

## **Andre Nickatina "Blood In My Hair"**

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blood in my hair from the wings of a hawk  
no angels guide me i seem to be lost  
spittin a rhyme from divious ways  
all in the veins them freaks they get paid  
the path was layed the bed was set  
nicky the cat from the fillmoe jets  
here go the stealo it aint that odd  
kahn, money, clothes, broads  
don't forget weed and rap for the gods  
pages that rewrite the holy karahn  
man i've been swervin since julius erving  
ready to rap now so open the curtain  
don't be in the lab when i'm doin bad  
pencil's and pads they turn to cash  
this how i mash  
driving so fast  
shoes say wu when i step on the gas  
baby is mad  
man she got ass  
i looked and gave her my gangsta laugh  
my pedigree my legacy  
i sell it like apheetimines  
they told me at the dinner scene  
and i'm standing there high in my anchor jean  
gangsta's, hustlers, hoe's and all  
be one to pay when a rapper falls  
blood in my hair from the wings of a hawk  
no angels guide me i seem to be lost

its mighty extreme to being a king  
looking for people to be on the team  
how much money it cost to cheat  
to slow ya down and be drug free  
with ? boots and sean john suits

and exacution that top of the roof  
who got the juice  
show me some proof  
the curser the rhyme give me the loot  
awake like an owl and drinkin some tea  
watchin fights of muhamud ali  
dodgin death with every step

this is my rep give me the checks  
like snaggle puss i'll step to the left  
with this freak death as quiet as kept  
my philisophy is tha boss of me  
pass the hot sauce to me  
usin diamonds and pearls to flauce with me  
i stand there with none  
hot as a gun  
the sound of the noise will make you run  
move from the slugs that will rip your lungs  
look in the eyes of the greediest god  
rollin the streets with the cad i ?  
cut through the rain like ninja blades  
the batter ramming slang the rage  
i got my game from project floors  
weed, dope, and dice by the door  
crush anything that'll cause a threat  
talk to the bookie secure the bet  
never with leniency he won't agree with me  
gettin all mad when i make the call  
gangsta's, hustlas, hoes, and all  
feel the pain when a rapper falls  
blood in my hair from the wings of a hawk  
no angels guide me i seem to be lost

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