

Andre Nickatina & Equipto, U Got Talent

[Andre Nickatina]

My Shirley Temples bang like a bang
I like it when my new suits hang off the hanger
It's like it's clear as crystal, it's referee official
The homey said he liked the sound he hear when bullets whistle
I drive a automatic, I spit it like a addict
I'm tellin' baby girl with the curl she got talent
I'm somthin' like a candle, dealin' with the wax
That's me and you baby girl rollin in the 'Lac
Would you holla back

[Equipto]

With G stacks baby bubble up fifty
This dedicated to those who hustle it with me
I came clean took it back to the basic
From 'Frisco the fastest track in the nation
You could hate on a star, I'm takin' it far
This ain't Hustle & Flow, I don't wait in the car (hell naw)
I'm no choffuer, yes man, no sir, so sure
I could put her down right on your turf

[Andre Nickatina]

The G'S come in three's like piano keys
If your honey going buzzin' with those honey bees
And banana tree's and fly can of peas
And ladies that be lookin' like they vanity
Man that cotton candy flow through my soul
Man baby said she like my style and never let it go
I'm Jack Art
Candle stick parked in the Skylark
Tennis shoes, bad news
Student of the rap move, rhyme jewels

[Equipto]

We know Joe got 'em walkin' the plank
And boss us like Tony when he talkin' to Frank
We'd be hoppin' out the van bags all in the bank
And playin' it to perfection we call it the game
Glow rimulate, on the field smile like Donovan
We stay awhile, let me work up on your confidence
You know they gon' hate, fake hoes interrogate
Put her down on same blade, mayne it's fair play

[Andre Nickatina]

My eyes are on the target, I picture Panasonic
I move through the crowd and try to hit her with the knowledge
Man let a backer bake, she's a vanilla shake
I like the strawberry sauce on my Cheesecake
I dip around the lake, when it's queit like awake
And when it come to game I try to crack it like a safe
The sun goes down I dissappear in the shadows
Only to reappear in the streets of Seattle
I like the style of the Kenneth Coles
I come around third man runnin' like I'm Pete Rose
And when I concentrate I do it like it's free throws
I tell Noah, he'll sink ridin' these flows
Man double up, you better buckle-n-buckle and roll with me
I put a little twist and I mix it with poetry
Man two dimes could be the road to fine vines
Never have to listen, never standin' in line
Man why walk baby girl when you can ride
And from the looks of it girl it's cold outside
Time after time I be workin' with the rhyme
Seventh in line of my zodiac sign

Man ricochet game off your frame in your mind
I know you think it's fun cause it ain't no crime
What you talkin' bout (what you talkin' bout)