

Dre Dog (Andre Nickatina) "Killin Of The Caine"

Visit "[Killin Of The Caine](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Dre Dog talking)

Drop it

Yeah! (yeah)

Wasup?

This is uh...one of those cocaine style raps (you can say that again)

For the killas (the who?)

The real killas (right)

That uh...that popped Dan

This yo boy Dre Dog!

Check it out (drop that shit there boy)

(Dre Dog)

Step into the mind of a visionary vocalist

Focus this, picture this I'm 6 foot 6

Ready for the battle like Desert Swarm

Feel the welts on yo body from extension cords

Got you sweatin like a dancer

Stressin gave you cancer

Nigga you the wide receiver foo I'm Deion Sanders

Prime Time niggas get turned like a channel

Coke is this, fuck a bitch from Detroit to Seattle

Indo got niggas thinkin fuckas wanna stop me

Mothafuckas missin teeth boxin like hockey

Rabbit, I'm not a kid but you can get the Trix

You better have these jukes because I'm slammin Big

Six (?)

BAM! Get the smellin salt he's unconscious!

Tryin to go head up but just cant stop this

Treat me like a red but nigga don't push me

Cause once my vocals hit the beat it's good like pussy

Kill'em!

Nigga?

It's the Killin of the Caine

Motha-fucka

(Dre Dog)

You live in a shell like a snail

Moby Dick ass niggas get harpooned like a whale

Not a killa tho a nigga roll

Fuckin with the pinnacle

Wishin for a miracle
Situation Critical
Lay it down, you better expect the worst
All screamin like a pregnant woman about to give birth
In a taxi, now ask me, do you think I'm bluffin?
I bet I got you listenin to me just like I'm E.F. Huttin
Or somethin, you fuckas gonna all have to learn
Favorite boxer Tyson, second Tommy Hearn's
Hut hut hike!
I'm runnin from the whites (who's that?)
It's 5-0 and the only thing they see is my Nike's
But check this out imagine prison under the ground
Escapers at 0 and you can't hear a sound
Fuck you man Scarface Al Pacino
A cool place to get some good pussy is in Reno
A key! Stolen from a druglord G!
That means niggas gonna die for a fat fee
The lick went sour, a rat said a name
The dope game of life, the Killin of the Caine

(Dre Dog talking)
Run for cover (right)
Yeah (no)
Nigga (nigga)
Mothafucka (mothafucka)
It's the Killin of the Caine
Wassup? I got some caterpillar killers in the house
(who you got in
this
mothafucka now?)
My nigga Coughnut (thats right)
Mike Mike (Mike Mike)
My nigga P-Ride (nigga P-Ride)
My nigga (my nigga)
Lo-Lo
STOP!
Thought I forgot about you huh nigga?

Visit [Dre Dog \(Andre Nickatina\)](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.