

# Andre Nickatina, Fist Full Of Dollars

yeah, you hear me spit...never on time, always late

False dreams, and every thing's on a triple beam  
its like a holiday scheme with these ends  
in the car I lean  
money infatuated, killer intimidated, illegally motivated  
the reveran like a cutty that bangs on the block  
baby, can i have your keys i hate to pick your lock  
snappin like a gator never waitin like a waiter  
cherry is my flavor, when it comes to now and later  
when it comes to gettin greedy, man i get green eyes  
man i getta get it like muslim sling pies  
cuttin in line, just to get mine  
tiga i feel that, waitin is a crime  
arrest me, cuff me, bail me  
rap is money baby, it never failed me  
im like an antique that zips through the streets  
lickin my tongue at little kids  
the lucky motivater when it comes to makin paper  
man you can keep your money, but i really need a fader  
hot like potatoes, hair in the jaders  
wavvves that make u sick like a sailor  
dont ask about the woman, 'cause im married to the rap  
dont have to say i love you when we love it like that  
and im chillin like the number one chilla  
around some cats that shoot more things than reggie miller  
nicky you a real rap dealer, i drank my drank hit the dank, give a pound and say my nigga  
the situation make me quiver  
the hotter the cap but the rap coast deal make a nigga shiver  
and like pizza i deliver  
cop your rock, hit the block the mother f\*\*ker dont short stop  
do you know when you goin black, its like a rememerance of a diana ross track  
you know i gotta foss that  
boss that  
cross that  
see in the eye of the devil  
loss that  
yeah, it gets hot in the room  
like the wicked witch, i gotta jump the broom, screamin f\*\*k you by the light of the moon  
custom fit like a brand new bra  
i hate to break the rules but i love to break the law  
get caught  
gotta lie like a veteran, in the bathtub screamin Fly Pelicans!