

## **Andre Nickatina "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 feelin'  
Slipped down on a banana peelin  
I seen them dead on the floor with the blood's skeated  
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 i curse so much in blasphemy  
but I do what the rap gods ask me  
Have heart, have hustle  
have heart if you dont have muscle bite the punk ear 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 disappiare like Jimmy Hopper  
reappear on Easter  
pants in the heavy starch 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,  
slip up and down like the banana peelin,  
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  
run around like you playing tennis  
and you still aint finished  
international keep the party crackin like its pistachios  
the freaks got it poppin like a fashion show  
make a move with me birdy baby, grab the dough,  
like a linebacker  
i got a gift like a blind jacker  
put a whole new six packer  
at south pole with the lock jaw  
in the kitchen with the rock raw  
you remind me of cocaine and do do stains,  
man its the shitty dope dealer  
dirty worm catapilla  
weed collide like the sun and the moon  
and I'm still trippin of that room with the blood on the  
ceiling  
catch ya feelin'  
my chuck taylors got me creepin  
and rap dealin  
come through and leave you stunned  
and in shock  
and leave my heart on the block like the lost glock  
in the bushes of wood man u did what you could  
with the little you got are you cold or hot  
put it down with the plot, and got knocked  
and went to jail naked in ya shoes and socks  
left it up to ya woman man to move ya rocks  
and the freak turned the spot into a hot box  
Chuck Taylors All Stars and hard stars  
make my way to the bar and there you are  
Catch ya fillin

Hey sister give me some of them shoes

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