

# Falcon and the Snowman (feat. Equipto)

## Andre Nickatina

[Verse 1: Equipto]

I infect the whole set and collect the cash  
And I'm gon' run game but respect the past  
Got long range ...(?) into small change  
Then kick and parlay  
Exchangin' back to back rhymin'  
Word play for (?) for the studio timin'  
And can't wait for the hate and feedback  
I (?) when I break down the weed in my rap

[Verse 2: Andre Nickatina]

I was born about eight miles in the city of dope  
Meanin' my city is the city of dope  
Weigh the coke, Caddy spokes, you couldn't be saved by John the Pope  
Money is the bible, couldn't care about a idol  
If you're goin' for the title than it's kinda suicidal  
Cause you're gonna have a rival that's bustin' at your door  
Tryin' to put bullet holes up in your clothes!

[Verse 3: Equipto]

Oh hoe, fa sho we can blow some mo'  
While labels fall short to the ocean flo' (suckas)  
I get pesky (?) like Joe Pesci's  
I drop hefty rhymes on all MC's  
Suckas that wanna play too cute, execute the play(?) off loose I execute  
On site you're too hype, you might get snatched  
Just like your gold chain and no name raps

[Verse 4: Andre Nickatina]

Homie don't ask me about that chick  
Because about any chick I plead the fifth  
Call me Saint Nick when I spit the gift, real rap cat on a pirate ship  
Lock and chain like Sid Vicious, I done used my three wishes  
When it come to swishers, cut the heart  
Listenin' to Al Green in the dark  
Jumped in the ride with the leather coat  
Looked in the rear view, who pops the (?)  
Just when I thought that I saw a ghost, I realized it was the indo smoke

[Verse 5: Equipto]

...(?)

Your last hope is shootin' at me like the Pope  
I campaign the (?) to vote is unanimous  
Smokin' cannabis, put 'em in a camel clutch(?)  
Like this, can't trip when I get across  
Set it off, lay 'em down with no second thoughts

Impulsin, indo indulgin, keep blowin, Falcon and the Snowman

[Verse 6: Andre Nickatina]

Tiga my raps, are just like a diamond heist  
Cause the way I shine you might lose your sight  
In my brand new Phat Farm vest, new kango Polo, no less  
Grab the cream, get your team who ...(?)  
In ya face, cocksucka, it's a new regime  
You're out again but it really don't matter  
Had it with the new improved police scanner  
Hang the banners, yo cock the hammers  
Or forever in life you'll wear a Pamper

[Verse 7: Equipto]

It was pivotal when you (?) pitiful answers  
Rhymes are avalanchin' the average rapper  
You're sweatin, then goin' all out representin'  
You're in and out steppin' like 3-5-7  
I kept it honest, promise, no threatenin'  
You're probably (?), if not forgettin'  
I stepped in the house, throwback with the (?)  
Excused the fool, but hold back with the hatin'

[Verse 8: Andre Nickatina]

Check it crack the bottle, then crack the whip  
Yo here go a slug that'll crack ya hip  
I'm like an angel, but at an angle  
And then I start to talk like Marlon Brando, like that  
Blow back in my crocka sack  
To the Benz dealer that the Cadillac is back  
I had to turn (?) Moonshine into yak  
And then the ATF wanna come raise the track

[Verse 9: Equipto]

I connive with more drive then multiply chedda  
I can see the fortune without the teller  
Cut back the raw rap and release the classic  
Suckas that jaw jap but I look past 'em  
I get detailed just (?) and graphic  
Practice the graph 'till I'm knowin' it backwards  
Spit it with a passion, ...(?)

The I release the masters, study the game

[Verse 10: Andre Nickatina]

Okay, I hit the night skies with the ruby red eyes  
The streets are hurtin, I can hear her cries  
Freaks wear shoes that's not their size  
And here come Nicky with the felony rhyme  
And the melody crime, can you crack the case?  
Like a bat outta hell as I start to race  
Scars on my face, dictate the hate  
Get a scale for the rhyme when I push the weight

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>

