

# Andre Nickatina & Equipto, Knyte Rydah

(\*Talking\*)

Yeah, let's do it

[Mike 2X's]

My attitude stay cold like "Scarface" Al Pacino  
What is it Queezy?, let's roll  
Now you wildin under the lights with Michael Knyte  
The truth hurts in the day time and at night  
Have heart, have hustle, my niggaz and keep your game tight  
Know what I mean?, the streets gon continue to watch  
So I'ma stay fully loaded and copped  
Like a detachable magazine  
When I visit Reno I'm hittin the Silver Legacy Casino in my camoflaugje jeans  
Made by Def Jam  
And my boots and the trees is sponsored by Timberland  
Man everyday I'm just husltin  
Bring a straight hungry, aggression, and passion  
Just to keep this shit happenin  
So watch how you roll  
Game recognize game in a world full of haters and the po-po's  
Man I'm tellin all my niggaz man everything they glitter 36-24 ain't gold  
I'm spinnin and sinnin on low pro's

(\*Talking\*)

Mike Myer, a knyte rydah  
Tell her, youknowlmean  
All in they face

[Equipto]

I said "Now, Wow", baby came with a thou'  
Young and actin like a Indian, start askin how?  
Tadow, see I got her all out of character  
Hoppin on one leg she comin to America  
Bark like a poodle, I'm all in the noodle  
I doodle on the page and the game is brutal  
I'm chillin, like a cooler manuver like a Heimlick  
MC's knowin I been cold since 9-6  
My bicep flexin, while doin the high-step  
Bounce, and I'll be +Gone Till November+ Wyclef  
Your highness, why they gon hate the skill  
Took you under like the hood did ate and chill  
Now it's crackin, I'm choppin in the bachelors pad  
In the bathroom you won't find no maxipad  
Roll up, from killin the swish and pass me that so quick  
That's granddaddy in the Cadillac bitch  
Fa sho, and she thought she couldn't get no higher  
Until she really rolled with Michael Knyte Rydah  
Hi, I'm the supplier the shotgun sitter  
Don't get upset because I'm not done with her, the Knyte Rydah

(\*Talking\*)

Yeah, all in they face mayne, youknowwhatlmean  
It's my dot to e up in this coochie granny's  
Up in the alley's, youknowwhatlmean  
In Cali, Frisco

[Andre Nickatina]

In me eyes this freak said she saw Carnival  
And she'll pay a lil' fee if she can play and go  
I like fine dimes, because I wear fine vines  
Man walk with me baby we don't stand in club line  
Baby night-time, night-ride cobra-cobra  
A white Cashmere coat on my shoulder  
Baby you can lose jewels if you choose

I'm tyrin to get half of ya ass like the moon  
I might do court moves just like the Doc  
Or rip your whole community man like the crack rock  
My Nakamichi bangs and my Nakamichi knocks  
From the blood to the bones and we still rep Pac  
Lord of mercy, I give you water if ya thirsty  
It's like a movie in the making when these bitches try to work me  
My vogue tires shine like the sun  
And they scream from the curb like a home-run  
Drop like a hot gun, hat low ready to flaunt  
I don't need no menu I know what I want  
It's like the seventh sign, I see my life on the computer line  
It's like a treasure when you find mines