

## Camel Lyrics by Sandy Marton

### "Honeycomb"

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[Verse 1 - Andre Nickatina]

I'm such a diamond back sparrow, illegal drugs in a barrel  
After shootin' cupid with his own arrow  
Makin' noise like SLOT machines, and when I CLOCK  
this cream  
I'ma get up in your mind  
Rap, GLOCKS, 'n thangs  
And crash the party like the 5-0  
But I didn't come to break it up, I came to make the  
party way more live ho!  
Situation's fornication  
You never seen an occupation like mines, and the  
rhyme design  
Flamboyant like the Liberace, blow weed like kamikaze  
To the bitches that really want me, to the niggas that  
never spot me  
Throw heat like quarter backs, down at the warder  
track  
I gave ya money for dope, you bring the quarter back  
Indica and everythang, and when the bell rings  
It's like the twelfth grade tiga, man we gon' sell thangs  
Make trips to Hollywood, and Chicago  
Down in the Florida Keys, and Maraco  
My mother got a twin sister  
Meanin' if I seen my mother's sister  
I wouldn't know if it was my mother or my mother's  
sister  
Aim like a P210, bullets that cut the wind  
Brought up and born in the church with doin' major sin  
On everything I'm in, this how I play to win  
Just the sound of a lawsuit makes a tiga cringe  
Cu-cu-cu-cut your body  
Man Nicky very naughty, naughty, naughty, naughty...

[Chorus - Andre Nickatina]

Man it's the honeycomb, You get your money gone  
You either hoop, or rap, or get your blast on

Man it's the honeycomb, You get your money gone  
You bring a sack of crack to the drug zone

Man it's the honeycomb, You get your money gone  
Makin' cash so fast over a cell phone

Man it's the honeycomb, You get your money gone  
You think it's jokes to crack on your funny bone

[Verse 2 - Savage C]

My style is like a rifle, spittin' on rivals  
And I put that on disciples in the Bible  
I'm spiteful  
Of crooked hoes, crooked po's, and crooked crows  
I blaze studios with nuclear thorough flows  
Mouth runnin' like a track meet, 'No diggity' like Black  
Street  
Lyrically we pack heat like jackas on back streets  
Suckas is sorry like Atari, we're hotter than the safari  
Talkin' shit like Charles Barkley off a fifth of Bacardi  
Burnin' sacks like Bob Marley, hittin' j's like Iverson  
Rhymin' doper than (?), the trunk boomin' like a (?)  
With more nuts than Murder Dog, we bust it like shot  
guns  
Call me Tom Cruise because I bomb fools like Top Gun  
I cover my ceilings with verses to keep things under  
raps  
And my floors with (?) just to stay on track  
Get it crackin' like pile drivers, the microphone  
migivers desire  
to stay higher than five sky divers  
And if 5-0 creeps, they gettin' shook like hands  
While we slide out to the honeycomb hide out, like  
champs  
We block journals while blazin verbals 'til' our hands  
turn purple  
You'll get jumped like hurdles by Nicky and Nocturnal

[Chorus] x2

[Verse 3 - KD]

I got spits like I had a thousand pairs of mitts  
We never slip cuz we all about our grip, don't trip  
We're the opposite of sluts cuz we never give a fuck  
And we crush what we bust  
Credential city on the hush  
Cuz I wipe the songs up on the microphone  
Until the fights break out and all the lights turn on  
It's gettin' rowdy like bar fights, know nothin' but hard  
nights  
A Nocturnal hustler and I love to play my cards right  
So understand I'm the man in this  
Steady chokin', always smokin' on the cannabis

Like the bodies in cemeteries, we stayin' underground  
They told me drop it like it's hot, so I had to put it down

[Chorus]

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