

## **Dre Dog & Equipto**

### **"Y-U-Smilin'"**

Visit "[Y-U-Smilin'](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Andre Nickatina]

Man I'm F-I double L-M-O-E  
I'm like Seabiscuit baby you can bet on me  
I like Ben Franklin on bills  
With cold c-notes on hotdays I chills  
I don't know why they grinnin, them suckas ain't winnin  
I can tell you this right from the beginnin  
Baby, real rap cat in the flesh  
I don't go to jail, I get house arrest, word life  
In Cadillac I bring ya back  
Man, on my birth certificate it says, "Born to rap"  
And I'ma holla at you to get you goin  
Orange Man, ball out like I'm Billy Owens  
If you ain't knowin, I flip the script then dip the 'Dolph  
Man, homie you can take a loss but I'm flip the cost  
And like butter pancakes on the grill  
With cold c-notes on hotdays I chill  
You can see my greedy nature baby from a mile away  
It's like Vegas baby even if ya in the Bay  
You put this cold game down on a diva  
A Quarterback lookin for a brand new reciever  
Hut-hut, I break it down and roll it up  
I like the rubberband do' before I fold it up  
It's still lane enough, I gotta ride it tough  
Because I'm lookin for another horse to saddle up  
Man I spit it til you get it and ya had enough  
And when you wake up there I am with the blunt, like  
what

[Equipto]

Let the real game carry on  
I boss to call shots like Harry O.  
And mad, cause I end up in your stereo  
And she, sing along to every song  
I got game by the six pack  
Gift wrap ya up and sent rip back  
Pimp taps and cut, mo' mileage, strike in the  
piggybacks  
Gimme that weed quick when he let me rap  
Any whack track I'm a monster  
Ain't hard to find you can see me in my concert

Lean back posture, the game like a joy to me  
I'm royalty, I threw away my royalties  
I'm too cool like a silk through roof  
With no radio play I'm still full proof  
I live out the booth, see I don't need groupie flukies  
Go bad on a choosey Susie  
I rap in the back of the club with the Yak and the blunts  
'Posed to make a toast with macks and thugs  
And no love is the model, many ya live by  
Huh, it's all there when I get high  
Buckle up, sit tight full contact is a fist fight  
Real deal get spilled by the rib tide  
Why scream like seen through a fish eye  
Good luck gettin this fly, bitch try

[Andre Nickatina]

It's like a roller coaster ride that you could ride again  
I turn back like Picasso with a powerful pin  
I don't know why the grinnin, man them suckas ain't  
winnin  
I can tell you this right from the beginnin  
Cause it's how many licks to the lillipop  
I cop two pairs the first day the Jordan drop  
I let my style run wild like the wind  
Ride it like a surfboard all in the Benz  
You can see my concentration baby when I roll the blunt  
You keep starin I'ma spit about this game and stuff  
I gotta put you in the mix right now  
Quicker than a fresh young thorough Greyhound  
Man I sport leather like a NBA basketball  
I'm a hog, I could never ever pass to ya'll  
I got it goin on, freak what you hoin on?  
Man get the money movin baby we can blow a zone  
Because its cats tryin to copy like Kinko's  
My suits stay creased you'll never see wrinkles  
Me and my comrades are just like the fashion parade  
And never men wear houses only tailor made  
I like to put a spin on it like a bowling ball  
A rollin ya'll, the symphony is loaded ya'll  
I spin it back to back man like a hit contract  
I'm poppin that for that, you better get that scrap  
Cause I rise outta bed like a cobra  
Arch my back homie lift my shoulders  
Play it like it's craps God, tell the freak to roll again  
Shit, now she feelin like she born again, it's live

Visit [Dre Dog & Equipto](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.