Dre Dog, Honeycomb

(Verse 1 - Andre Nickatina)
I'm such a diamond back sparrow, illegal drugs in a barrel
After shootin' cupid with his own arrow
Makin' noise like SLOT machines, and when I CLOCK this cream
I'ma get up in your mind
Rap, GLOCKS, 'n thangs
And crash the party like the 5-0
But I didn't come to break it up, I came to make the party way more live ho!
Situation's fornication
You never seen an occupation like mines, and the rhyme design
Flamboyant like the Liberace, blow weed like kamikaze
To the bitches that really want me, to the niggas that never spot me
Throw heat like quarter backs, down at the warder track
I gave ya money for dope, you bring the quarter back
Indica and everythang, and when the bell rings
It's like the twelfth grade tiga, man we gon' sell thangs
Make trips to Hollywood, and Chicago
Down in the Florida Keys, and Maraco
My mother got a twin sister
Meanin' if I seen my mother's sister
I wouldn't know if it was my mother or my mother's sister
Aim like a P210, bullets that cut the wind
Brought up and born in the church with doin' major sin
On everything I'm in, this how I play to win
Just the sound of a lawsuit makes a tiga cringe
Cu-cu-cu-cut your body
Man Nicky very naughty, naughty, naughty, naughty...

(Chorus - Andre Nickatina)
Man it's the honeycomb, You get your money gone
You either hoop, or rap, or get your blast on

Man it's the honeycomb, You get your money gone
You bring a sack of crack to the drug zone

Man it's the honeycomb, You get your money gone
Makin' cash so fast over a cell phone

Man it's the honeycomb, You get your money gone
You think it's jokes to crack on your funny bone

(Verse 2 - Savage C)
My style is like a rifle, spittin' on rivals
And I put that on disciples in the Bible
I'm spiteful
Of crooked hoes, crooked po's, and crooked crows
I blaze studios with nuclear thorough flows
Mouth runnin' like a track meet, 'No diggity' like Black Street
Lyrically we pack heat like jackas on back streets
Suckas is sorry like Atari, we're hotter than the safari
Talkin' shit like Charles Barkley off a fifth of Bacardi
Burnin' sacks like Bob Marley, hittin' j's like Iverson
Rhymin' doper than (?), the trunk boomin' like a (?)
With more nuts than Murder Dog, we bust it like shot guns
Call me Tom Cruise because I bomb fools like Top Gun
I cover my ceilings with verses to keep things under raps
And my floors with (?) just to stay on track
Get it crackin' like pile drivers, the microphone migivers desire
to stay higher than five sky divers
And if 5-0 creeps, they gettin' shook like hands
While we slide out to the honeycomb hide out, like champs
We block journals while blazin verbals 'til' our hands turn purple
You'll get jumped like hurdles by Nicky and Nocturnal

(Chorus) x2

(Verse 3 - KD)
I got spits like I had a thousand pairs of mitts
We never slip cuz we all about our grip, don't trip
We're the opposite of sluts cuz we never give a fuck
And we crush what we bust
Credential city on the hush
Cuz I wipe the songs up on the microphone
Until the fights break out and all the lights turn on
It's gettin' rowdy like bar fights, know nothin' but hard nights
A Nocturnal hustler and I love to play my cards right
So understand I'm the man in this
Steady chokin', always smokin' on the cannabis
Like the bodies in cemeteries, we stayin' underground
They told me drop it like it's hot, so I had to put it down

(Chorus)