

Gingerbread Man

Andre Nickatina

"J'aibe soïn d'un crayon..."

You better make it
And lace it
And hope the pigs don't take
And keep your mission basic
No time to come and fake it

Spin like a CD
You know it's Nicky T
Come to your party
With no apology
All at your function
This ain't no usual luncheon
I see what I like and then I jump in

Float like a Cadillac
Girl can ya handle that?
Hittin' on cognac
Now you don't know how to act

I'm your favourite Motorola
Your new Coca-Cola
At least until you get tired of my new poster
It's about the money, and bread and never fantasy
A situation might change your whole anatomy

Who hit the jackpot?
Hot as a crack spot
Took out the cash box
And left with the flash(?) doc(?)

Shit, you know
J'aibe soïn d'un crayon
The Gingerbread Man
J'aibe soïn d'un crayon

My young tiga Don Juan
He hooked you with butta pecan (?)
That there was real sweet
Sumthin' I would keep

I live like a Gipsy
Rap till I'm empty
Fly like a Frisbee
But hung like a Grizzly

You know, I blow
And there, I go
All on the freeway
Me and my queen mayne

I eats Gumbo
The jumbo
Shrimp combo
And when I clown, hoe
I smile like a criminal

I can be like Ecstasy
Show you a whole new recipe
Don't even know why you step to me
Sayin' you ain't impressed with me

I ain't trippin' darlin'
I hear my homies callin'
And when there's money involved
Man they despise stallin'

Hook it up and then cook it up
Man shook it up and then look it up
And rock it up and then chop it up
Man flock it up and then cop it up

I hit the underground trains(?) and thangs
Stood there rappin' till the rain done came
Till' the game done changed

Man I'ma get it mayne
And don't forget it mayne...

Shit, So greedy
Don't think that I can split it mayne
The Gingerbread Man
Catch me if you can

You back there... "J'aibe sois d'un crayon"
Bartender, bartender... "J'aibe sois d'un crayon"
Waitress, waitress... "J'aibe sois d'un crayon"
You think I'm playin' baby? ... "J'aibe sois d'un crayon"

Shit, shit...

"J'aibe sois d'un crayon..."