

# Andre Nickatina & Equipto, A Pimp's Blood

[Intro - Andre Nickatina]

It's blowin' cop, cop  
Try not to get knocked, knocked  
Other pimp's on the block, block  
They think you hot, hot

[Andre Nickatina]

In a pimp's blood, the mouthpiece says a gold tub  
Countin' money, talkin' shit, hit fifth with a back rub  
'Cause in a pimp's eye, baby don't lie  
'Cause every word not heard, game floats by  
Man like a lear jet, I need a hairnet  
'Cause I can see that my money in your purse yet

[Equipto]

Gon' to make money, I'ma stay hungry  
Know the right time when not to say nothing  
Huh, get gone international  
Just campaign, tell 'em go cast yo' vote  
I give game a good name, smooth as woodgrain  
Spit real talk that you wish you could say  
Right timin', hoes are co-signin'  
My look cut glass like diamonds

[Andre Nickatina]

In a pimp's veins, it's not good to forget names  
I'ma get that bitch, I don't care what you say mayne  
Yo, ho it's chump change  
And if she wasn't so stupid she'd be with a mack mayne  
You can see me in the left lane  
Man I'm a rap cat God, I hangs with the best mayne  
Tattoo on her chest mayne  
And she'll represent the name in her brain 'til she rest mayne  
She walk like a horse God  
And when she get up his money and stop by force God

[Equipto]

Bitch where the bankwad, let the ass drop  
So deep that I can't stop  
Talk shit boastin', cloud nine mind stay floatin'  
Yet I'm showin' no emotion  
I'm stone face, on deck or the home plate  
Rotate on the block like you won't skates  
To the curb, I hit 'em with the right words  
Chance is slim, you fuckin' with a iceberg  
I'm gon' win, I spend to make ends  
Ridin' alone, my phone's my best friend  
Huh, I relax, you plottin' on G-stacks  
Count mo', lean back

[Andre Nickatina]

In a pimp's act, I might tell a playa step back  
Man I'ma bust that bitch and her girlfriend, fuck that  
And at the right time, them hoes 'll be mine  
It might take like twenty-three cold lines  
Ask me anything, I'm just like Butterscotch  
I got information freak, like a laptop  
Yeah I'm at cha', I know you got to do  
You know it's rude but it's smooth and it's way cool  
It might feel like a snake when I make moves  
But if you trust me, check it out we can't lose  
'Cause in a pimp's eye, you see dollar signs  
Sayin' he's number one with the fresh vines  
Cadillac right there with the pure shine

And engraved in the steering wheel "Get Mines"  
We do best havin' fun in the night time  
And we can keep on grindin' 'till the sun shine  
I keep a lock on your mind 'till lunch time  
And I'm Sugar Ray Richardson in crunch time  
Never full of hot air I don't pump lines  
And the money's right there on the front line

[Equipto]

These hoes gon' fall like Autumn leaves  
Make things so clear 'till my bottom be's  
Come on, get to work it's back and forth  
In town just to see what your track is worth  
I'm sayin', all night P.M. A.M.  
Put 'em down at the Days Inn  
Get long distance, know the mind of your bitches  
Tell 'em mind your bidness  
'Cause all this mean somthin', 'till your team of runners  
Come through too clean, bitch bring my money  
No joke, I'm out for the federal note  
We from the 'Sco where we known, to keep a bitch broke  
Yeah, that's right, you tryin' to get your cash right  
'Cause all this in the fast life, in a pimp's blood