

Andre Nickatina & Equipto, Pitbull Terrier

im from the era or rhyme, reagan
and from my dress code and my style tga ya you know what im slangin'
valentine heart shooter
pinky nail for real and cant ya tell aint nobody cuter

a pit bull terrier carries in the area
and he really aint sharin ya

add a two door straight pirrhana
i keep it sparked like a rear end six-four of an impalla
skinny baby done dollar
and when i rip theese raps to gat ya back it aint no prada
nicky is a matter doer
yo whatcha get it for
its like rain when the money pour

hey a pitbull terrier carries in the area
and he really aint sharin ya

i keep it dark as dath vader
i keep it cold as cream to make ya gleam with thirty one flavors
three bullets just grazed ya
and i cant believe we smokin weed the streets done raised ya
it was the ultimate caper
and as the year pass i fear we talk about paper

pitbull terrier carries in the area
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ya see i step through whats up to all my nephews
im leavin the suckers to super heros to rescue
and every attitude in the grill like respect do we crept through
its been a long time we shouldnt have left you
ima locate the spot ima go steak the block
its nation wide knowin ima rotate the clock
around timing rebudle and make it seem so drastic
visual havin feel its no longer lasting
start the rhyme shootin computin with many brains
no time for tootn' make a comback like eddy caine
never cross game or piont with steady aim
i put it so simple in the crookedest way
ima brain wave, over-take, maintain, no mistake
dont give a fuck i aint gonna wait
knowin its more than me
its weaker when you know that its right
i hold the mic with confidence like rollin the dice

sometimes im lucky as luciano
and i collect little things like ships thats made in the bottle
block monster ass steak
butterflys surround my waiste i shake but still beat the case
laid out like a bear rug
because the way i squeeze to make this cheese is somthin like a bear hug
man i aint never met a fair thug
baby you with me or not cause you know i dont share love
i kick back in the twilight
man thats the wicked little brother of the thing we call the limelite
i switch lanes in the fast life
and this psycic said i was king tut in my past life
i looked at her like "thats right" yeah
respect the law the star born to break the law
machine gun alibi, its like a lullaby
we smoke weed and we dont cry

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and he really aint sharin ya...