

# Andre Nickatina & Equipto, Tell Dat To Dummies

"Always admired your ability to communicate precisely";

(Equipto Talking)

Yeah, shit, you know I mean  
We in slow motion with it mayne  
All my homeboys give a little bit of stuff to ????  
You know I'm sayin, little club, for medical use only  
Some of that official shit, you know?  
It's yo' boy 'Quipto

(Equipto)

-Hmm, yeah  
I'm the new Jack Nino, on my own like Cee-Lo  
Got carried away married to this game when I eloped  
Gone, I'ma take it further I learn her soon as I turn her  
Out, and there'd be no doubt that she'll be flippin' like a burger  
Now, I'm just a two steppin', Hugh Heffen  
Gotta watch for these groupies puflikes just to get you naked  
But I'ma spit it, rap it, 'til a young cat livin' lavish  
Yo' homeboy it's a scratch it, I tell 'em get established  
Lean back, jump off how they react  
Picky for strictly just for the sticky like a tree sap  
Trixie got them knee pads  
I let the beat blast, time is money  
'Til then just miss me spit them lies to dummies  
I'm genuine, Bettison, practice on my etiquen  
Represent the president Edison, feel to the elements  
Huh, you feelin' trapped like a rat in a race  
But slappin' five 'cause a true rap cat in the place  
Blow the purple, if not baby walk like Herschel  
She could walk, run, long jump, hurdle  
Just leave the circle, back on the blade after mackin on stage  
Don't hate 'cause I'm just jack of all trades  
Tradin' places with me, you livin' days like a week  
Every single toes on you feet  
Gone put she work in them streets  
The co-co-concrete, I got a plan is get in and get out  
And all my homeys know what I'm talkin' about, t-t-t-thizz out

(Andre Nickatina)

Man I'm classified a spitter in the game  
I get the issue and the tissue and don't cry about the fame  
I spit a dart right through your heart and see my life 'll come apart  
I like to party in the dark, so baby how you gonna start  
The music's loud, I kick it live, and it's a federal surprise  
Time after time you open wide and my reflection's in your eyes  
It's like the liquor on the counter, making money by the hour  
Gettin cleaner than the shower, standing up just like a flower  
Get the flavor for the fantasy you know it's me I'm greedy  
No more hidin in the clubs because the bitches say they see me  
I be chewin' on a Doublemint sometimes a Spearmint  
I say I got a bottom, but the hoes ain't hearin' it  
I talk a lot of shit man spit the mix man flavor in this rhyme  
I seen you hella times but Nicky T. your hard to find  
Freak I'm never in a hurry, rollin' gettin' money  
I can see it in your eyes you like to spit these lies to dummies  
Man even when I'm quiet you can see a boss talker  
My new turn out she got some kinnie in her walker  
She's rare as a flying saucer, so it's gonna cost ya  
And if I never had ya, then I certainly never lost ya  
You killin' me, freak who you wanna be?  
Holla at the G-O-D, ay Nicky T., Khanthology

(Equipto)

Spit these lies to dummies