

Andre Nickatina "Fly Like A Bird"

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Andre Nickatina:

man im a coke rap spitter
a hair pin trigger
a crime rhyme dealer
is illa but on the rilla
spit around tornado lust
for the words
rap it up like dope,
FLY LIKE A BIRD
nothing but baking soda the
motorola do it well
up in your face man with something
to sell
im like a chronic vision pigeon tige
just spinnin time with 45, 357s
and 9s
my figure 8, its real its not fake
strawberry soda garlic bread and
steak
ahead in the chase and hide
behind the wheel
you talk more money and we can
make a deal

Dubee:

make a deal
Square ass niggas
we bay stunnas bitch
turf talk niggas, nigga from the street up
nigga, can you feel it?

Andre Nickatina

VERSE 2:

im not a screw face, i keep my
boots laced
and listen to the homies brag about
they gun case
they off taste, crank beat with more bass
my court date, and i came in hella late
the cross game, wear rings with no chains
holla at the guard if u a rap cat mane
nickel plated, now the engergys penetrated

i put that on my life im glad you never made it
raw hide, all in my blood line
you never find a drug like me and no kine
dont hide, cause it makes it more divine
to put you in the firing line on valentines
february, or was it january
i lose my memory when it come to you canaries
its necessary, on guard with what you carry
split the middle of the swisher then add the blueberry

Dubee:

unravel the backwood, nigga, with ya stupid ass
thats wats wrong with you niggas
you niggas aint laced
nigga we laced niggas like boots

Andre Nickatina:

im not a damn fool, i live by bay rules
bay slang, and im doin my bay thang
make change, get bread to kick game
i knows you got ass but yous a lame freak dame
no shame, and im greedy to the brain
you know the pit bull is off the chicka-chicka-chain
crate-a-lane, on the freeway of pain
i dont spend dollars on expenseive champagne
rip hearts and i pound the sky larks
petal to the medal in my wu-tang clarks
new suede, from the stage to the grave
hot days, means pistols in the shade
it aint strange, motherfucker you sell caine
add a little color to the picture frame
the rhyme cheetah, throw on the wife beater
t-shirt jeans tennis shoes then see ya

Dubee:

then see ya mayne
gotta get away from ya mayne
we shakin sliff hits like Vick mayne
ya noe wat im sayin?
a new nigga to the table might bring it all mayne

Andre Nickatina:

and this analogy, is a new strategy
and this academy is headed for a tragedy
it sounds to me that you're tryin to break free
and snakes like me dont allow that see
at close range you can see my vertigo
venom in the soul and im ready to let it go
with no control, man it can grow like a rose
and im standing right there in my Filmo' pose
When a child cries, then the heart a father dies
punch you in the eye to let you know that you alive

lethal, multiply to equal
bumpin c-bo on the way to Tahoe
Im stage left, at the store remain chef
man cook it up and keep it from the A-T-F
The barracuda, yo the rhyme roof shoota
runnin down the stairs of the project do a
kamakaze, rip your stargens for a hobby
and rip it in the lobby man while kickin it with bobby
you say the word, then here come the words put
mustard on they rap and then FLY LIKE A BIRD

Dubee:
and eat these niggas up mayne
its nothin mayne
its my nigga j dogg mayne
you niggas better get into this shit mayne
if you cant dig it like a shovel then i guess you aint able
nigga
.....

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