

Andre Andersen**"All Star Chuck Taylors - DJ Pause"**

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One thing I despise is virgin suicide
Shere Khan is something that the wind cries
The way I collect is like a bomb threat
Meanin if you don't have my doe
I'm a blow fa show
You better have heat when you hang with this villian
Meaning that it's cold when I'm chillin
Catch the fillin
Slipped down on a banana peelin
I seen them dead on the floor with the blood's keated
to the
Ceiling
I was like yo how that happen?
Chuck taylors down gotta keep on rapin
The one bullet, the right place at the right time
Can turn a hell of a wave into a flat line
My style don't pump no blood
It pump weed and gasoline, Nicky Nickitine
Man ectasy can twist yo spleen
Tell that to the freaky them jeans, know what I mean
It's kind of ironic, make a phone call for the chronic
And let my tigers hold the gin and tonic
Man it hurts so much it blastin me
But I do what the rap gods askin me
Have heart, have hustle
Have heart if you don't have muscle buy the punk gear
in the
Tuscule
No love or passionate, blow weed in the face of the
badest chick
Yet spin like a cd, I try not to get sleepy
On the grind when it's creepy, street gods wanna teach
me
Pocahantes makin money for me bustin in the tee pee
My All Star Chuck Taylors, they lace like the mayor
Street ball court player
Rapinfied rhyme sayer
You be like Nicky man no favor, real poppa
I disappeare like Jimmy Hopper
Reappear on Easter
Pants in the heavy start to increase her

T shirts with the vestes feature
Miesha check it it's the god of Khan
Chuck Taylor down like the Ramidan
Catchin feeling, you got a scheme homie what you
dealin
Man the bathroom tinted
With the blunt wrapped dope in it
Its like Popeye with his spinach
Run around like you playing tennis
And you still aint finished
International keep the party crackin like it's pistachios
The freaks got it poppin like a fashion show
Make a move with me birdy baby like a linebacker
I got a gift like a blind jacker
Put a whole new six packer
At south pole with the lock jaw
In the kitchen with the rock raw
You remind me of cocaine and do these thangs
Man it's the shitty dope dealer
Dirty worm catapilla
Weed collide like the sun and the moon
And I'm still trippin of that room with the blood on the
ceiling
Catch ya fillin
My chuck taylors got me creepin
And rap dealin
Come through and leave you stunned
And in shock
And leave my heart on the block like the lost glock
In the bushes of wood man u did what you could
With the little you got are you cold or hot
Put it down with the plot, and got knocked
And went to jail naked in ya shoes and socks
Laughin up to ya woman man to move ya rocks
And the freak turned the spot into a hot box
Chuck Taylors All Stars and all stars
Make my way to the bar and there you are
Catch ya fillin

Hey sister give me some of those shoes

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