

Andre Nickatina "Blueberry Rain"

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Blueberry Rain Lyrics

Nicky:

I have to blink two times 'cause im camera shy
I dont eat ice cream or cherry pie
I make it melt man it'll be dripping of the shelf
But looking hella pretty like my leather buckle belt
Its a serenity a trinity
My legacy is begging me to change my identity
A four-five infinity
Anthology anatomy is sorta like a policy
A rapper termonology
It dont give an apology
You know the trigonometry
You think can handle flygirly (?)
It'd get the BDP
Half a crimonology
The mongoose bangs while the birds all sang
I wear my house shoes like Im part of a gang

Qupito:

I spread bread like mustard but never could trust her
You know im just a hustler caught up like Usher
Im all in trying to triple a nickel
See the game thats told get as cold as icicles
I cut 'em off if you question my analysis
Day i rate mayne my mind state mac a trick
Knowin all my homies gon call when ready
To the P.I's and those pushin raw like Eddy
You can give me a update and tell me "wassup mayne"
Influxuate the paste till its cookie or cupcakes
Its so vivid straight up with no gimicks
Gotta get on her you can roll wit it
Every minute count we bounce
We count onces to the amount
Houses from the account breached up in the couch
Fly down south get the dough in atlanta
I hit the floor and do the Toni Montana

Chorus:

Im going to go, leaving clouds of smoke
Ima always do my bay thang,
Ima hustler mayne, gotta make my change

No time for playin games hey
State-to-State on a papa chase
Leavin em laced got moves to make

Im staying high like fly for life
Cant get by just to maintain

Quipto:

Oh hell naw

I aint done enough, theres more i gotta see
So lord dont punish me just 'cause i smoke alot of
weed

Thats my apology see I be the no sinner
The rule breaker shaker mayne the goal tender
Getting the business suckas letting the cash burn
Im never finish not even after my last words
Natural disasters might take your boy
No doubt just let me go out in blaze a glory
Helpin kids cross the bridge it is what it is
Live life with a whole lot of sacrifice to give
I dont deserve it

Believe me if god told me its curtains
I hope i served my purpose and he knows I wasnt
perfect

Young queez in this game for life
Translate do the damn till the day I die
Its a cold world baby and im already frost bit
So save your breath I play death when you talk shit

Nicky:

Man its the fifth wheel, some feel, roll up and blow kill
I dont trust them motherfuckers all of em hope still
Kay swiss white like columbian coke
And I dont care about your word I sell dreams and
hopes

Man its the reece's buttercup be the focus like a mind
reader

Number 2 pencil is Picasso's brush
EQ got the purple rain crushed up
The rush of the blood is like a task-force bust

Chorus:

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