

Andre Nickatina, Yeah

[Andre Nickatina]

Man, I'ma run my mouth and get your corporate account
Bring my benz out in the middle of a drought
I blow lye like its "God Bless Buddha"
It's sort of like the feelin' runnin' with a known shooter
Baby I'ma spit it to the limit, run into the abyss
You know its god number 7 on your top ten list
Its kamikaze, look into the eyes of a pisces
and Las Vegas talkin' shit is where you might find me
Fillmo' down from the nose to the toes
Get your cell phone you can picture every pose
Picture all the clothes, picture all the hoes
Picture the perfection when your money pile grows
You gotta crocodile style, I sport gators
They still might bite, so fresh with the flavor
Got Khan? Fillmore's number one sign
Steak, potatoes, garlic bread and some prawns!

[Chorus: Messy Marv (Andre Nickatina)]

(YEEEEAAH) San Francisco baby
Fillmo' niggas try'na bring back the 80's, YEEEEAAH
(Yeah money is the motto
and run around town like its Grand Theft Auto, Chicka-kahnn)
Wally on my hip, good weed in my mouth
Gangsta niggas in the whip, YEEEEAAH
(Your not dealin with clowns
When you try to kick hop, watch your body shut down)

[Messy Marv]

Yeah, nigga I'ma mothafuckin' fool
Trees for breakfast, eat brunch by noon
24 Davins, only showin the lip
The rest of the women, same color as the whip
Jump out and crack a nigga shit wide open
Jump back in the nickle with the barrel still smokin
Fillmore nigga, yeah bitch break bread
I don't want no pussy, I don't want no head
But you can get a sack of that purple stuff
Some gin and a bag of that Hillary Duff
I'ma pimp, trapped in a gangsta's body
I'm on dope and gonna fuck around and hurt somebody
On tuesday and thursday the ghost pull up

[From: <http://www.metrolyrics.com/yeah-lyrics-andre-nickatina.html>]

Then everybody runs, they'll fuck you up
I'ma shady ass nigga, man I ain't gon' lie
I just wanna sell dope, smoke weed and get high, you BITCH

[Chorus: Messy Marv (Andre Nickatina)]

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[Andre Nickatina]

You might mistake me for Doug E. Fresh, the way I sport ballies
With my Slick Rick talk and my Slick Rick walk
I wear rings like the planet called Saturn
The money's movin' baby then your body is the pattern
You know I hide out like it's witness protection
Some people start to stare like a model car collection
You know it's like: twenty G's in a Jordan briefcase
My hood came up off the word "freebase"
Man the soul of a grammy runs through my body structure
My bottom ho cries, 'cause I never say I love her

It's a cold word, that's why I p-p-p-party
My lawyer is a sneaky motherfucker, very naughty
With hot lies, I hit Popeye's for hot fries
A real rap cat, talkin' 'til the sun rise
What's your astrology, and your biography
I talk a little bit to get you to follow me
I'm like the quality, you like the quantity
Fillmore born and ain't no apology
[Messy Marv]
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