

Andre Nickatina

"My Wishes - Equipto"

Visit "[My Wishes - Equipto](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1 - Andre Nickatina]

Picture a blind man that can't see
Meaning the beauty he's supposed to see
God it can't be
I thizz alone like a snake, the venom I spit make me
shake
Look at the cakes I baked
Weed in my brain got me baptized
Unless you talkin' bout money, you ain't sayin' shit rap
wise
I'm so addicted to red licorice and fine bitches
Khan lives forever man that's my wishes

[Verse 2 - Equipto]

My wishes, we owe intense wishes
Bruce Lee, Tupac, and Jimmy Hendrix Peter Tosh
still here to leagalize it, with no police around to ever
read they rights
It's how I roll, you know my lifestyle is cold
Around the globe, they treat us like Al Capone
Wish I didn't need a blunt in my mouth to blow
But I'm so far gone that's how it go

[Verse 3 - Andre Nickatina]

Yeah, two wishes and three bitches in the Cadillac
They wanna hit the club but this is where the party's at
Front line and in ya face like some gold teeth
My homie said he's like a butcher cause he loves beef
raw pipes and two doors on the cutty
I had to laugh at him, cause that's my buddy
We used to chase bitches so vicious it was delicious
I heard a lil' genie sayin "Take more wishes"

[Verse 4 - Equipto]

Wishin', why listen to a fool really give a fuck
Don't interrupt you stupid you know I already hit the
blunt

We get ta cuttin' like a DJ do
The game's sheisty like a NFL replay booth
In your backpack party with all my throwbacks on

Suckas stare like they're impressed, sayin "Oh my god"
There go the whole bank wadd
...just keep 'em playin' to win
I'm in to win, I'm wishin but I couldn't pretend

[Verse 5 - Andre Nickatina]

Shit, I side swipe you in the light just like a fender
bender
There go your brain with the game so you don't
remember
I'm block tonic off the chronic and I spit ebonics
Colt 45 in my eyes, so it get hypnotic
The glock nine, some use it like a samuari
Run for your lives, or picture being paralyzed
I hold my raps with a grip of a rubber handle
Then when I'm gone man you picture it on every
channel
In grey flannel, Nicky bust a name belt
When I was scarred by the game and the pain felt,
Excruciating, no duplicatin' this fury
Look at the lawyer with a grin for the hung jury
Four wishes, more wishes, man and more bitches
Man more weed, more G's, man and club bitches
The rap scriptures, we hold them like the bible
Imagine somebody shootin' at your idol
...(? sun like Clorox make it fade
Bust it 27 ways, we did it right away
Sneak weed up in heaven with the switches
Eatin' red licorice and lyin' with the bitches
I hate to do dishes, in love with my riches
Man it ain't suspicious why you sleepin' with the fishes
These are my wishes, I got five wishes
Prime time live, gettin' high off my wishes

Visit [Andre Nickatina](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.