

Andre Nickatina, Y-U-Smilin

[Andre Nickatina]

Man I'm F-I double L-M-O-E

I'm like Seabiscuit baby you can bet on me

I like Ben Franklin on bills

With cold c-notes on hotdays I chills

I don't know why they grinnin, them suckas ain't winnin

I can tell you this right from the beginnin

Baby, real rap cat in the flesh

I don't go to jail, I get house arrest, word life

In Cadillac I bring ya back

Man, on my birth certificate it says, "Born to rap"

And I'ma holla at you to get you goin

Orange Man, ball out like I'm Billy Owens

If you ain't knowin, I flip the script then dip the 'Dolph

Man, homie you can take a loss but I'm flip the cost

And like butter pancakes on the grill

With cold c-notes on hotdays I chill

You can see my greedy nature baby from a mile away

It's like Vegas baby even if ya in the Bay

You put this cold game down on a diva

A Quarterback lookin for a brand new reciever

Hut-hut, I break it down and roll it up

I like the rubberband do' before I fold it up

It's still lane enough, I gotta ride it tough

Because I'm lookin for another horse to saddle up

Man I spit it til you get it and ya had enough

And when you wake up there I am with the blunt, like what

[Equipto]

Let the real game carry on

I boss to call shots like Harry O.

And mad, cause I end up in your stereo

And she, sing along to every song

I got game by the six pack

Gift wrap ya up and sent rip back

Pimp taps and cut, mo' mileage, strike in the piggybacks

Gimme that weed quick when he let me rap

[Find more Lyrics on <http://mp3lyrics.org/nXI>]

Any whack track I'm a monster

Ain't hard to find you can see me in my concert

Lean back posture, the game like a joy to me

I'm royalty, I threw away my royalties

I'm too cool like a silk through roof

With no radio play I'm still full proof

I live out the booth, see I don't need groupie flukies

Go bad on a choosey Susie

I rap in the back of the club with the Yak and the blunts

'Posed to make a toast with macks and thugs

And no love is the model, many ya live by

Huh, it's all there when I get high

Buckle up, sit tight full contact is a fist fight

Real deal get spilled by the rib tide

Why scream like seen through a fish eye

Good luck gettin this fly, bitch try

[Andre Nickatina]

It's like a roller coaster ride that you could ride again

I turn back like Picaso with a powerful pin

I don't know why the grinnin, man them suckas ain't winnin

I can tell you this right from the beginnin

Cause it's how many licks to the lollipop

I cop two pairs the first day the Jordan drop

I let my style run wild like the wind

Ride it like a surfboard all in the Benz

You can see my concentration baby when I roll the blunt

You keep starin I'ma spit about this game and stuff

I gotta put you in the mix right now
Quicker than a fresh young thorough Greyhound
Man I sport leather like a NBA basketball
I'm a hog, I could never ever pass to ya'll
I got it goin on, freak what you hoin on?
Man get the money movin baby we can blow a zone
Because its cats tryin to copy like Kinko's
My suits stay creased you'll never see wrinkles
Me and my comrades are just like the fashion parade
And never men wear houses only tailor made
I like to put a spin on it like a bowling ball
A rollin ya'll, the synphony is loaded ya'll
I spin it back to back man like a hit contract
I'm poppin that for that, you better get that scrap
Cause I rise outta bed like a cobra
Arch my back homie lift my shoulders
Play it like it's craps God, tell the freak to roll again
Shit, now she feelin like she born again, it's live