

Andre Nickatina & Equipto, 4 A.M. - Bay Bridge M

[Andre Nickatina]

I'm like a lighting bolt that canipolt from cloud to cloud
When you hit the library my styles in the rap files
I like to shake dice, somethin like a cee-lo champ
I used to smoke weed, man all up in the nike camp
I crack crab-Hans Solo wit alley ohdles
Then watch the waitress get nervous to try & ask me for a photo
I'm something very bolo
I stand there like a cholo
I'm knockin like it's polo
And thats a little cocoa

[Equipto]

I'm out to stack funds and watch the scratch comin'-
easy, relapse, leave ya back sprung
brain testaments like I'm the last one
homies love me, fuckin around and catch somethin
I'm off dat real kush, thats grown in cali
we push, like a true boss roll in caddies
Chips like granny, goose to get flabby
eatin' good, it's all in a plan to stay happy

[Andre Nickatina]

I get lost in the weed like a ghost without a blessed vision
but still I find my way to do a little caddy dippin
I'm fine-tuned and groomed juss like a maniquien
embody all of it, and treated like a maniquen
I get a pad and pen, but it don't matta den
freak I'm a real rap cat, hoe I'm not a trend
I keep the temperature cold up in the hot rental
I thought superman was steel until he got crippled
I'm not ya Doc Giggles, or ya Willie Wiggles
I crossova, dribble, penetratin to the middle
I spin a betta whip, milky like a silky spread
Man do it like a baker get another break of bread

[Equipto]

My rhymes will penetrate and seep thru ya metal
Takeova, ima strait e.q. the levels
bass and all the treble, ya get all hyphy
but it look like somebody stepped on ya nikes
rollin wit the pisces homie king nicky
da freaks brought the purple and we brought the phillies
yet, dis ain't play pimpin' money i'ma stay gettin'
and network through chirps to get bay-bridgin
shit, I really live it, leavin' ya frank fridgit
don't worry bout ya digits, or any the punk critics
it's all blowa, thinkin like 'so what'
right now bought them automatics like a robot
blow top, la coste the perfect cuff
fall out, about the mall juss purchased stuff
we work the cuts tough every track and whatnot
catch 'em being lazy sittin' at bus stops
Stop in the name of the game
It'll come back around if you go agains the grain
so don't complain
Kill talk bout half the ration
I'm full time wit mine and traffic mashin

[Andre Nickatina]

P-P-P-Potty, C-C-C-Con
Man walkin thru the Crown Plaza wit my Bally's on
I like the conversation baby you can carry on
I like dat car right there, yea the cherry one

Man ask Luke Skywalker if the force failed
I got a little woozy when I heard the court bail
Do it on a latter-way, like a CD a portiae
When its all over kid put me in the pyramid
Juss like the pharoe's did
Or little Darrel did
You know the streetz is like life between the barrel kid
You know I rush like a bull at a bull fighter
You wanna hang mane you gotta pulla all nighter
I like Vo-Tires
And Wit the right Wires
I smoke too much weed is what the god tellin' me
I'm like a felony mixed witta jukebox
Den break down the weed, homie let the flute knock
They bump 2Pac, they hold 2 Glocks
And like I said first, man they bump 2Pac
Da juice neva stops, it's like a soda pop
Da best drama always comes from the coke block