

Timex Ticker

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Man I spit my game at a mile a minute
I got a dope ass watch with no diamonds in it
I like to sway back and fourth like a jesu piece
And I'm Harlem Nights ready like Della Reese
What you tell that freak? It's a quarter to 8
I'm at Tad's takin down this t-bone steak
I'm from the B-A-Y A-R-E-A
Fillmoe, God-Khan, Nicky, Andre
I probably said it before/ Yo, squares beware
That debonair, savoir faire in the air
I got Air Forces 1s god, I keep em untied
I'm married to the game, never see the bride
You look into my eyes it got the color of a sticker
They get a little bloodshot when I hit liquor
My timex ticker is tickin'
It keep me up nights I can't help but listen
I bust with destruction, at any little function
You can say something, I don't wanna hear nothing
Keep it all coming, guns keep gunnin'
The crack game changed but dope fiends hit the oven

My life line's in the picture frame
A lost soul tryna find home again
Yo my Billy Holliday characteristics
Pushes me towards the dope that I have to get with
My Timex is the ticker
It's like a track meet, girl you gotta get quicker
Gotta get quicker, gotta get quicker
Gotta get quicker