

# Andre Nickatina, Box Of Lucky Charms

(A. Nickatina)

My morning starts off with the chicken and the waffles  
Baby say she never touched the hand of a capo  
Shoot at the reflection in the mirror of life  
If you hit your target then they say you live twice  
In a box of lucky charms man keep a few Gs  
And never talk about the tricks kept up your sleeve  
Help you? please, I'm all about greed  
Make the crowd freeze, get the cheese then leave

(Queezy)

Young Queez strike a pose like a statue  
Brand new clothes, too close as I'm at you  
Bad news bear, all you squares too late now  
The Godfather said it best pay style  
Not a little bit, not even fifty cent  
We don't trip one dime in the city, pimp  
West coast, the blade on the esco  
And I leave her automatic at my next show

(A. Nickatina)

Pinky ring shinin like a baseball diamond  
I was right there when that gangsta started cryin  
Twisted and wired, gun-mouth 4 hire  
The game that we it accept all liars  
Fears and desires, no court room choirs  
Forget about I quit no more retires  
It's who can maintain as they ride on the flames  
With gasoline, cop a new beam  
Get that super bad dime on the team  
And don't lose focus of the ultimate scheme  
See?

(Queez)

We a fool, throw your main beez in the pool  
No rules imma have to take her back to school  
Those dirty mags imma clown like Bernie Mac  
Hit his hoe cause she heard me rap  
I got no time for your little small talk  
All ya'll know Quipto play hardball  
On off all off, everything come in time  
Til then just roll up and bust my rhyme

(A. Nickatina)

Hey, hey, hey  
My homies like clothes from Louis Vuitton  
Now let the freaks in the house know the game is on  
Jamal Wilkes, man imma pop that J  
He'll call me silk til my dying day  
The gods got angels with guns in hands  
Man bullets that'll rip through a  
Man the sharks in the water for your daughter  
And as you swim farther bitch the sharks getting larger  
Cold money spender and not a money lender  
Man let a quarter ounce break down in a blender  
Man it's Quipto yo and A. Nickatina  
It's like Joe and Darryl in shell toe adidas  
I'm swimming in the river of the phoenix  
Holla at me now hoe forget about the remix  
Because I'm reloaded, and all the hoes know it  
It might be candy painted man but it's never candy coated  
Man it's like a semi when I gotta tell you gimme  
Reputation searchin like the henny and the remmy  
See that car? Imma cop that, God!

Police ain't around? Gonna spark that, God!  
Take this valium and cry about the pain  
Or throw them dice and roll with the game

(Queez)

Roll with the game, my homie said feel my pain  
Some say that he might rise again  
Put your flame to the sky, and strike ya lighters  
For Mac Dre just one moment of silence  
Yeah burn your backwood  
Thizz dance, wipe your sweat off with a wrist band  
Gon' just kick back, keep your lip latched  
Me wit your broke hoe, that's the mismatch  
Not even if I'm blind and I see pitch black  
Please believe imma have it down on this track  
One way or another I gotta get your record til they respect my get back  
Yeah get the boot like Sicily, you fools too cool's how I hit the weed  
Make sure The Sco go down in history  
For the Cougnuts, Hitman and Mr. Cee  
Let's blow