

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

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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