

Charles And Eddie

"That Pt. 2"

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[Andre Nickatina]
Powerful...Powerful

[Equipto]
I remember he told me
Calm down... (X4)
Yeah, God forgives my soul when I'm doin bad
The pain I feel when livin life too fast
So calm down was the words that I heard last
My eardrums are still numb from the first blast
I couldn't turn back, past the grave
Into my head for the dead, puttin ash in graves
And I smoke with the spirit, so feel me rise
Up in the clouds, from now up until we die
It's like that
I sat all through the star spangle
Lookin for a light to guide me to an angel
Gotta be smart and hide behind all the answers
When everything's dark my heart is full of anger

[Andre Nickatina]
I'd rather be a bull for day
Then a goat forever
My life is a joke so whatever
Man, primetime reason and rhyme
You know the rhyme be the reason
Slingshots at Chuck Taylors it's the season
There is no state of the art or no special effects
Its just money, politics in these projects
And you imagine your a playboy that's kickin it live
But in his own damn mind yo he's doin time
Now that's deeper then the craters on the moon
Crushin up weed in the back dressin room
I hate to be greedy but I love to be greedy
I hope the little guy love me, but don't be me
I do it like a genie, blaze in a beanie
Lifetime contract and no you can't free me
Kweezy...

[Equipto]
Yeah we live and die its all for the cash flow

Don't get replies, I'm high and react cold (?)
I don't know why, I couldn't explain it
Lost focus of the love in an innocent way
Live for today, hey I'ma escape to the music
To try to make up for all the wrong that I'm doin
I swear I know better, but so far gone
And no God hear the cry out in every song
Its upon everybody, through moons and stars
Rise or fall, I'm dead with my open arms

[Andre Nickatina]

Man it's such a rush that I get
When the money spent and all the dope is lit
Man this is how I repent
I keep a devil's eye on tigas that spit the gift
And is it true in the afterlife the souls a trip?
That's kamikaze logic, man the ghetto is the topic
You try to cop it?
You gotta sell it then ya drop it
Its like its hot cuz if its not
Then the plot starts to thicken
I'm sorry, but moneys a religion
Fly like a pigeon, man what's yo decision
The homie's is waitin in the Fillmore division
Rap life livin, fast cars driven
It's something like prison
But this is how we listen, listen

You ready to bounce homie
Get up out of here, bounce homie
Get up out of here
It's like that, it's like that, it's like that

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