

Andre Nickatina "Blind Genius"

Visit "[Blind Genius](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Man, a new Rolls Royce hit the Popeyes drive-thru
I had to tell my driver I'll guide you
See my life thru a BlackBerry
Some people like that
But I think its kinda scary
I'm somethin like a sailboat baby jus tryna sail away
And you can tell I'm never comin back after today
I bundle up for the night air
Even though its cold and dark yo i still wear white Nike
Airs
I cop like 4 pairs
It reminds me of Michigan and Antwan Jobear
I hit the night like I'm el presidentay
Don't wanna be up in the kizer perementay yo
And I rush outta town like Picasso I rap pain
A perfect picture yo
Then I come right back
Then I embrace my criminal mind, a criminal kind
Heres your chance if you see a criminal shine
Cuz my style is real 'Pac yo with the Pun set
A lotta Tuxedos before I gotta jet
I like breakfast in the nighttime
MGA made a clock man its fight time
Man this the life of a blind genius
And even though I can see let me tell you what I mean
is
I'm so blind by material things
Yeah sometimes I dont see whats in front of me mane
Yeah ya heard right
I hit the night life
And shake the whole scene up like a pair of dice
I tell the bartender thats too much ice
And she overchargin on the hennessy price
I dont freestyle
I dont free lance
I said paced out
I say pay fast
I know homies that passed in the weight class
But it was pushin weight that they all passed at
And when i gamble dont catch me on a bad day

Like when the warriors had just lost the other day

You send me to a preacher
I confess
You said its all good
I said lets bet
I think of Khan at the crack of dawn
And then I hit my closet for a new sean John
Im in the middle of a premier pack
I put vocals in the burgandy 'lac
Yo my perm is like jet black
Man its the life of a blind soul
Its like a hustla tryna sell you fake gold
Or like a married man who aint never faithful
Or talk down on a ?? when he break hos
(CHORUS)

I hit my court date smellin like straight weed
Plus I had a fat knot in my blue jeans
You might have to pray for me when I hit Vegas
because my mind is wrapped up in the latest and the
greatest
My afrodesiach is the payest
Never ?????
And everyone that know me homie know I gotta
shopping fetish
If you think Im buyin you somethin you best forget it
Backwards like benjamin button
Or superbud somethin like McLovin
Hotter than the oven
Baby that boils the crack
And When it comes to rap
I'm like a spoiled brat
And you can catch me some days, hair oiled back
And countin on somethin thats a royal stack
At the tuxedo party in royal black
They had barbeque I said foil that
(CHORUS)

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.