frank  
We'd be hoppin' out the van bags all in the bank  
And playin' it to perfection we call it the game  
Glow rimulate, on the field smile like Donovan  
We stay awhile, let me work up on your confidence

You know they gon' hate, fake hoes interrogate  
Put her down on same blade, mayne it's fair play

[Andre Nickatina]

My eyes are on the target, I picture Panasonic  
I move through the crowd and try to hit her with the  
knowledge

Man let a backer bake, she's a vanilla shake  
I like the strawberry sauce on my Cheesecake  
I dip around the lake, when it's queit like awake  
And when it come to game I try to crack it like a safe  
The sun goes down I dissappear in the shadows  
Only to reappear in the streets of Seattle  
I like the style of the Kenneth Coles  
I come around third man runnin' like I'm Pete Rose  
And when I concentrate I do it like it's free throws  
I tell Noah, he'll sink ridin' these flows  
Man double up, you better buckle-n-buckle and roll with  
me

I put a little twist and I mix it with poetry  
Man two dimes could be the road to fine vines  
Never have to listen, never standin' in line  
Man why walk baby girl when you can ride  
And from the looks of it girl it's cold outside  
Time after time I be workin' with the rhyme  
Seventh in line of my zodiac sign  
Man ricochet game off your frame in your mind  
I know you think it's fun cause it ain't no crime  
What you talkin' bout (what you talkin' bout)

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