

Andre Nickatina, Fist Full Of Dollars "Green

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

False dreams, and every thing's on a triple beam
its like a holiday scheme with these
car out lean
money infatuated, killer intimidated, illegally motivated
criminals, death 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
tell ya i feel that, now waitin is a crime
arrest me, cuff me, bail me
rap is money baby, it never failed me
im like an antique as if in 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, cuz 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 fucker 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 fuck 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!