

# U Got Talent

## Andre Nickatina & Equipto

U Got Talent-Andre Nickatina  
My shirley temples bang like a banger  
i like it when my new suits hang off the hanger  
its like its clear as crystal  
and referee official  
the homie said he like the sound of hearin bullets whistle  
i drive a automatic  
i spit it like a addict  
im tell baby girl with the curls she got talent  
im somethin like a candle dealin with the wax  
just me and you baby girl rollin in the lac  
would ya holla backk  
-Equipto  
with g stacks baby bubble of 50  
this dedicated to those who hustlin with me  
shit i came clean to get back to the basics  
from frisco the fastest track in the nation  
you can hate on the store im taken it for  
this aint hustle and flow i dont wait in the car (hell no)  
im no chaufferr yes mam no sir  
so sure i could put her down right on your turf-Andre Nickatina  
the g's come in threes like piano keys  
if your honeycomb is buzzin wit those honey bees  
and banana trees and fly canapees  
and ladys that be lookin like theyre vandati  
man the cotton candy flow through my soul  
man baby said she liked my style she'll never let it go  
im Jack Clark candle sticks parked in a skylark  
tennis shoes bad news student of the rap rule rhyme does  
-Equipto  
shit we no joke got them walkin the plank  
and barfs juss like tony when hes talkin to frank  
we be hopin out the van bags all in the back  
and playin it to perfection we call it the game  
blow rhyme a lit  
on the field smile like donovan  
you stay a while let me work up on your confidence  
you know they gon hate fake hoes interagate  
put her down on the same plate  
man its fair play-Andre Nickatina  
my eyes are on the target i picture panasonic  
i move through the crowd and try to hit her wit the knowledge

man let a baker bake  
shes a vanilla shake  
i like the strawberry sauce on my cheesecake  
i dip around the lake when its quite like a wake  
and when it comes again i try to crack it like a safe  
the sun goes down and disappear in the shadows  
or you reappear on the streets of seattle  
i like the styles of the ginoco's  
i come around thurbin runnin like im pete rose  
and when i concatrate i do its like free throws  
i tell noah youll sink ridin these flows  
man double up you better buckle buckle and roll wit me  
i put a lil twist and i mix it wit poetry  
man two dymes could be the rope the fine fines  
never have to listin never standin in line  
the widewalk baby girl wins you can ride  
and from the looks of it girl its cold outside  
time after time ill be workin wit the prime  
seventh in line im a zodiac sign  
and ricochet game off your frame in your mind  
i know you think its fun 'cause it aint no crime  
wut you talkin bout

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>