

Andre Nickatina & Equipto, Box Of Lucky Charms

[Andre Nickatina]

My mornin starts off with the chicken and the waffles
Baby said she never touched the hand of a Capo
Shoot at the reflection in the mirror of life
If you hit ya target then they say you live twice
In a Box of Lucky Charms man keep a few G's
And never talk about the Trix kept up ya sleeve
Help you please, I'm all about greed
Make the crowd freeze, get the cheese, then leave

[Equipto]

Young Queez strike a pose like a statue
Brand new clothes too close, 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 trick one dime in the city pimp
West Coast, the blade or the esco
And a leaguer automatic at my next show

[Andre Nickatina]

Pinky ring shinin like a baseball diamond
I was right there when a gangster start cryin
Twisted and wired, Gun-Mouth 4 Hire
The game that we in it except all liars
Fears and desires, no court room choirs
Forget about I quit, no one 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
But don't lose focus on the ultimate scheme, see

[Equipto]

We a fool, throw ya main bee's in the pool
No rules, I'ma have to take her back to school
Those dirty Macs, I'ma clown like Bernie Mac
Hit his ho cause she heard me rap
I got no time for your little small talk
All ya'll know 'Quipto play hard ball
Aw naw, fall off everything come in tie
'Till then just roll up and bust my rhyme

[Andre Nickatina]

Ha-hey-hey, my homies like clothes from Louie Baton
Now let the freaks in the house know the game is on
Jamal Wilkes, man I'ma pop that jay
You'll call me silk, 'til my dyin day
The Gods got angels with guns in hand
Man bullets that'll rip through and fold the vam
Man it's sharks in the water for your daughter
And angels swim farther bitch the sharks get 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-toed Adidas
I'm swimmin in the river of the Pheonix
Holla at me now ho forget about the remix
Because I'm reloaded and all the hoes know it
It might be candy painted but it's never candy coated
Man it's like a semi when I gotta tell you gimme
Reputation something like a hemi in a remi
See that car I'ma cop that God
Police ain't around gonna spark that God
Take this volume man cry about the pain

Or throw them dice and roll with the game

[Equipto]

Roll with the game, my homie said feel my pain

Some said that he might rise again

Put ya flame to the sky and strike ya lighter

For Mac Dre just one moment of silence

Shh, huh yeah, burn ya backwood

Thizz Dance wipe ya sweat off with a wrist band

Gone, just kick back, keep ya lip latch

Me with ya broke ho that's the mismatch

Not even if I'm blind and I see pitch black

Please believe I'ma have it down on this track

One way or another, I gotta get ya break it 'til the gon respect my get back

Yeah, get the boot like Sicily

You fool two cools how I hit the weed

Make sure the 'Sco go down in history

For the Cougnut, Hitman, and Mr. Cee

Let's blow

....Women, dope, tanks, Courvasier

All because of my, ability to communicate percisely