

Carlos Roberto**"My Wishes"**

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[Verse 1 - Andre Nickatina]

Picture a blind man that can't see
Meanin' the beauty he's supposed to see
God, it can't be
I slither low like a snake, the venom I spit uh make me
shake
Look at the cakes I baked
Weed in my brain got me baptized
Unless you talkin' bout money, you ain't sayin' shit rap
wise
I'm so addicted to red licorice and fine bitches
Khan lives forever man that's my wishes

[Verse 2 - Equipto]

My wishes, studio(?) intense wishes
Bruce Lee, Tupac, and Jimmy Hendrix
(?) still here to legalize it
With no police around to ever read they rights
It's how I roll, you know my lifestyle is gold
Around the globe, they treat us like Al Capone
Wish I didn't need a blunt in my mouth to blow
But I'm so far gone that's how it go

[Verse 3 - Andre Nickatina]

Yeah, two wishes and three bitches in the Cadillac
They wanna hit the club and this is where the party's at
Front line and in ya face like some gold teeth
My homie said he's like a butcher 'cause he loves beef
...(?) and two doors on the cutty
I had to laugh at him, cause that's my buddy
We used to chase bitches so vicious it was delicious
I heard a lil' genie sayin "Take more wishes"

[Verse 4 - Equipto]

Wishin, why listen to a fool really give a fuck
Don't interrupt you stupid (?), I lit the blunt
We get ta cuttin' like a DJ do
The game's sheisty like a NFL replay booth
In your backpack party with all our throwbacks on
Suckas stare like they're impressed, sayin "Oh my god"
There go the whole back wall

...(?) playin' to win
I'm in to win, I'm wishin but I couldn't pretend

[Verse 5 - Andre Nickatina]

Shit, I side swipe you at the light just like a fender
bender

There go your brain, with the game, so you don't
remember

I'm block tonic off the chronic and I spit ebonics
Colt 45 in my eyes, so ...(?) hypnotic

The glock nine, some use it like a samurai

Run for your lives, or picture bein' paralyzed

I hold my raps with a grip of a rubber handle

And when I'm gone, man you picture it on every
channel

In grey flannel, Nicky vest and name belt(?)

When I was scarred by the game and the pain felt

Excruciatin', no duplicatin' this fury

Look at the lawyer with a grin for the hung jury

Four wishes, more wishes, man and more bitches

Man more weed, more G's, man and club bitches

The rap scriptures, we hold them like the bible

Imagine somebody shootin' at your idol

...(?), like Clorox make it fade

Bust it 27 ways, we did it right away

Sneak weed up in heaven with the switches

Eatin' red licorice and lyin' with the bitches

I hate to do dishes, in love with my riches

Man it ain't suspicious why you sleepin' with the fishes

These are my wishes, I got five wishes

Prime time live, gettin' high off my wishes

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