

# Andre Nickatina, Balla Race

Balla Race

Chorus: 2x  
you in a balla race  
trying to get all in a ballas face  
workin your hips at a balla pace  
wanna see how sweet a balla taste  
you in a balla place

-Andre Nickatina  
man ima semi automatic  
gotta get the cabbage  
but if it werent for the religion man there wasnt a habit  
work those heels make sure they dont break  
how much dope can a sucka witch make  
rollercoaster baby let them ride  
do what you do but dont break your stride  
4 door car seven Las Vegas nights  
a gator so new that it still might bite  
i need money 'cause i run red lights  
my super witch is super tight  
man you could of been foolin me  
trying to give me fake jewelry  
rap cat trying to choose and feed  
peel bread now you loosin me  
clam stolen its golden and im rollin  
and im holdin on a knot so fat she said "Nicky do you love that"  
in the mirror with a weed sack  
i hurt her butt i didnt answer back  
man i like that lil flute  
the rhyming of ridin nute  
i think im gonna wear my carmel suit  
with a brown tie and them matchin boots  
aint that the truth  
girl your vision this like chess  
windows down and nothing less  
freak we can ball out  
never have a fall out  
roll around town no doubt with the mo' god of khan  
have that dosie have that cobana  
have that prada and sean jean

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-Equipto  
man everything fast  
talk about bread but everything cash  
divide the dividence divide the livinish  
mo high than a lil bit  
gotta split the game and lace some wit it  
me and dreez got a race to finish  
a relay wut we play  
dj dont waste a minute  
the way she pop it for profits  
tricks they open their wallets  
and plus they callin right after  
my beezy stay in and pop it  
i got it down to assign so back in my hand  
i just dont rap for fans

ima do it like char, Hawaii, hoe in an arm  
hey, three more in the car

-Andre Nickatina  
baby i craddled this like air jordan dunks the carolina  
im right behind ya, trying to find ya, and i remind ya  
man excuse me  
my mouth kiss like an uzi  
if you choose me  
'cause i look past all that beauty  
'cause you destin to have beauty  
and your sherly temples are like candy swirls  
man all up in here is candy girls  
straight bring your freinds along if they got a car  
and if they up to par  
be'cause my mouthpeice is fast like a rabbit  
aint so slow you think you can grab it  
even a magician think its magic  
the way its all wrapped up in a package  
baby its a ballas race

-Equipto  
like Tour De France  
all in a rush you know who to pass  
hop on the bus explore the math  
but the homies aint here ill party yak out  
on your mark get set  
your heat can ball first but he aint no threat  
and i can bet that on the past life  
your shit last place for the last time  
out of line out of time out of mind out of pocket  
block your mind from the gossip  
its a new day roll tough wit my hoes  
and they can show you how to pop it, that coochie  
you lost your pace  
they never had takes to the boss sauce all in your face  
with no time to waste  
so let me see you chase the bread  
before you get replaced

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