

Madonna, Andrea Corr and Jonathan Pryce

"In the Paint"

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(Verse 1: Wicked)

Pick up trucks
Big yay
Mac 11s
Thrust out hoop
Bad hoes
357s
I heard the word
Powder head
50 grams
I'm in the cradle slangin'
Billows and cocaine
I fit the lamer
I admire ya
Scrub you to death like my
Pit bull terrier
See I got something for all y'all
Wanna be stalions
It's the magazines
Black stallions
Every numbry
Every punk
Have you ever seen inside
Of a Regal trunk?
My life is worse than any hand in poker
Come on and pull me bitch
I ain't no joker
I ain't that nigga that rap
But don't want nothin'
Saying he never had nothin'
So he don't need nothin'
Watch him blow holes to his salary his whole round
Pop a clown
And leave him dead in this dope town
And after that
Beat his head with a pipe
Kill for the hype
Kill for my strike
I ain't Jamaican but I
Get a pussy oil (?)

Left him cold
Take his soul

(chorus)

We in the notherfuckin paint
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,
My nigga Nino in the paint
Big D, he in the paint
I'm in the paint...

(Verse 2: Wicked)

Met a pair of the dank
Keep seeing myself
In the bank
Yeah i oughta' get a full-time
And do the right thing
I got a full-time
Slangin' cocaine
My brain's fucked up off them
Sniper nuggets
Late nights fuckin'
And wicked(!) book it
See a bumper in the hood
Won't be faded
man it's fucked
'Cause I made it
See killin's what we do
In the dec
See killin is normal
For respect
I gotta grind down to the local
See some work that I got
From my uncle
See my whole family
We in the paint
You wanna trap in my hood
But you can't
Pick up trucks
Mac 11s
Plushed out hoops
357s
Quick to bust you
With this black stallion
And falling victim to a trigger
Of a little stallion
'Cause them young boys
Be weedin' and dustin'
Instead the cops
Are being busted

They call this schools
Got them filled with greed
But a bitch don't know me
I'm hard to read
When a bitch don't know me
I squeeze with speed
When a bitch don't know me
I fool the breeze (?)

(chorus)

(3rd Verse: Nino)

I lifted two 'keys
But both of them were fake
Fuck Nino couldn't tell
Even if he checked
Hop in the hooptie
Headed to Augusta
Lookin' for my man
The perfect busta
Check his dough
I got 36 for 2
Send some real work
Back to my crew
Back down the way
I heard them niggas want game back
Catch you like a scar
I'm gonna crack your head with a car jack
See he forced that judgement
I know you want it slower
Heard about two killings I did in
Colorado
Picked up bad habits
When I was younger
My pops always told me
Get a fool's drama (?)
But I'd never thought
He'd take this shit this far
Killed a motherfucker outside a sports bar
I ain't even flinched
He hit the road
I shot him again
Then took his gold
You know my Wicked
He saw the whole thing
I told you before
357s
Pick up trucks
Big yay
Mac 11s

(chorus)

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