

# Equipto, That, Part 2

(Andre Nickatina)  
Powerful...Powerful

(Equipto)  
I remember he told me  
Calm down... (X4)  
Yeah, God forgives my soul when I'm doin bad  
The pain I feel when livin life too fast  
So calm down was the words that I heard last  
My eardrums are still numb from the first blast  
I couldn't turn back, past the grave  
Into my head for the dead, puttin ash in graves  
And I smoke with the spirit, so feel me rise  
Up in the clouds, from now up until we die  
It's like that  
I sat all through the star spangle  
Lookin for a light to guide me to an angel  
Gotta be smart and hide behind all the answers  
When everything's dark my heart is full of anger

(Andre Nickatina)  
I'd rather be a bull for day  
Then a goat forever  
My life is a joke so whatever  
Man, primetime reason and rhyme  
You know the rhyme be the reason  
Slingshots at Chuck Taylors it's the season  
There is no state of the art or no special effects  
Its just money, politics in these projects  
And you imagine your a playboy that's kickin it live  
But in his own damn mind yo he's doin time  
Now that's deeper then the craters on the moon  
Crushin up weed in the back dressin room  
I hate to be greedy but I love to be greedy  
I hope the little guy love me, but don't be me  
I do it like a genie, blaze in a beanie  
Lifetime contract and no you can't free me  
Kweezy...

(Equipto)  
Yeah we live and die its all for the cash flow  
Don't get replies, I'm high and react cold (?)  
I don't know why, I couldn't explain it  
Lost focus of the love in an innocent way  
Live for today, hey I'ma escape to the music  
To try to make up for all the wrong that I'm doin  
I swear I know better, but so far gone  
And no God hear the cry out in every song  
Its upon everybody, through moons and stars  
Rise or fall, I'm dead with my open arms

(Andre Nickatina)  
Man it's such a rush that I get  
When the money spent and all the dope is lit  
Man this is how I repent  
I keep a devil's eye on tigas that spit the gift  
And is it true in the afterlife the souls a trip?  
That's kamikaze logic, man the ghetto is the topic  
You try to cop it?  
You gotta sell it then ya drop it  
Its like its hot cuz if its not  
Then the plot starts to thicken  
I'm sorry, but moneys a religion  
Fly like a pigeon, man what's yo decision

The homie's is waitin in the Fillmore division  
Rap life livin, fast cars driven  
It's something like prison  
But this is how we listen, listen

You ready to bounce homie  
Get up out of here, bounce homie  
Get up out of here  
It's like that, it's like that, it's like that