

## Andre Nickatina "Morire Da Solo (Die Alone)"

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Andre:

man ima die alone, lonely with a hole in my soul  
sorta like poker when you fold, wearin hot furs in the  
cold  
man ima die alone, you feel the greed all in my bones  
excuse my religion for the cash, how long will it last?  
I see the future in my weed bag, man ima die alone  
the bitches even said on the phone, im in the zone in  
my own home  
i spit it like a cobra, im right over yah shoulda  
my zodiac signs in yah mind till it's ova  
man ima die alone, man i can feel the hands of the  
gods  
they come when i open tha koran, cause even when i'm  
gone  
man get an ipod, man it'll let you know that im a kappa  
not a don  
man god khan, i spent years like my last days here  
i work it from the back, to the front, to the rear  
yes dear a real rap cats in the buildin before i leave  
tell me how yah feelin, man ima die alone

Equipto:

You can't creamate me down to the ashes  
don't wanna see my momma cryin' over a casket  
now fast i like man my life's like a party  
envisions of me diein like im were cindy and marchy(?)  
i was real deal razor, playin through all the drama  
from coke deals high heels all of the karma, comin  
back  
every breath fufilling a slow death  
although you know i can't expect anythin less  
i was the front line just to fight your battle  
like the chay at the bay, it's just me and my shadow  
i handle it till im gone, and old with arthritis  
the grinds and the hustles drugs and all nightas  
i went through all the static, hoes and automatic  
back to back cravin the bad habit, drugs  
you know ima tell it all on the microphone  
and i feel it in my heart ima die alone

Andre:

Die alone

it might be a reala cou de thai  
imagine if you heard every rhyme  
man picture every line  
man touch every fine ass dime  
man magic on the tire make em shine  
man ima die alone, its just like the bullets and the  
chrome  
your there but your really not at home  
you hear the death tone through the phone  
laugh and yah gone, everything right i get wrong  
man im the vegas type, man what the paper like  
man holla back homie when you get yah paper right  
man ima die alone, roll in a benz all alone  
wrapp me like a mummie, egypt pharoah  
man sock it to my pocket like a rocket  
forever deeze words i keep my photo in your locket  
man sweet as cotton candy, or even jolly ranchers  
the fo fo matters cause its about pink gathers  
man im alone, i can't put my wings on my own  
i look like an eagle when they get fully grown  
on the ropes, the gods say roll up the dope  
and like stacey lathersahl hit ever note  
till im broke, man even tho it's butta  
they say yo soul retreats to the gutta  
with all the othas, no happiness shown  
they show you from the gate baby you can die alone  
You can die alone

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