

# Andre Nickatina & Equipto, These Clowns

"It breathes, it eats and it hates  
The only way to beat it, is to think like it"

(\*Talking\*)  
At it again  
Hmm

(Equipto)  
I surprise with the amazing, the fires a blazing  
Or suckas gon hate when I rise to the occasion  
You ran off with Tigga go hide in the Bassment  
Cause study your whole life just tryin to taste it  
We rap packed take over the stats and trophy  
Talk trash and really got a choice like Sophie  
So O.G. never caught livin the movie  
Wards real life, just "Being Myself", like Juve  
I'm full proof, chip tooth, slick like oil  
Can't chase me on the daily blow KC Royal  
From the Bay like G.P., like Floyd, "I'm sleepy"  
On your weak ass raps so leave me

(Andre Nickatina)  
Breathe easy, my Tony Braxton the passion  
My lucky ass mind got me in the newest fashion  
Rap blastin, silver surfer on the glide  
My horse kick just like a Colt 45  
Man all up in ya mind like a Cartier design  
And I'll be standin right behind when your credit card decline  
Get outta line, I spin a web like a spider  
Man hit the ice house in the middle yell, "Fire!"  
Man do it how you wanna man and take it how you gonna  
Cause all you gonna hear is, "No contest your honor"  
I live the life style of the wild crocidile  
Man pull you under water then I giggle when you drown  
Man it's nothin that the lawlal, take it with a frown  
My mugshot befor they took the picture had the smile  
Man holla at me now, four or five rounds  
Cuttin through the make up just to shake up these clowns

(Equipto)  
Yeah, Queezy Matsui, blunts and fat doobies  
I'm itchy bon lowlout, spittin it like a loogie  
Straight gangsta boogie, from here to Tokyo  
No oke-doke, they comin up shorter than Little Romeo  
I keep it moving, Air Force from Italy  
If you know me from back I kept it crackin since little leauge  
I swing the bat and I love to sing and rap  
On the track and I be the one you point your finger at  
I'ma do it like a master, upgrade the stature  
See I'm the type to smirk, while you fully elapped her  
And you the type to snitch cause you fell that you have to  
Drop a dime like you was the illest fool in Nebraska  
Won't put it past ya, baby I'm on the level  
I get around and put it down like hot metal  
The West Coast hello bitch, I'm a rebel  
My brand new Jordans'll smash the gas pedal

(Andre Nickatina)  
Gas pedal, blowin till the crack of dawn  
Man roll it up and look it did the baby then it's gone  
Have you ever seen a soul that was so priceless  
Man hangin out with ladies that be cold as ices  
The ammuniton rippin through cats up in the cipher  
Man like seven day though milk man I make 'em all expire

Hands up in the flame man and lust for the game  
And even if I'm cripple and I'm walkin with a cane  
Or sittin in a chair, it's like Fred Estere  
Man eatin on steak bake at the lions layer  
Think I'm about to fall man I can hear the call  
Man what's the spread if you talkin bout that football  
Like Nino did the cartah and yeah I said the cartah  
I came up in the game as a San Francisco starter  
Man this is for the father, I spit it like a round  
Cuttin through the make-up just to shake up these clowns

&quot;Yeah, that's it alright  
Bam you can dick it out but you couldn't show you can't take it no more  
Your through, well&quot;

&quot;By the wet poisoning there was six bullets&quot; (\*gunshots\*)

&quot;Oh thanks boys for the artillery&quot;