

# Lost Hawks

## Andre Nickatina & Equipto

NICKATINA I'm Serious, like Steady B  
I dip a Cadillac like Freddy B  
I talk to these ladies like Schooly D  
Cause I can't have these ladies foolin' me I'm bumpin' Thai Shaw, Pimpin' Hoes dot com  
The mo' god'Khan in a new Sean John  
Lost in my lusty ways  
You see my face in a magazine and can't turn the page. EQUIPTO You see, I'm 'bout to get paid  
and not afraid to admit it  
To fail's never part of the plan, I'm never quittin'  
I always gave it all that I can, a little lazy  
I (blow??? record) like Chuck up on the daily  
Adrenaline pumpin' like a piston  
Got me so high I'm in the sky and I kissed it  
Excuse me while I Jimmy Hentwist the rhyme  
Hey Joe, could you tell me if 6 was 9? NICKATINA You know I spit technique to the freshest  
freak  
Gimme a call you will see results in just a week  
With the soul of a LOST HAWK  
Is there a heaven for a Rap Cat, let's talk Because it's hell for a Rap Cat, let's walk  
Watch your spirit get knocked out the ballpark  
Gold diggers stay after me, it's a catastrophe,  
Talkin' shit in the cheesecake factory. EQUIPTO I'm feelin' high and the blunt ain't sparked yet  
The truth hit the booth just like it was Clark Kent  
No time for the weak games the renegade freaks play  
Follow the rules, old school, fuck a cliché  
I'm to the point ain't no time to waste  
Same rap, came back, hey, just like mace  
Imma spray in your face, any day, any place  
Cross the bay bridge rollin' with Dre and we blaze A chronicle, 30 of Kush up in the optimo  
We roll trees by the bush when we rock a show  
The (?) push, Imma refund mine  
See suckas, lay 'em down with our machine gun rhymes. NICKATINA You might see me at my  
shows in my Nicky Rose clothes  
Standin' there just like a picture without the pose  
Yes, y'all in the symphony call  
Man, them hoes'll be talkin' bout my rise and fall How I did 'em all  
And was I born to ball  
Yo, but not on the hoop court  
But walkin' through court My gun-mouth that made it way down south  
With the whole strip scene tryin' to figure it out Without a doubt. EQUIPTO I keep it movin' till  
my life is straight  
It's all, Math, Science, Time and Space

I see the more money and these rhymes to make  
I'm tryna seven figures like a license plate  
Come on, I roll often, my destination unknown  
The bizzle had me thinkin' "where did all the fun go"  
Fast decisions made at the last minute  
The cash flippin'  
Fasho' we goin' past the limit.  
NICKATINA  
Gotta be greedy like Daffy 'cause the money's like  
Taffy  
Sweet like a (?) that's tryna get at me  
The wings of an angel just cut my face  
I couldn't say nothin' man, yo I spit my case  
Playboy, it's like magic  
Man, in a packet  
Mad like an addict in the sports (?) bracket  
Spit hot nickels till they quarters, man  
So put in my name with the eternal flames.  
EQUIPTO  
I'm so hot, the track meltin'  
Please the degrees that I kick his black belt in  
Freeze MC's into a gas, I blows mixed Purp with Hash  
Do the math, young Queezy workin' the map  
It's called class  
Like Bob Marley lightin' a spliff  
Only the lord know how hyphy I'll get  
Imma rip through the city and tell a sucka "try again"  
You see me flowin' to this track like the violins.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>