

## Tina Terry

Andre Nickatina

I use to slither like a snake  
Forget the chit chatter it really didn't matter if the other bi  
tch was badder  
I climb it like a ladder she's feenin like a clucka  
The homies in the motion make it hard for a sucka  
Cause I blow blueberry that's something I can carry till I met  
this fine bitch her name was Tina Terry  
She hit me like a rave like she hit the stage  
She looked me in my eyes and said I can get you paid  
Im the Motorola I told the dime on the rise  
I'll give you half the chance; if you could see it in my eyes  
But don't be a buster gotta kill the structure we get a little  
chedda man from  
Any cat that touch her  
She said she was game and knew I had game  
But even with game girl you gotta use your brain  
Man this is necessary on the contrary my 5'9 fine dime yeah Tin  
a Terry  
These Cats be lookin hard These Hoes Be lookin hard because the  
y know  
She got a stylin body made from God  
I put her in the Lac im tryin to make a stack  
Man cats be sayin Andre Nikky how you bust that  
I pull down my hat it aint no surprise I cover up my eyes but i  
m not tryin to hide Man you'll realize you can test it by the b  
itch  
Especially when the chicken sayin â"¢Baby take thisâ"¢  
In a real way

Now listen,  
The homies told me you was open season on a renegade night tole  
ratin so keep game she workin that blade up and cursin this gam  
e up she aint claimin your name I aint servin you papers  
I old school Cuddie gotsa know I just rocked the show knocked i  
t like a door  
From day you was curtains you callin my number. (Hello)â"¢6 foo  
ta down south baby all through the summer me and you gotta show  
me that she really was down we hit the map all tracks every ci  
ty and town  
And to that pay you know the games way out give me the loot and  
ima swoop you from grey hound face down  
Gotta know that a hoe gonna get it Let her know every thang cop  
asetic  
Blazed up a black put her down a sac my homie asked me EQ where  
you knock that I pulled out a row and you know she lost contro  
l of everything a half a thizz, back wood and the Hennessey  
Now I got her outta body and mind but this real thang I aint ta  
lkin Bonny and Clyde

Don't chall know you fuckin wit a real mac that aint goin for n  
othin but bringing all the scratch back outta cash man your boy  
will snatch a peezay since she comin delinquent wit bringin al  
l the scratch back Im known to comin and go im on the hunt for  
another hoe my Lincoln Navigator is a Navi-Hoe I'll mac a hoe s  
o hard they call me knock-a-meechie tell them broads to have th  
ey money right before they come and see me

Like my home girl Tina she was more than a misdemeanor when it  
comes to Tina she's a pipe cleaner people ask me where I meet t  
he hoe when me and Queezy was chillin at a hicky show she whisp  
ered in my ear shag you ready to go pointed toward the Bentley  
and flashed some doe I looked at that as said Girl foe sho tol  
d my home boys gotta hoe gotta goâ€¦|â€¦|â€¦|..