

Andre Nickatina, Couger

They call me Tennessee tornado
You can call me Dr J if you a baller, and its getting fatal
My big 6 crush the whole table
Cuz my domino effect is from the grey back to the cradle
I rap MC lullabies
So these cats bring 38's, tek nines and 45's
The grass is green, so we stay high
Freak, how you gonna buy a burger, didn't get the damn fries
I leave ya stiff when I elevate
5-0 at the door, tigers all hit the fire 'scape
I got my money, my weed, i got my wallet
Staggering like an alcoholic, just can't call it, yo

[chorus]

We do these things and we don't give a fuck
We fire up a blunt, in the car bumpin' Cougnut
I got on my blue star Chucks
We fire up a blunt, in the car bumpin' Cougnut

My rap mag plays laser tag
So they can find your hand and the mic' in the brown bag
I wear my pants with a slight sag
I expose your shows with flows, man, cuz I love cash
I rhyme gamble like Pete Rose
And I sport new clothes on you MC fine hoes
I locate like transmitters
And you know with my wood your heart fill the five spitter?
I ain't nothin but a go-getter
Some think I'm touched so they label me a gold nigger
Keep skis like a gold digger
Like credit card scams that exceed in the 4 figures

[chorus x4]