

Dre Dog & Equipto f/ The Jacka

"Monday Like a Friday"

Visit "[Monday Like a Friday](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Andre Nickatina]

I met you with my mouthpiece sideways, rippin down
the highway

Even though it's Monday I treat it like a Friday

Special introduction, lightin up the function

Pedico junction, playboy's blow trees

I'ma shake my perm, shake my perm

Man out my leather hat, man the curls all turn

I have 'em roll loosely, even rolled tightly

Girl I'm such a Pisces, in my white Nike's

Turn around slightly, ya lookin kind of pricey

Man I like to sell ya, that's what I gotta tell ya

Sexy little buttercup, you can be the runner up

Even cold days cats ????

Hot little thang, get with this game

And treat it like your runnin on the Amtrak train

The beat in the back shake the weed in my lap

The store owners know I buy blunts by the pack

[Equipto]

Yeah, kick back, ease up, roll a fat blunt

I contemplate the brakes on this rap stuff

I'm on the chase and can't slow down now

And checkin the trap, and scan all around town

That's my emmo, I really ain't dissin ya

But I ain't got no demo for you to listen to

I'm on the verge and on her like lipstick

And usin my words I shoot her from the hip quick

Rapper rates, charge on the turn around

These hoes are chosen, all cause of word of mouth

I'm in key like do-ra-me

You see, that'll be the day when a ho break me

I got it all across the nation

Just, from luxurious conversation

Stop hatin cause I got it like that

I holla like, motherfucka can ya buy that

[Andre Nickatina]

Playboy I'm a hotel villian, with rap cat feelins

Me and this bird, we just be chillin

Spit the gift, my new stand smith

Bubble that off the top, dude just quick
I roam like a Leopard, shake up the pepper
Jump like a checker, cash my checka
Wear my leather, you know she betta
Be way better than that other heffa, whateva

[The Jacka]

Leave it up to Jack always come with some fly shit
Try hard e'ryday to ignore the fact I'm rich
I ignore my bitch, live this shit I ain't trippin
Me and Poon sippin sippin, hit the Smith, load the clip in
Windows up tacked out, same car we put a brick in
Candy Cranberry drippin, niggas say the fo's is thicken
I just know the do's livin, I could smoke a whole zip in
one night game tight, on the move caine hype
My niggas all alike, let your brain hang tight
Hustle in the rain, do our thang to the daylight
Smoke a urcle, blow in circle, sippin on a puple Sprite
In the hood servin hype's, I could never leave the life
Fiends never leave the pipe, bitches give me all they
money
If you want take shit from me, take this clip in your
tummy
You're a fuckin crash dummy, all the bitches ask for
me
Just to pass cash to me, suckas never last, feel me

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