

# Andre Nickatina & Equipto, Holla 4 Madonna

A gangster in a hotub in the midst of drama  
The bullets hit the water, make it look just like a sauna  
Some holla for Madonna, man  
Some holla for their momma  
9 times out of 10 they never knew who shot them

A gangster in a hotub in the midst of drama  
The bullets hit the water, make it look just like a sauna  
Some holla for Madonna, man  
Some holla for their momma  
9 times out of 10 they never knew who shot them

I let the dice roll, when my life on the roll  
Get paid with the stage with the mic control  
I'm pro and all official, I'll ball witchu  
All my problems off a thizzle, a small little  
I'm a boo but cool and calm you know that's me  
I tell them Miami thing about to throw that d  
And a home Philly east until she roll that weed  
But she can shoot with the breeze it's nothing to quease  
Like a sneeze I'm blessed  
So you can excuse me, I'm too busy watching hoes poppin' their coochie  
Oh yeah I can see why you call me breezy  
My ginese connections got deals on QDs  
The rookie of the year man, pullin' a flukey  
I feel to do the right thing but I aint moving  
A man of my action, go ahead and act  
I'm passionate and rappin' with a west coast accent  
My homies to the point when they speak to women  
And we still conversatin' so we keep it pimpin  
I been breaking rules all my life  
Seventh grade in the back room chocolate type  
I need paper, hey, up in a major way  
I won't cater a player for those that hatin' the game  
I say later don't look at this as doing me a favor  
I made a pact with my home boys to keep it player

## Refrain

Yo this is the take off, and yo baby this is the bake off  
Sirloin beef with the A1 steak sauce  
I got it going on acting like a love jones  
Turn like a cyclone, bust with the lights on  
I hit the scene like Peppy La pui  
I'm in a double vested suit that I copped from Lou  
I'm from the X generation, crime location  
Turn down your invitation to your radio station  
Move like a cobra gone from the rollas  
It's just like the hunt for the red October  
Some pit-bull terrier from the Ronald Regan era  
And me and my players keep it cold as the Sierra  
We dress like it's GQ magazine and the homies said he gotta keep a magazine  
And this freak said she see me in the magazine  
So we broke down jaw on the magazine  
My sugar heel and under field with 4 wheels  
And driving with my knees so that we don't spill  
I'm going at you gator on your izod sweater  
And broke cats say there aint nothing like cheddar  
They bomb first and say I'm caught up in the wrong curse  
And I never get to kick it with the god flirt  
And when I ask why, it was an alibi  
They took my wings so an angel like me couldn't fly  
And I wonder why

Refrain