

Andre Nickatina & Equipto, Da Spitz

[Equipto]

Off to the races can't compare
Square repair a pocket aces
Check as I rock the place with
The way I spit all across the nation
I'm a hit know with aim so accurate
We act to the situation, passionate
I mean, no prince always clean
I squeeze and then pass it off to Dreez

[Andre Nickatina]

If you can hear the spitz, beleive me it's poppin' mayne
Hair pin trigger on a chopper mayne
Just shine my rangs and fat chains
Threw on my shades like Johnny Fontane
Dip through the waves that I made on a boat
Fillmoe City, baby king of the coke
I like C-notes in a Root Beer Float
Lookin' at your eye at the slink through a scope

[Equipto]

I smoke your grapes, then pour the Remy
On the interstate goin' over eighty
Give me instant play, I'ma speak the mouthpiece
South, East, North, West, don't you doubt Queez
All on the down beef, flip G's with a knot
"Believe It Or Not" like Ripley's
I got too much game to pimp thee
You hot, and your two shots quick but miss me

[Andre Nickatina]

Man check that temperature homeboy under the pot
My hood used to be called "Planet Rock"
Playa's real fast with the glock-a
Fillmoe baby, I can live with the saga
I live for today so I die for tomorrow
There's no such place if I take it too far-a
Nigga's want fame like Irene Cara
Andre Nicky from the Tyson era

[Equipto]

Shit, I'm still standin', it's real as rappin'
My ice cold fits with skills to match it
It's spitz like this gon' call it quits
Blow zips, split that, then swallow this
I'm high and tech, space age no games
Mile a minute, stay paid always
Box of bleezey's, lot's of weed
The more Hen, but then again cop a please like

[Andre Nickatina]

Man God gimme G's on the double, all through the wire
The bullets start to sing like a quire
The syle rotates like tires on the count of three
Blue suade, Wu-Tang Wallabees
I'm so fresh to death, you best grab your tech
It's like Fred G. Seffer when he grab his chest
For live to bit, cause I'm known to spit
Man something said I fold and crack your whip

[Equipto]

So stack your chips immaculate
Not long 'till I master this
Study the game, is money the same

Headed to the point, where nothing's the same
Count your pesos, spread out all on the table
Every single pimp in the Bay know
You take it serious to break a bitch
Go hard if she lace your bitch, like this

[Andre Nickatina]

Bigger, stronger, faster, better
But lighter, than a, pillow feather
Spit'z that a stop a bull six shots
That connect all dots and a rock your knot
Parade my game through the town, have another round
Look at how the God get down
Kamikaze shots at your fortune, here's another portion
Them hot little thangs be scorchin'
Spit a little, spit a lot or not
In the rain them thangs that go pop
Bring me back uo in the drop, roll up the pot
Sly like the fox, spin like a top
Dip up the block, and I love to shop
If you aint't gunnin' for me freak then bitch why not?

[Equipto]

Not no Cris' gon' get me tipsy
Di it like Cruise when "Business Risky"
Stayin' all high and I fly like frisbee's
But you can try chirpin', my circuit's busy
My purpose to show that I'm worth a milly
But don't go bad like Whitney
I like Whiskey, all in your liver and kidney's
On the hunt to bump me a Britney
I put her down right by Disney
Layin' demand I'm like "What is it";