

## Andre Andersen

### "Comb My Hair"

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#### Comb My Hair

-Andre Nickatina

I can see my reflection in my sons eyes  
And when i see them i know the lord cried when jesus  
died  
Im not a saint i spred my wings like a condor  
I tell the boys to come get me like a matador  
I ricochet like the bullets in a thugs car  
Im located at the bar where the drugs are  
I pack the house i pack the party all the gods no fat  
We like democrats  
Politican on the badge i spent raps  
I comb my hair like god  
Then hit up the city bumpin playboy tod  
Then stroll up  
We let the weed blow up  
And the money fold up  
And not slow up  
You know what

-Equipto

You a cold duck im a dime p game runna  
Smooth as silk i spit milk and make butter  
A cold heart rhyme pace mind state lovark  
You keep hustlin hard but go so far  
I don't even think they hurt a pimps blood  
They cut deals wit bitches up in the strip club  
I stake money and study and play day and night  
If ima be in the game then ima play it right  
We chops it up while thizzin backwoods  
Let the hoe choose it she got the game backwards  
Touchdown ima inzone dance  
Any town i arrive ima frisco mac  
Cant roll hash the gift got my bank rolled fat  
I leave the square beez she a castro fag  
And mad 'cause im vivid wit this and hoe knockin  
Tru to the shit that i spit and wont stoppin

-Andre Nickatina

The street gamble make you travel

And we can do it from the pineapple  
All the way down to the big apple  
I swang back and forth like a link chain  
My homie came to court sporting hema mink man  
Im not an honor roll student if that's wut you tellin me  
Do you try to leave your country wit a felony  
Its like a symphony  
Man when you witness me  
The holy water bay gang come and sprinkle me  
I comb my hair like god  
And hit up the city bumpin playboy tod  
Man this is how we act  
And boy we don't act  
Its like a winter snake and a mongoose react  
And blow back  
I swim laps in the river i lust  
With no life gaurd watchin when i splash and fuss  
I throw my soul in the numba 2 pencil  
It sounds like a bird when the gangbanger wistle  
It was all so simple  
Miss me with the riddles  
The cat fish hunter throw it right down the middle  
Crackin 4 triple ricky keep runnin  
'cause everybody know when the rap starts gunnin,  
gunnin

-Equipto  
Now chedder 2 serve news on the day she choose  
EQ don't really hook up on the rondevouz  
Or any rain checks flaze  
Runnin the same shit  
Life is what you make it and what the game give  
Im the true and livin like a newer image  
Im trying to ball wit out movin my pivot  
I got away wit it i usually stay fitted  
Hyphy bay livin  
Ill be lacin em all up on a fast track tellin we're the  
stash cats  
Baby it's a car day far from a lap dance  
Still ima rap cat and i can tell you this  
I respect a hoe way more than a bitch  
Bitch

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