Andre Nickatina & Equipto, Somethin' Holy Like Q

(Nicky)
It's the bazooka chooka drivin just like im blowin lutha
Look to the future on a dime dooin carmasootra
Jump out a supa' benz me and my supa' friends
Thinkin on some supa' ends, Eatin soul food again
Man fully loaded and quoted, you know devoted and wrote it
And you can never decode it, If I can sell it I sold it
It's Nicky camkazy, at cha' party, at cha' body
I'll tell the guard ta' shoot cha'
Why you gotta lurk arody.

(Equipto)
Yea so pass the yack, back ta' back
Now I tilt my frisco hat
Hit the track and get the scratch
Then we blaze that indo sack
Hey im a rapper, ghost ridder like casper
After hours crackin the party full of my laughter
Pass the weed to me like M.D., and get ta' thizz dancin
I be a crunk, like he a blunt and get the shit crackin
Ya need ta' know this weed ta' blow and maybe we can roll
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Follow the guest im so low in the flesh
I keep do'do' in my chest cuz i dont know whats next
But now im livin forward, get in goin, everyone who spit it know it
Im rebone but could be gone and ima' ya homie

(Nicky)
And im the numba 7, March 11,
engine revin, keep it steppin,
Weapon keptin, on the left in, man
this my confession, my souls controlled man
all through the pee now, I wonder up in heaven if Ray Charles can see now
You never see smiles all on the boulivard