

Dre Dog "All Star Chuck Taylors"

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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 its 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 dont have muscle buy the punk gear in the tuscle

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 its 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-aca

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