

## Andre Nickatina "Lyrical Lullaby"

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[Savage-C:]

A whole defensive line couldn't stop my rhymes,  
I leave tricks flatlined with columbine lines  
And crack spines,  
I leave mics numb with morphine,  
Your team could step and get blazed like nicotine,  
Burned like gasoline in the tank of my beam,  
Sunk like submarines while I fuck a marine,  
I'm A Team, about to blow up like caroseen,  
My flows is hittin like a pipe with no smokescreen  
More lines than magazines, droppin verses like  
fumbles  
... I turnbuckles in lyrical royal rumbles  
While you bitches stumble, we shake em like runnin  
backs  
Kickin up more dust than Carl Lewis runnin track  
My flash then Kodak, kickin lip when I'm pimpin,  
Bustas could'ntsee me with mothafuckin restrictions  
I pop the clip in for suckas who start friction  
To keep you bustas movin like this was an eviction

[Andre Nickatina:]

I'm from "don't five a fuck dot com"  
I spit these raps like two gats plus the holy Qur'an  
It's essential I bust like a block monsta,  
Duck low from the blaze of this helicopta  
Like Agatha Christie, you're dyin a mystery,  
Because these streets are real, seriously  
Buggs Bunny mothafuck you know who I am,  
Rap gun slanger yo Simity Sam  
Yo, spicy like Cajun rice, cold as ice  
You rev like the Dodge Daytona with the pipes  
My empires strikes back for tigas and Jedis  
Lyrics that kill rhymes, 2 to the 4 5  
My soul is the soul of a replicon,  
Decepticon, and you ain't even met Shere Khan  
Cause I'll bounce you like a Polo stick off a brick,  
Then lose you in the smoke of the cannabis  
Yo, the popeye crooked eye, strapped with a alibi  
The only MC to shoot you a lullaby  
Darth Vader force, of course, round the neck  
MC slugs, of course, round the chest

This is how we blaze for Jah, rock your Kah  
And tell those freaks to, yeah, drop your brah  
The pisces killa whale is like a diary  
And I'm a boss at what I do, you can't fire me

[Savage-C:]

I grab the mic and spit flows til I decompose,  
I been screamin "fuck the hos" since I was an embryo  
And fuck the radio, I'm stayn strictly underground  
And,  
Fuck a trick, I wouldn't save a bitch if she was drownin  
2 10s poundin in my 325  
Rippin 10 times 65, combined with 4 and 5  
Comin straight from the west like a south paw crackin  
jaws,  
A player with a bigger sack than Santa Claus  
My shits raw, that's why I'm bout ta blow like land mines  
Equipped with more lines than the New York Times  
My rhymes is dope like a syringe of heroin  
Cause I got my shit together like Siamese twins  
You fake like a mannequin, your flows ain't tight  
Bitch ass MC's could'ntsee me in daylight  
And this collaboration, is for a classic compilation,  
5-0s hatin, I'm hittin fences like immigration

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